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THE BOOKMAN

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Chronicle and Comment

Kipling's Blunders

Not long ago we conceived what we thought to be a bright idea for a special article dealing with the errors and blunders of the modern popular writers, their slips in syntax, their anachronisms, and all the other various ways in which literary genius is caught napping. We had a teasing and elusive memory of minor lapses on the part of Mr. Kipling and Mrs. Atherton and the late "O. Henry,"—to mention just a few names at random,—nothing that we could precisely locate, but merely a recollection of a little pleasant gloating over a fellow-craftsman caught in an inadvertence. A choice collection of such specimens would, it seemed, make rather piquant reading, and ought to be a matter of such easy compilation that it could be turned off with one hand while we were editing proof sheets or keeping the baseball score with the other. There was, first of all, that faithful old standby, Poole's Index, that could be relied upon for a surfeit of material; visions arose of an embarrassing richness of references to "Hewlett's Verbal Eccentricities," "Kipling's Mannerisms," "The Syntax of the Best Sellers," "Anachronism as a Literary Fine Art," "The Split Infinitive in Zendaland," and so forth and so on, accumulating as rapidly as the index finger could scan the columns.

But as a matter of fact, Poole's Index and its various rivals and successors give no such pleasing returns. Either such articles as we had in mind do not exist, or else there is some unwritten law that they shall be buried alive. If we may take the Index as an authority, no modern magazine articles exist upon "Syntax," "Solecisms," "Anachronisms," "Literary Errors and Blunders," or any other kindred title under which such topics would logically be grouped. There remained another source that promised fruitful results: the British Reviews. There is a certain type of reviewer whose mind works in such a manner that, however much he may be led to praise a book, he cannot refrain from adding one little sting in the closing paragraph, "we note that on page 567 the author has been guilty of the following lapse from good usage——." All that was necessary was to take down the back numbers of the *Academy* and *Athenæum* and *Spectator*, and if any author had blundered in syntax or in style, these argus-eyed reviewers could be trusted to have made record of the fact. Kipling seemed as available as any one else for the purpose of experiment; so this method of research was begun, with one eye upon the minute-hand of the library clock. Five hours of assiduous and dusty research produced a net result of three errors on the part of Mr. Kipling: an incorrect formation of a Greek plural, a misquotation from *Hamlet*, and a blunder in classical mythology, when he speaks of "the Ivory Gate through which all good dreams come," whereas any one who knows his Homer and his Vergil is aware that this is precisely the gate through which the good dreams do not come. All of which goes to prove, not that our modern writers are impeccable in their English, but

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that there is no "get-rich-quick" method of collecting their errors, and that about the only sure and worthy way of compiling an article of the sort proposed is by slow accumulation of material drawn at first hand in the course of many years' reading.

Kipling and the "Dimbula"

We heard, the other day, an exceedingly ingenious theory advanced concerning Rudyard Kipling's "The Ship that Found Herself," a tale which caused endless mystification from the very first day of its publication. It needs but a line to recall the story to those who may have forgotten it—the twenty-five hundred ton *Dimbula* on her first voyage from Liverpool to New York, not yet a ship but a thing of ten thousand individual parts, a spluttering, squabbling chorus of capstan, deck beams, stringers, screw, cylinders, garboard-strake, web frames, planks, and rivets, until, just as New York harbour is reached, a new, big, voice says slowly, "I am the *Dimbula,* of course. I've never been anything else except that—and a fool." Now accepted as an allegory, "The Ship that Found Herself" has been generally interpreted as representing the transformation of a mob into a nation. But one exceedingly shrewd critic prefers to find in the *Dimbula* Kipling himself, and in the story the keynote to his literary career. In other words, after groping around blindly for years, the day came when he said to himself, "Why, I am Rudyard Kipling. I've never been anybody else."

Bennett on American Sport

The sixth instalment of Mr. Arnold Bennett's *Your United States* in *Harper's Magazine* for September is mainly devoted to certain impressions of American sport which are of particular interest just now in view of the exceedingly foolish bickering in English and American newspapers as an aftermath of the Olympic games in Stockholm. Eliminating a certain cockiness, which is journalistic rather than British, Mr. Bennett is essentially fair. He witnessed one of the post-season games last autumn between the New York Nationals and the Philadelphia Americans for what we are pleased to call the World's Championship, and is outspoken in his admiration for baseball, which impressed him as far superior to cricket and almost as good as Association football, the reigning sport of the Five Towns. A little later he went to Princeton to see the football game between Harvard and Princeton, and has given a very vivid picture of a University town and the excitement on the day of an important contest. The text leaves no doubt that Mr. Bennett saw that game, but there is one illustration, purporting to depict the "cheer leaders," which causes one to question whether the artist has ever seen a cheer leader in action, or whether he drew his inspiration from a "Fashion Plate for Men" circular.

"Modernity" and Gooseflesh

Professor Wilbur Marshall Urban, of Trinity College, has made some rather sweeping claims for a group of present British authors. In an article on "The Crisis of Taste" in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly* he says,

> Like a magazine editor of recent fame, you may fail to "find impressive" a list of names including those of Thomas Hardy, Bernard Shaw, Arnold Bennett, Eden Phillpotts, W. J. Locke, Maurice Hewlett, John Galsworthy, and H. G. Wells; yet it remains true, not only that all that is living and original is at home in this group, but also that that which makes such a grouping significant is that all are groping after just such standards of taste, seeking for feelings and sentiments that shall express our real convictions.

That is to say, they are all applying the "direct gaze of the intellect" to the facts of life, all full of the "compelling modern spirit," all driving at the naked truth, and all spurning the "indirections that have hitherto been counted the signs of good taste." They shock him a good deal by their "cosmic elation," their "cosmic depression."

To journey to the North Pole is a child's adventure, but to stand upon the outermost boundaries of knowledge, beyond the last

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human habitation, makes the strong man quake.

But though all of a tremble Professor Urban confesses, nevertheless, to a distinct sense of exhilaration. Now we have no desire to take the edge off any man's pleasurable excitement, but is not this manner of writing a little disproportionate to the subject in hand—especially for a professor of philosophy? Granting that Thomas Hardy, Bernard Shaw, and H. G. Wells are somewhat stirring persons, a strong man really ought not to quake at their "modernity," and if he finds himself in the least shaky before Messrs. Bennett, Phillpotts, Hewlett, Locke and Galsworthy we do not hesitate to say that he is unfit to hunt the uplands of literature any more. No man should ever again look for literary big game who has betrayed the slightest trace of buck fever on encountering a W. J. Locke. After all, the amazement of us "moderns" at one another's "modernity" is rather overdone. When colts are easily broken to the sight of automobiles, it would seem that our college professors of philosophy might learn to observe, almost with complacency, the fierce forward modern plunges of the British novelists of last week. Taking the long view of literature, such as one would expect of philosophers, they might even reserve a share of their astonishment for the past. A man who can be bowled over by a W. J. Locke might even now be thunder-struck on reading George Meredith. Indeed, if excitable commentators of this class will only read carefully a few passages that we will mark for them in their Bibles, they will perhaps be able to encounter with equanimity the enormous "modernity" of an H. G. Wells.

Mr. H. G. Wells

A great deal of pleasure has been afforded to the world by some members of this distinguished group, but we do not believe any one of them has been read with gooseflesh and gaspings on the score of his "modernity." To be sure their minds have been occupied with contemporary matters, but it is by the quality of their minds, not by their contemporaneousness, that they engage so much of our attention. Take H. G. Wells, for example. He writes rapid articles on "The Labour Unrest" for London papers. He contributes the initial essay in *Socialism and the Great State,* which has recently been published. He is ready at any moment to settle any question of the present or future from the *Titanic* disaster to the destiny of a continent. He despatched the *Future of America* after a visit of six weeks. He writes almost as well on subjects about which he knows nothing as on subjects about which he knows a good deal. So shrewd a master is he of his craft that he can produce the illusion of profound conviction on subjects that have just entered his head, and out of a five minutes' glance he can create for literary purposes a "direct gaze of the intellect." And he is so delightful a person that it would make little difference to us if, instead of rephrasing the speculations of our tea tables, he went back two centuries for his thoughts. Mr. G. K. Chesterton, his contemporary, goes back nearly two thousand years for his, and Mr. Chesterton is even more exciting. Says the philosopher above quoted:

> I have dwelt thus at length on Mr. Wells because I believe that in one sense at least he is the most significant of them all. It is not that he surpasses the others in his faith in this new and perilous beauty, or in his success in showing it forth. This one could hardly say. Not merely that he is more audacious in seeking it, although his audacities are perhaps just a little more flagrant than any we have heretofore known. *The New Macchiavelli* might perhaps be called the *pons asinorum* of modernism. . . .

The New Macchiavelli is the expression of a fine, eager, restless, and altogether charming personality. It is of sound literary ancestry, the lineal successor to many a good spacious novel of the past, especially to Meredith's *The Conqueror,* which it resembles in its freedom of contemporary criticism and in its sweep. It is, perhaps, the most considerable English novel of the decade, but its "modernity" is an accidental quality, having no more to do with its essential merits than has the day of the week on which it was published. No man will really be disturbed by its audacities unless he has become

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genteel internally, which of course is highly improbable.

Tremendous Youth

Less than a thousand miles away in a bee line from this office window there is published a literary magazine all a-flush with the promise of youth. In it the fresh young poet sings tumultuously and, with even greater rapture, is reviewed. In a world that is given over to philistinism, it affords the one great outrageous opportunity to pioneering and audacious minds. No blue pencil for the passionate. The difficulty consists in being passionate enough. Poets whip up the language of love with an egg-beater. And as to revolutions, intellectual, moral, literary, and social, you may revolve there in as many ways as you like. The best appointed recreation park affords no better facilities for going round or coasting down and up again. These remarks are, by intention, general in their application. It is invidious to mention by name an enterprise so purely typical. There has been no time within the last quarter of a century when a group of bold spirits were not adventuring just such an "advanced" literary magazine. And how utterly has each one perished. When death comes to an "advanced" literary magazine there seems nothing in all nature that shows it in so extinguishing a form. A slaughtered water bug leaves behind him a longer anguish and a greener memory than did most of those five-cent literary ephemeræ which were buzzing in all parts of the country some fifteen years ago. People have forgotten that strange episode in our literary history. Dozens of these little periodicals started up within a single year, each with no apparent aim except to seem bold and extraordinary and to sell for five cents. Moralists hinted at decadence and anarchism and the debauching influence of the French—as if all that had anything to do with the matter. It was merely the season when young writers were having their try. They rebelled against the dull respectability of the older magazines. Mistaking that vague, insurgent feeling for the stirring of a mighty talent in their young insides, they founded small but strenuous periodicals with the sole object of being different from the others. But so many of them had this end in view, that there was not enough difference to go around. Hence that deadly Darwinian corrective for too many things of the same kind.

This destruction has always seemed to us too complete. There ought always to be some "dangerous" literary magazines which anybody may write for in a hot fit and nobody will in cold blood read. They afford an outlet for those worthy people who cherish an exultant half suspicion that they may be geniuses. Any man who half suspects that he may be a genius should put it to the test at once, for if he is one he should begin early, and if he is not, the sooner he knows it the better. In their germinal days our young writers can never tell whether they are acorns or pumpkin-seeds, the inner promptings being about the same in either case; and many a man feels that he is Art's very own, merely because he has a burning soul and a fluffy head of hair. This is one of the main troubles of youth, especially of ardent and artistic youth, and it is a lucky man who can look back upon his conduct at that trying period without a twinge, for long after his pumpkinhood is fully realised by himself and friends, he remains extremely sensitive on the subject. Hence the value of bold but unreadable literary magazines, open to fiery spirits, and leading to "self-realisation."

And why blame any one in these days for taking a sporting chance in magazine journalism? Considering how the rewards are distributed at present, it is a poor stick who will not in the days of his youth risk a dive in the literary grab bag. People are surprised when a new magazine is published, but the wonder is that there are not more of them. Surely there are some very successful persons now in the field that the least conceited of youths might hope to outdo. Why try and explain the failures in intellectual terms when to save our lives we cannot account in that manner for the successes? And what have years to do with youthfulness? There is no sign that many years of thought are behind the greater part of current literature. We all know cherubs of fifty summers or more who

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have never thought one thing for themselves but who "live by the pen" very comfortably.

The Whistler Legend

Amazing is the vitality of the Whistler legend. Nine years have passed since Whistler was laid away in the grave, and yet his personality stands out before us as clear cut and as vigorous as in the days when he was crushing presumptuous ambition with an epigram. Those qualities which qualified him to speak of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" have reached out beyond the tomb. Men who never heard his name during his lifetime have grown up to regard him with warm sympathy or bitter personal dislike. Every year brings forth books about him, for him, or against him, and every one of these books commands a certain amount of definite interest. Elsewhere in this issue will be found Mr. Joseph Pennell's article on "The Triumph of Whistler." That article had hardly been sent to the printer's when we chanced to take up Thomas R. Way's *Memories of James McNeil Whistler,* which is very handsomely issued by the John Lane Company. Lithography was the cause of Mr. Way's coming in touch with Whistler, and it is Whistler as a lithographer who is primarily discussed in this book. He made his first start in lithography in 1878 at the time the magazine *Piccadilly* came into existence. Theodore Watts was the editor and George Du Maurier had designed the cover. But it was languishing, and it was hoped to revive its circulation by issuing illustrations by Whistler. "The Long Bridge," a study of the Battersea Bridge, was his first lithograph to be published in the magazine.

We turn from Mr. Way's book to John Joseph Conway's *Footprints of Famous Americans in Paris,* and again come across the Whistler trail. Whistler settled in Paris in 1855 and went to that city for long periods until the end of his

MEMORY SKETCH BY WHISTLER OF THE CARLYLE PORTRAIT

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PHOTOLITHOGRAPH OF A PAGE GIVING A LIST BY WHISTLER OF HIS MOST IMPORTANT PICTURES, WITH SIX SKETCHES

life. He entered the studio of Gleyre, an historical painter, with whom he remained two years. He came in contact with Degas, Fantin-Latour, and other exponents of impressions and naturalism. George Du Maurier was one of his fellow-students, a fact which very few readers of *Trilby* are likely to forget. In Paris the etchings known as "The French Set" were done and published in 1858. The famous picture "The White Girl" was rejected by the Academy of 1862, the Salon of 1863, only to become the sensation of the Salon des Refusés. Artistic Paris talked about it, and the consensus of opinion was that the prestige of the Salon had received a severe blow by the judgment of the jury in refusing "The White Girl."

Naturally a very important phase of Whistler's residence in any city is found in the story of his quarrels there. In Paris he engaged in several controversies. One was with the editor of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts,* who wished to reproduce one of his pictures. Whistler asked fifteen hundred francs; the editor replied that artists whose works were reproduced in his columns usually considered themselves sufficiently paid by the publication. Whistler wrote a scorching letter, saying he was too poor to appear in the journal mentioned, and he was therefore condemned to remain unknown forever, as he would never be discovered by the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts.* His second Paris squabble was with General Rush E. Hawkins, in charge of the American Art Department of the Exhibition of 1889. Whistler received a note saying that ten of his exhibits had not been approved by the jury, and asking for their removal. This led to the inevitable retort that a cavalry officer aided by a jury, one of whom had never before seen an etching, was hardly competent to sit in judgment upon his collection. Eleven years later, at the time of the exhibition of 1900, there was a somewhat similar squabble. The American Art Commissioner wrote asking Whistler to

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SKETCH OF WHISTLER WHILE HE WAS RETOUCHING A STONE. DRAWN BY MR. WAY

call on a certain day "at four-thirty sharp." Whistler replied that he regretted his inability to meet the Commissioner, as he had never been anywhere "at four-thirty sharp."

Then there was Whistler's Paris quarrel with Sir William Eden growing out of a portrait of Lady Eden which he had agreed to paint. There was a dispute about the price to be paid for the painting, legal proceedings were taken by the Baronet, and Whistler blotted out of the portrait the head of Lady Eden before the trial came on. George Moore had introduced Sir William Eden to Whistler, and after the trial the painter wrote Moore a scathing letter. The latter replied by twitting Whistler about his age; this made him furious and he challenged Moore. His seconds were Viélé-Griffin, the American poet, and Octave Mirbeau. Moore, however, did not accept the challenge. Finally there was the episode growing out of the Joe Sibley portrait of *Trilby*. Sibley was changed to Anthony, the objectionable number suppressed, and Whistler cabled: "Compliments and complete approval of author's new and obscure friend, Anthony." This was really the last fight of his stormy life. But if the days of Homeric combat were over, he still retained his ability to rebuke grandly. An English student was smoking a pipe when Whistler entered. "You should be careful," observed the Master, "you know you might get interested in your work and let your pipe go out." A Scotch student persuaded Whistler to examine his sketches; one of them was of an old peaasant woman whose face was illuminated by a huge candle. After Whistler had examined all the sketches carefully he remarked, "How beautifully you have painted the candle."

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THE COVER OF "PICCADILLY," DESIGNED BY GEORGE DU MAURIER

Once, however, he met his match in the person of Sir Morell Mackenzie, the famous throat specialist. He called in Sir Morell to treat his French poodle, of which he was very fond. The renowned physician was not over pleased, but he kept his peace, prescribed, took his fee, and drove away. Next day he sent an urgent message to Whistler, asking him to call quickly. On his arrival Sir Morell said without a smile: "How do you do, Mr. Whistler? I wanted to see you about having my front door painted."

The Fourth Generation

Almost a quarter of a century ago Janet Ross issued *Three Generations of English Women,* about her great-grandmother, her grandmother, and her mother, the last-named the celebrated Lady Duff-Gordon. That explains the title of her new book, which is a sequel to the earlier one. If only for the impressions of the author's infancy this book would be worth while. A remarkable circle of literary and artistic friends gathered about her parents, the Duff-Gordons, in their home in

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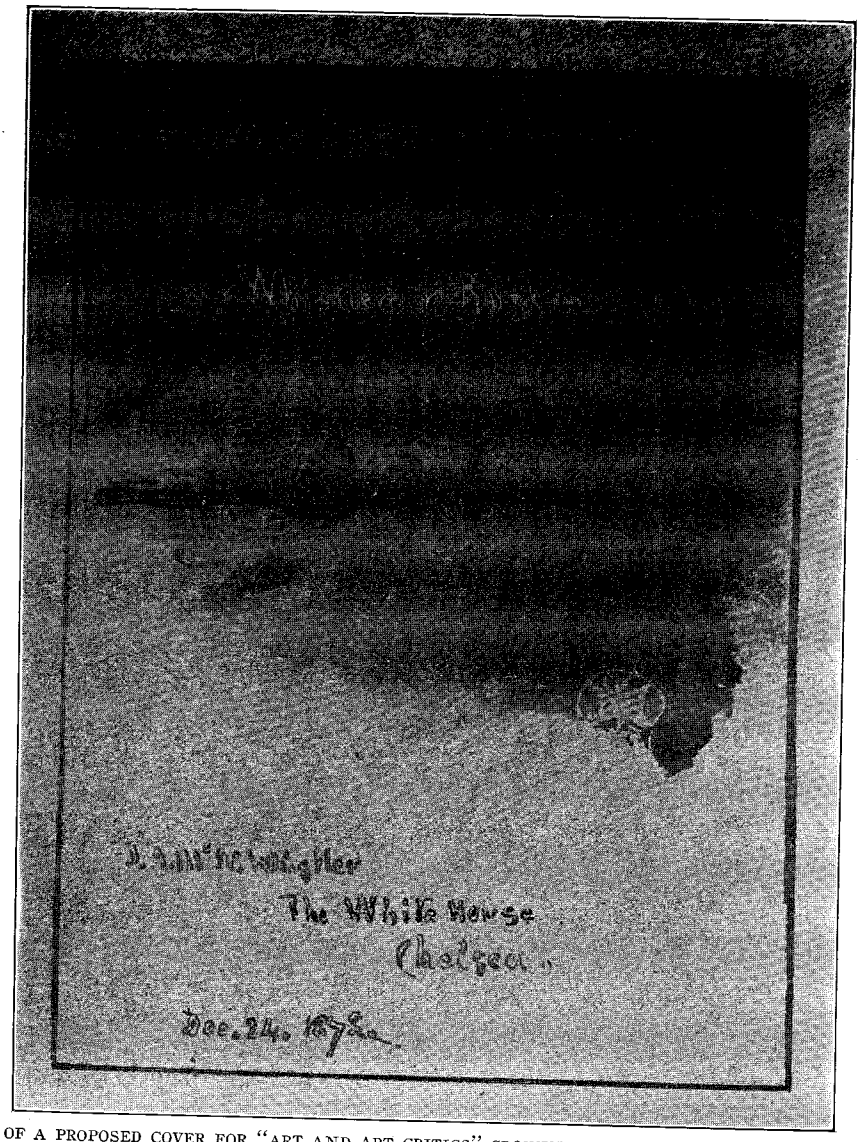

SKETCH OF A PROPOSED COVER FOR "ART AND ART CRITICS" GROWING OUT OF THE WHISTLER-RUSKIN CONTROVERSY

Queen Square. She describes herself as having been a spoiled and rather lonely child, because nearly all her friends were old people—old to her at least, contemporaries of her grandparents and of her father and mother. But Richard Doyle drew for her the heroes and heroines of her fairy tales as she sat upon his knee. Charles Dickens encouraged her to learn to read, and gave her what he called one of the most delightful of books, *The Seven Champions of Christendom.* Thackeray was a guest at the dinner party to commemorate her fifth birthday, and made the sketch for the frontispiece of *Pendennis* while she was sitting on his knee. She remembers Mrs. Norton's musical voice, and Tennyson's gruff and monotonous one. Tennyson sometimes read his poems aloud in Queen Square and told Lady Duff-Gordon that he had her in mind when he wrote *The Princess.* Once at dinner, when Tom Taylor and Kinglake were there, Tennyson burst

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JANET ROSS AT FIVE YEARS OF AGE

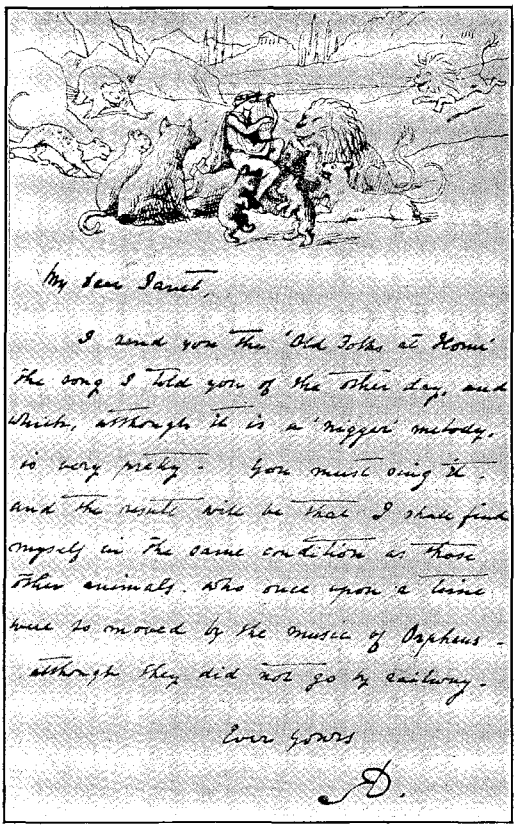
forth: "I never loved a dear gazelle, but some d—— brute, that's you, Gordon, had married her first."

Little wonder that Tennyson was spoiled. Janet Ross remembers how the fashionable beauties of London society would fetch and carry for him. But Janet was not always inclined to follow their example. One day, in the Isle of Wight, the great poet's shoestring became untied, and imperiously pointing to his foot, he said: "Janet, tie my shoe." Janet, with all the dignity of her sixteen years, retorted: "No; tie your own shoe. Papa said men should wait on women, not women on men." Another early aversion was Carlyle.

The one of our many visitors to Queen Square whom I cordially disliked was Mr. Carlyle. He was a great friend of Mrs. Austin's, and professed to admire Lucykin, as he called my mother, very much. One afternoon he had a discussion with her on German literature, and her wonderful eloquence and fire prevailing, Carlyle lost his temper and burst forth in his Scotch tongue: "You're just a windbag, Lucie; you're just a windbag." I had been listening with all my ears, as my grandmother always spoke with such enthusiasm about him; but, furious at my mother being, as I thought, "called names" by so uncouth a man, I interrupted, and exclaimed: "My papa says men should be civil to women." For which pert remark I was reproved by my mother. Mr. Carlyle, however, was not offended, and only observed: "Lucykin, that child of yours has an eye for an inference."

Slightly in Error

Last month, in telling who Richard Dehan is, we spoke of an English publisher who has seen fit to bring out, without permission, an early book of the author, counting on the success of *The Dop Doctor*. Now a small American publishing house has done the same, going just a little bit farther than the English house that set the example. Naturally the authorised American publishers have protested, and from a certain quarter has come a very curious retort. This is to the effect that the thing is being done every day, and cites as example a certain firm's publica-



FACSIMILE OF A LETTER WRITTEN BY RICHARD DOYLE TO JANET ROSS

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tion of posthumous books by O. Henry, and the same firm's publication of Rudyard Kipling's *Abaft the Funnel*. Now this is one of those retorts which are delightful because they can be so easily and so completely demolished. In the first place the firm—which by the way is one that is doing admirable and dignified work in the upbuilding of American literary standards—has always been the accredited publisher of O. Henry's books, and in the publication of posthumous volumes of his stories they are acting not only within their rights, but in accordance with an understanding with Mr. Porter before his death. The allusion to Kipling's *Abaft the Funnel* is not only absurd; it bewrays an astonishing ignorance of the facts. The stories that make up that book were written for a newspaper in the early Indian days and Mr. Kipling wished them to remain in obscurity. But one day a small American publishing house discovered them, found that they were unprotected by copyright, and dragged them forth into the light. Mr. Kipling was furious, but powerless to take legal action. So in order to protect his interests so far as was possible, he asked his accredited publishers to bring out the book in an edition to which he officially gave sanction.

RICHARD DEHAN (CLOTHILDE GRAVES)

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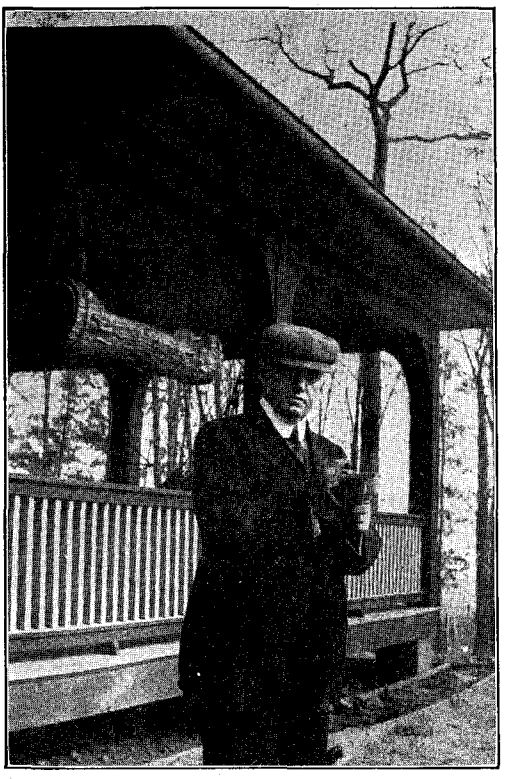

ANOTHER GLIMPSE OF O. HENRY

Miss Graves might well be expected to put up a good fight against the piracy of her work, for she comes honestly by her fighting blood. Not only was her father a hard-fighting Irish major, but she is descended from Charles II's naval architect, Admiral Sir Anthony Deane. She is also said to be distantly related to Admiral Nelson. War has been the keynote of her books—only, it has been war against war. Her first "Dehan" book, *One Braver Thing* (*The Dop Doctor*), gave an intensive account of the Boer War, so that it interested England as much by its subject as by its manner. For nearly three years now, Miss Graves has been working on *Between Two Thieves*. A year ago, the publisher expected to bring out the book in its first form under the title of *The Woman with the Lamp* (the title referring to Florence Nightingale, on whom the heroine is based). But she saw the chance to make a vastly bigger book of it, and took another year to its preparation. It was finally finished just in time for publication this autumn.

Another Anon

With the approach of October 8th, when, according to the newspapers, the author of *To M. L. G.* is to become Mrs. M. L. G. without disclosing her identity, and with *The Street Called Straight*, by the anonymous author of *The Inner Shrine*, also among the "best-sellers," there appears another bid for the glory of anonymity in *The Bride's Hero*, by "M. P. Revere." Mr.—Mrs. or Miss —— Revere, say the publishers, has had so many best-sellers, so many books selling in the millions, under his or her own name that he or she is trying this experiment of using another name to test popularity. Whether the story is by a man or woman, an American or Englishman, is hard to guess, as the scene is laid in both America and England, and emphasises the military heroism of the British lover about as much as the charm of the Bride. The fact that the heroine is named Sandra might be taken to suggest Maurice Hewlett as the author, but the fact that the first chapters are laid in America might be regarded as pointing to Henry James, for Mr. James always starts his characters in America that they may have the exquisite delight of leaving our benighted land for the comfortable culture of London. We are not taking *The Bride's Hero* very seriously, but we recall that once when the mysterious author of *To M. L. G.* was being discussed Franklin P. Adams was heard wistfully to murmur that he was going to write an anonymous novel himself with this for opening chapter: The heroine, who is the wittiest, tenderest, beautifullest and wealthiest woman in the world, is discovered R.C., reading *Tobogganning Down Parnassus*, by F. P. A.

Miss Harraden and the Cause

An English reviewer, after praising Beatrice Harraden's new book, *Out of the Wreck I Rise*, suggests that it has been so long since Miss Harraden has had a book out that he was beginning to think her a ship that had passed in the night, but now he feels that she has titanically risen from the wreck. The fact is that during the four years she has been working on her

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new book, Miss Harraden has been spending a good deal of time developing a new characteristic—militant feminism; though with her this is not so dreadful as it sounds. For she declares that she cannot and will not argue; she is content to work as a private in the suffrage movement, selling papers on street corners and speaking to humble audiences, and occasionally bailing out a woman whose enthusiasm has reached the point of indiscretion. To the readers who still buy *Ships That Pass in the Night*, Miss Harraden was once known chiefly as a musician and mystic, outside of her writing hours. But these hobbies have been relinquished for downright fighting for feminism. In *Out of the Wreck I Rise*, one of the characters is the executive of an Anti-Sweating League, and fights the sweat-shops much as does our American National Consumers' League. This character is not one of the short-haired women, however, and backs up Miss Harraden's recent definition, "I have never quite known the exact meaning of the word 'Feminist,' but if it means some one who, without being in the least hostile to men, believes in her own sex, is proud of it, and claims for it equal opportunities in all walks of life, equal freedom, equal justice, equal pay for

PIERRE LOTI

Lieutenant Julien Viaud of the French Navy, better known as Pierre Loti, is visiting this country to witness the production of "The Daughter of Heaven," the Chinese drama written by him in collaboration with Judith Gautier.

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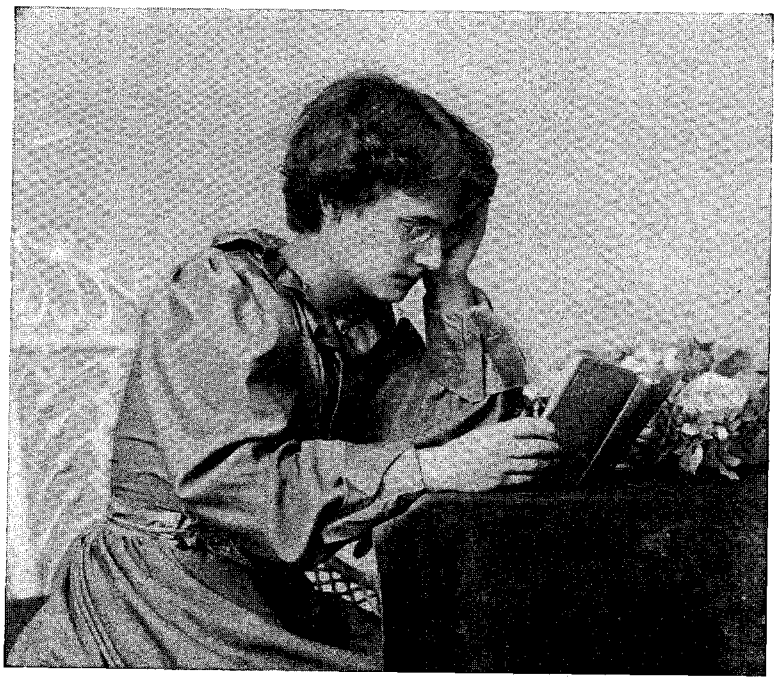

THE BEATRICE HARRADEN WHO WROTE "SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT"

equal work honestly accomplished, and, of course, equal citizenship, then I am proud to say that I was born a feminist."

The Robin in the Garden

So many readers of *The Secret Garden* have expressed their interest in the charming but somewhat egotistical robin of that story that Mrs. Burnett has written his biography in a little book called *My Robin,* telling of the long summer days when Mrs. Burnett wrote at her out-door table, and the robin made love to her from the boughs overhead, or popped in and out of the roses. To quote:

He began to perch on twigs only a few inches from my face and listen while I whispered to him—yes, he *listened* and made answer with chirps. Nothing else would describe it. As I wrote he would alight on my manuscript paper and try to read. Sometimes I thought he was a little offended because he found my handwriting so bad that he could not understand it. He would take crumbs out of my hand, he would alight on my chair or my shoulder. The instant I opened the little door in the leaf-covered garden wall I would be greeted by the darling little rush of wings and he was beside me. And he always came from nowhere and disappeared into space.

A New Menace

"Authors who have made their name," remarks the London *Academy,* "whether as novelists or as contributors to responsible papers, are threatened with a rather serious annoyance if the trouble which has befallen Mr. Pett Ridge becomes at all common. It seems that a story in one of the English magazines, under his signature, was not written by him, but by some enterprising and unscrupulous person whose own manuscripts, no doubt, had been declined 'with thanks,' and who had the brilliant idea of sending in work under a false but well-known name." The conditions exonerate the editor of the magazine in question, but the *Academy* suggests that soon finger-print records, or at least specimens of the handwriting of well-known authors, will have to be stored as a precaution in every office open to assault.

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Chu-Chu and Others

While it would be hardly within our province to predict the fate of Dr. Henry C. Rowland's *The Closing Net* in this country, we have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that if this book happens to be translated into French it will speedily become a French "best-seller." Not only is it constructed adroitly in the vein dear to the heart of the reader of the Paris *feuilleton,* but by an astonishing coincidence it reflects the extraordinary series of episodes which convulsed the French capital last spring and ended only with the complete extermination of the band of motor bandits. We say astonishing, because the story in its original form was written some time before the bandits had begun their startling criminal campaign. Dr. Rowland followed the illustrious example of Mr. Arthur Pendennis, who, we remember, promoted all his characters, making his commoners baronets and ladies, the baronets and ladies marquises and countesses, and the marquises and countesses dukes and duchesses. His Bonnot is decorated with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour, and is endowed with aristocratic bearing and manners. But beneath this reassuring exterior is the real Chu-Chu, as ferocious a creature as walks the pages of present-day fiction.

Dr. Rowland's own career has been about as eventful as that of one of his cosmopolitan heroes. A New Yorker by birth, he was educated at Williams College and afterward took his medical degree from the Yale Medical School. As a boy he made two voyages before the mast on sailing vessels. During the Spanish-American war he served on the United States Auxiliary Cruiser *Yankee,* and is one of the men whom the Government has recently awarded medals in commemoration of the engagements at Casilda, Cienfuegos, and Santiago de Cuba. Immediately on the close of hostilities in Cuba Dr. Rowland won a competitive medical examination for an assignment as acting assistant surgeon on the hospital ship *Relief,* and made two voyages to the Philippines, sailing once from New York and once from San Francisco. He also saw land service in different parts of the archipelago and afterward in China.

Returning to the United States, Dr. Rowland practised surgery for two years in New York City, eventually giving up his practice to travel. He has since made several voyages to the West Indies, South America and different countries of Europe. A year or two ago he took

MARY AGNES HAMILTON, AUTHOR OF "LESS THAN THE DUST"

a thirty-five foot motor-boat from London to Havre, thence across Europe, following different rivers and canals, to the Black Sea. In the run from Sulina to the Bosphorus one of the hurricanes for which the Black Sea is dreaded overtook the boat, driving it ashore on the coast of Turkey, Dr. Rowland and his two companions escaping with their lives by the merest chance. Dr. Rowland is at present living in Paris, where he is studying French literature and attending lectures in the Ecole de Medecine. For

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DR. HENRY C. ROWLAND IN HIS STUDY

the last five years his custom has been to spend the winters in writing and study and the summers in travel.

Sherlock in the Films

At last we have had a chance to greet our old friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes, of Upper Baker Street, in the moving pictures. The fact, however, that he appears under the name of Professor Locksley, that he sports a long moustache and carries a monocle, leads to the grave suspicion that the presentation has not been authorised either by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle or by the publishers of his books. Be that as it may, "The Hypnotic Detective" is in every incident "The Adventure of the Norwood Builder" of *The Return of Sherlock Holmes*. The film play opens with a scene showing the rascally builder being refused by the mother of the hero and threatening dire vengeance. The second scene shows the hero, a young solicitor, in his office in the city. The builder enters, tells him that he has decided to make him his heir, and requests him to go that night to the country to draw up the will. In his country home the builder and two accomplices, a woman housekeeper and a man-servant, await the coming of the victim. Tom Norton—that is the name the hero bears in the play—arrives, the will is drawn, and Tom takes his departure after vainly looking for his walking stick, which has been secreted by the housekeeper. Then the builder proceeds to disappear after planting evidence that will throw suspicion on Tom Norton. The walking stick is broken as if in a struggle, a dummy figure dressed in the builder's clothes is placed in an outhouse which is fired, and the builder and the man-servant, plentifully provided with provisions, hide in a secret chamber in an upper story of the residence. The fire in the outhouse draws the fire department and the constabulary, and the housekeeper, questioned, gives evidence that points to Tom as the murderer of the missing builder.

The next morning Tom, in his lodgings, picks up the paper to read of the supposed crime and his alleged share in it. The police are already on his track and their knocking is heard at the door as he slips out of a window to go seek the advice of the eminent Professor Locksley, the hypnotic detective. The latter, as we have said, is of rather a Watsonian than a Sherlockian mien. After the manner of the stage Englishman he tugs at his long moustache as he listens to Tom's story, and reassures the excited youth just as the police arrive to effect the arrest. A brief glimpse of Tom in his prison cell and then back to the house of the builder with Professor Locksley arriving on the scene to begin his investi-

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IN THE EARLY DAYS—AERIAL EXPERIMENT ASSOCIATION AT HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK, EARLY IN 1908. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, F. W. BALDWIN, LIEUTENANT SELFRIDGE, GLENN H. CURTISS, GRAHAM BELL, J. A. D. M'CURDY AND AUGUSTUS POST

gations. The police in charge think they have a convincing case against Tom and greet the professor with ill-concealed amusement. The housekeeper, however, recognises a dangerous foe. Through his monocle Locksley examines everything everywhere and finally recognises that discrepancy in the plans of the house which conceals the secret chamber. A little episode which is not drawn from the Doyle story is that which precipitates Locksley through a trap door to a cellar, where he is confronted by the man-servant accomplice who holds a pistol in his hand. Here the professor's hypnotic eye comes into play, he disarms the cowed accomplice and delivers him into the hands of the official police, and the moment has come for the last scene of the little drama. It is not worth while to hunt for the missing builder; a better idea would be to make him disclose himself. Piles of straw are lighted and clouds of smoke roll up into the secret room where the builder has been chuckling over the success of his evil plans. Forgetting everything but what he believes to be his imminent peril, the builder rushes forth into the hands of Professor Locksley and the police.

D'Annunzio in the Air

When Gabriele D'Annunzio climbed out of the old-fashioned aeroplane with which Glenn Curtiss had just won the Gordon Bennett prize at Rheims, he waved his hands wildly, says Curtiss, and cried that he had never really lived till that moment. Then he went away from there and wrote *Forse Che Si, Forse Che No,* the first use of the aeroplane in big fiction. Glenn Curtiss has written a story of American aviation in *The Curtiss Aviation Book,* to be published the first week of this month. In it he tells how he changed from a boy working as a messenger for the Eastman Kodak Works to a pioneer aeronaut, in a few years; how, with Lieutenant "Tom" Selfridge, Alexander Graham Bell, and J. A. D. McCurdy, he was making public flights before the Wrights had finished their secret experiments; how it feels to win an international cup, or to drop into a "hole in the air" over the Hudson.

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HARRY LEON WILSON, WHOSE NEW BOOK "BUNKER BEAN" WILL BE BROUGHT OUT IN JANUARY. MR. WILSON, WHO HAS JUST MARRIED MISS HELEN COOKE, DAUGHTER OF GRACE MAC GOWAN COOKE, MAKES HIS HOME IN CALIFORNIA, AND SPENDS AS MUCH OF HIS TIME AS POSSIBLE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

A Son of Isben

Dr. Sigurd Ibsen is the son of Henrik Ibsen and was born in Christiania, December 23, 1859. His youth was passed in Italy and Germany, where his father lived in self-chosen exile for many years. He studied in Munich and Rome and obtained the degree of Dr. juris at Rome in 1882. He served as secretary of the legation at Washington and at Vienna, as chief of the department for foreign affairs, commerce and marine, as member of the Norwegian Cabinet in Stockholm, and finally as Norwegian Prime Minister in Stockholm, resigning in 1905. Until the separation of Norway and Sweden they had two prime ministers, one of whom resided in Stockholm. During those busy years he still found time to serve as correspondent for several Norwegian newspapers, as editor of two magazines and lectured on sociology at the University of Christiana. He now devotes himself to literary work, and his articles on sociology, politics and philosophy are read with great interest. He is particularly noted for his originality and independence of thought. His new book, *Human Quintessence,* published in this country by Mr. B. W. Huebsch, has gone through several editions in Norwegian, Swedish, and German and a French translation is in preparation.

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DR. SIGURD IBSEN

A Mystery Unveiled

A great many persons have long wondered how it is really done. We refer them to a forthcoming novel by Mr. George Barr McCutcheon, to be published some time next year, and to be called, we believe, *A Fool and His Money*. There will be found the real secret of the "best seller" imparted by one who is recognised as one of the most successful practitioners of the craft. In a certain chapter, Mr. McCutcheon's hero, an American novelist, and his heroine, a noblewoman of fine Graustarkian flavour, are talking in the dining-hall of a castle situated on the Rhine, or the Danube, or the Volga.

"And now let us talk about something else," she said complacently, as if the project of getting the rest of her family into the castle were already off her mind. "I can't tell you how much I enjoyed your last book, Mr. Smart. It is so exciting. Why do you call it *The Fairest of the Fair?*"

"Because my publisher insisted on substituting that title for one I had chosen myself. I'll admit that it doesn't fit the story, my dear Countess, but what is an author to do when his publisher announces that he has a beautiful head of a girl he wants to put on the cover and that the title must fit the cover, so to speak?"

"But I don't consider it a beautiful head, Mr. Smart. A very flashy blonde with all the

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GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON. FROM A DRAWING BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

earmarks of having posed in the chorus between the days when she posed for your artist. And your heroine has very dark hair in the book. Why did they make her a blonde on the cover?"

"Because they didn't happen to have anything but blonde pictures in stock," said I cheerfully. "A little thing like that doesn't matter, when it comes to literature, my dear Countess. It isn't the hair that counts. It's the hat."

"But I should think it would confuse the reader," she insisted. "The last picture in the book has her with inky black hair, while in all the others she is quite blonde."

"A really intelligent reader doesn't have to be told that the artist changed his model before he got to the last picture," said I, and I am quite confident she didn't hear me grate my teeth.

"But the critics must have noticed the error and commented upon it."

"My dear Countess, the critics never see the last picture in a book. They are much too clever for that."

She pondered. "I suppose they must get horribly sick of all the books they have to read."

"And they never have a chance to experience the delicious period of convalescence that persons with less chronic afflictions have to look forward to," said I very gently. "They go from one disease to another, poor chaps."

"I once knew an author at Newport who said

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he hated every critic on earth," she said.

"I should think he might," said I without hesitation. It was not until the next afternoon that she got the full significance of the remark.

A Matter of Ethics

There is one reader of the books of Mr. J. D. Beresford who confesses himself to be divided between admiration and exasperation. When he had turned the last page of *The Early History of Jacob Stahl* he was as much puzzled as were any of the readers of Henry James's *Daisy Miller* in the days when that book came to its serial end with very few persons realising it. *The Early History of Jacob Stahl* practically ended in the middle of an episode. Then the reader took up *A Candidate for Truth,* expecting a new story, only to find that it was merely a continuation of the earlier book. In a word, Mr. Beresford's plan seemed to be to write a three-volume novel, of sturdy old-time proportions, and then to deliver it piecemeal to the public, as three different books, under three different titles. The reader in question expressed doubts about the ethical side of the matter, and, we think, not without considerable justice. On the other hand, Mr. Beresford might perhaps claim that some of the most enduring works of fiction have been practically modelled on the same plan. First of all he could point out that the whole of Balzac's *Comédie Humaine* is just one huge structure. He might urge that Thackeray's *Henry Esmond* and *The Virginian* are really one book; and that the stories of the exploits of the immortal four, Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan, really form a single work which the author divided into *The Three Musketeers, Twenty Years After,* and *The Vicomte de Bragellonne.* As a matter of fact the closest analogy to Mr. Beresford's method seems to be in the crude early translated versions of the last-named Dumas book. Dumas had many sins to answer for, but for the translators of *The Vicomte de Bragellonne* he was in no way to blame. The *Vicomte de Bragellonne* went to their hands as a single book, but in addition to mutilating it freely in the translation they served it out to English and American readers as several different stories, foisting the middle part as *The Man in the Iron Mask* and the last part as *The Death of Porthos.* Similar methods were employed in various translations of Dumas's *Memoirs of a Physician.*

The Meredith Letters

An exceedingly important literary event of recent months has been the serial publication in *Scribner's* of the letters of George Meredith. They have been collected and prepared for publication by his son Arthur, to whom many are written; and those already printed extend from 1860 to 1887, with the promise of a concluding instalment bringing them to his last years. The range in this selection from the book which will be published later is limited to a small number of intimate friends, though there are occasional letters, which have escaped destruction, to more casual correspondents. What is most interesting to all true Meredithians is the clear and flashing pictures which they reveal of his intimate moods and reflections as well as his personal comment on and attitude toward his own work. Here there are no obscurities of style, but a wit, clarity, and inevitability of expression which makes their phrases classics in cameo. Whatever opinion one may hold of Meredith's novels and poems, these letters confirm the knowledge that they were written by a great soul. The largeness of his spiritual conceptions and his almost feminine sensibilities cannot better be noted than in the letters to his son—full as they are with vision and solicitude—and especially in the one written to a friend, whose name is left blank, on the termination of their friendship. We wonder, too, whether there was ever a more beautiful letter than that to the Rev. A. Jessopp, in 1864, where Meredith announces his approaching marriage to his second wife, supplementing as it does one penned on the same day to Captain Manxe, where he recalls with delicacy the tragedy of his first marriage. One phrase or two from a much later letter to John Morley when

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the second Mrs. Meredith lay dying may give some example of the beauty and lofty reticence of these more personal communications.

> Happily for me I have learned to live much in the spirit and see brightness on the other side of life, otherwise this running of my poor doe with the inextricable arrow in her flanks would pull me down, too. As it is, I sink at times. I need all my strength to stand the buffets of the harsh facts of existence. I wish it were I to be the traveller instead. I have long been ready for the start, can think prospectively of the lying in earth.

Though Meredith seldom used the episodes of his own life in his writings, as Fielding and Dickens did, these letters show for the first time the closeness his work bore to his own spiritual reactions and philosophy of living; for it is easy to find in the novels themselves the same phrases which are scattered here with every evidence of spontaneity. When he speaks of his work there is nothing of the coarseness of Balzac's letters to Madame Hanska; instead is revealed a modesty which did not prevent him from realising his genius, and a love of the work he felt impelled to do in spite of his knowledge of its unpopularity and his inability to "hit the purse of the public." He is not surprised, for example, at the indifference of the public to *Modern Love,* though he takes joy in quoting Browning's opinion when he expressed himself "astonished at the originality, delighted with the naturalness and beauty." In another place he speaks of his poems as "flints perhaps and not flowers"—which best describes those which can neither be completely apprehended nor penetrated. Of his method of composition he says, "I rarely write save from the suggestion of something actually observed—I desire to strike the poetic spark out of absolute human clay." Turning to his novels, he wrote, curiously enough, to Robert Louis Stevenson, that he feels sure *The Egoist* will not please him, though, as it turned out, Stevenson never ceased to read and re-read it. Meredith admitted in a letter to the same author the generally accepted rumour that *Diana of the Crossways* was suggested by Mrs. Norton; later to Mrs. Leslie Stephen, he adds:

> Diana keeps me still on her sad last way to wedlock. I could have killed her merrily, with my compliments to the public; and that was my intention. But the marrying of her sets me traversing feminine labyrinths, and you know that the why of it never can be accounted for.

Renan on Balzac

A few weeks ago the "Balzaciens" in Paris met to commemorate the sixty-second anniversary of the great man's death. In discussing the event Sergines in *Les Annales* recalled the tardy appreciation of Balzac's genius. In 1888, when a subscription was started to erect a statue to the author of the Human Comedy, Ernest Renan wrote, "With the exception of two or three novels that I find admirable, I consider the entire work as absolutely mediocre. In the first place, Balzac wrote very badly, and is dreary reading. Then his philosophy, when he introduces it, is low and puerile. He is entirely ignorant of the general march of humanity, and when he attempts to discuss it he provokes a smile. I hold, besides, that he has had a deplorable influence on our country."

"Thoughts" on Declining Manners

What is the canker at the root of etiquette? Why are American manners declining? Many powerful magazine pens are busy with the problem at this moment. Was there ever a moment when they were not? Indeed it is doubtful if any man or woman is justly entitled to a place among the intellectual classes in this country who has not at least planned a magazine article on the decline of American manners. We who have just read the thirtieth of these articles can easily guess the contents of the thirty-first. Where be the "small courtesies" of yesteryear, the consideration for the weak and aged, the "graceful civilities"? What have we now? Only brutal self-assertion; servants insolent; shop-girls impertinent; young men uncivil to their hostesses; young women slangy and mannish—everything, in fact, quickly

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setting back to savagery. We defy any reader to guess the date of this lamentation—whether it burst from the heart of George William Curtis in the eighteen fifties or appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* in the autumn of 1912.

The subtle note of real distinction is disappearing in society as in literature. The loud-voiced throng looks for something of a more striking and tangible order.

Good manners have gone. Hardly a presentable parlour man in the whole community. In old, decadent societies the outward graces linger, though the core be corrupt. Witness the court of Louis XV. But look at us. We have discarded manners along with the Constitution. Proof of which occurs to the mind instantly. Contrast, for example, the minuet of our forefathers with what goes on every night of our lives on the subway and elevated trains. What a falling off in stateliness! Stepping on the ladies, bumping into the old gentlemen, we are now to outward seeming precisely what we are at heart—just the people for anarchy and the referendum. Is not this sort of thing rather familiar to any reader of American "high brow" journalism any time these fifty years?

And what are the "causes" of decay as observed by each new "up-to-date" contributor? They are exactly what they were in 110 A. D.

Quantum quisque sua nummorum servat in arca,
Tantum habet et fidei.

And so forth. We are well aware that familiar quotations from a classic are exceedingly bad form. But it is apparently by diluted translations of just such snippets from antiquity that many a "high brow" modern journalist keeps himself "up to date" on the subject of declining American manners. He finds the causes in "commercialism," unscrupulous greed, and the "tendency to test everything by a money standard." He finds in this country to-day a commercial spirit that is creeping like an octopus into the remotest corners of modern life, putting its deadly touch on literature, as well as on society.

The same old fish was observed also, long before the Christian era and was far more entertainingly described. Somehow a schoolboy memory of an old saw seems more recent than the very latest magazine discussion of American decline.

To be sure there now and then comes a learned Theban who finds for it all a single cause, easily removable. Off with the cause, he says, and back come manners once again. It seems as simple, in his hands, as having a tooth out. "The decline of manners," one writer, for example, has explained, "is directly due to the tariff." Protection has made us arrogant, he said. The lower the tariff, the higher the breeding. Abolish it altogether, and life will move along like a quadrille. Keep it, and the young man of the future will chew tobacco at a ball. It was well conceived and ably reasoned and no really intellectual editor could have refused it. For the tariff made the *nouveaux riches,* and the lower classes always aped the "hustle and shove" of this noisy class above them. Naturally, he said, this was "fatal to polite breeding." And impoliteness rose also with the export trade, and even England, land of Chesterfield and Turveydrop, would go the same way if she could, for her writers were already complaining of American sales. American woollens were threatening, American candy was conquering, and the jam business was being ruined by California fruit pulp. England too wanted to be wealthy and impolite. In short, it was as thoughtful a magazine article on this subject as one could hope to find—more thoughtful perhaps than was strictly necessary, for the subject can always be successfully treated in terms of the ancient pedantrics. Whatever may have happened to American manners, the mind of the usual magazine contributor still stands like Plymouth Rock.

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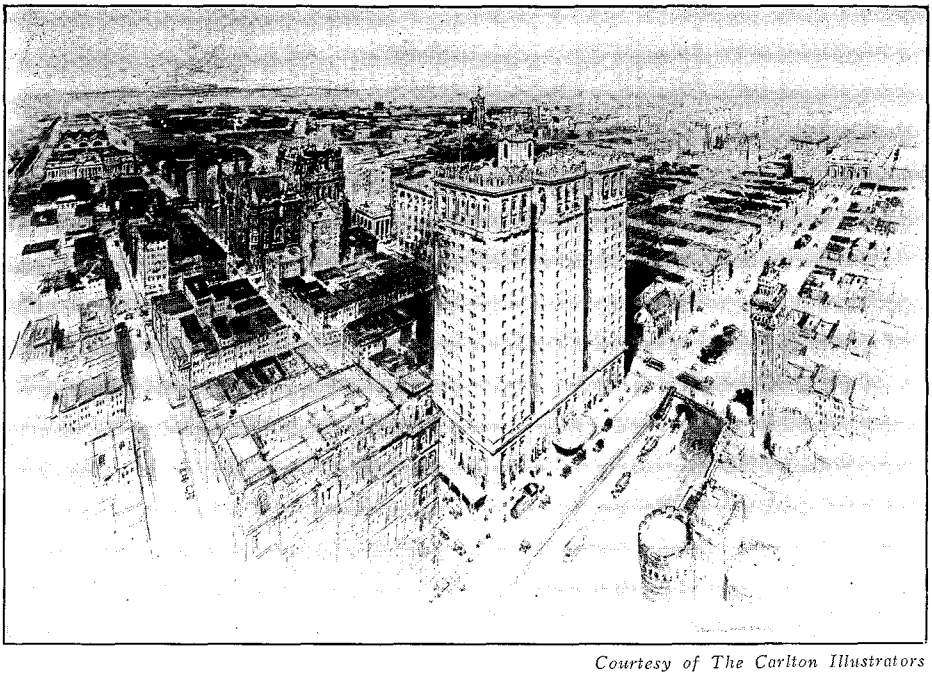

Courtesy of The Carlton Illustrators

ILLUSTRATION BY VERNON HOWE BAILEY MADE TO INDICATE THE CENTRAL POSITION OF THE VANDERBILT HOTEL IN NEW YORK CITY. THE WORK OF VERNON HOWE BAILEY IS TOO WELL KNOWN TO REQUIRE INTRODUCTION. IT IS ORIGINAL, IT IS FINELY CONCEIVED, IT IS INSTINCT WITH THE TIMES-SPIRIT. THE ROMANCE OF GREAT CITIES' BUILDING THROBS THROUGH IT LIKE A STEAM DRILL. WHEN THE VANDERBILT HOTEL ENTRUSTED TO HIM, INSTEAD OF TO A PHOTOGRAPH, THE TASK OF MAKING ITS NEW HOME A LIVING ACTUALITY TO PROSPECTIVE TOURISTS, IT PERFORMED AN ACT OF EXCEEDING COURAGE IN AN AGE DEVOTED TO THE MECHANICAL. THAT MR. BAILEY'S DRAWING POSSESSES AN INTEREST WHICH NO PHOTOGRAPH COULD HAVE HAS UNDOUBTEDLY JUSTIFIED THE MANAGEMENT'S COURAGE

ART IN PUBLICITY

BY LOUIS BAURY

IN a furrier's shop the other day, it was the privilege of the writer to be present when the proof of a fall "announcement" was handed to a lanky, curly-haired gentleman of Oriental extraction, who admitted to being the proprietor. In one corner of this announcement a line drawing of quite amazing crudity depicted a young lady balancing a stole across her shoulders, while from the extremity of one unbending arm depended a muff of species uncertain. The proprietor's eyes narrowed forebodingly as they lighted on that young lady. Impatiently he smote her with the back of his hand.

"Now, I ask you," he cried disparagingly, "I ask you, *is* that artistig?" A pale young man, who was probably the advertising manager, maintained a discreet silence while his chief pondered.

"This is what you shall do," decided the latter at length. "You take that girl and stick her out into the margin about vun inches. Then—don't you see?—it will look like she was holding the whole ad up on her muff; and"—triumphantly—"*that* will be artistig!"

Which incident, grotesque though it may be, is instinct with significance. That proprietor is but one of legion. He

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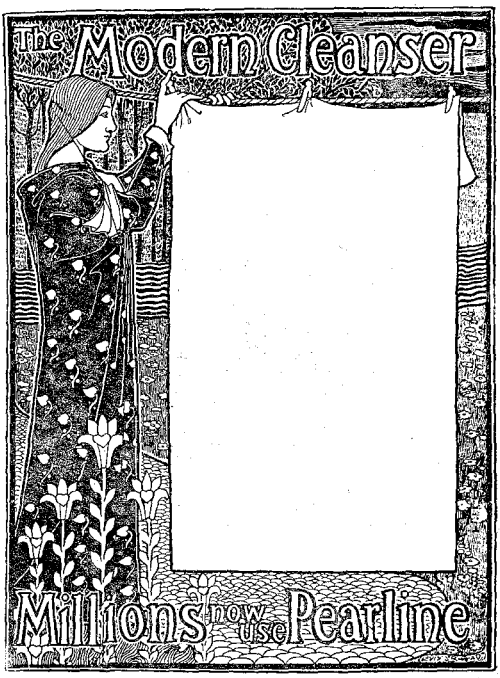
is indicative of an attitude. For the day has come when, from behind the barricades of his accounts and his salesbooks, the tradesman is pausing to cast furtive glances toward the Muses; and Art—adventurous nymph!—scorned now by her one-time consorts, church and court, is coming with gracile insinuation to the verge of the marts. Having lavished her blandishments in all other directions, she is to-day deliberately undertaking the subjugation of her olden enemy, the bullion-fanged monster, Business. Already she has made some progress—for the accomplishment of which she has come, discreetly veiled, in the guise of an advertisement.

Through whose intervention Art made her first timid approaches to American advertising it is somewhat difficult accurately to say. Possibly Mr. Matt Morgan might be accused, for certainly the advertisements from his pencil show an inclination to depart from the crudity of design which had previously prevailed; but Art did not become really bold until in the late '80's or early '90's a little group, among whom Edward Penfield, Louis J. Rhead, and Will H. Bradley were conspicuous, began to execute posters advertising various magazines and newspapers.



AN ADVERTISEMENT FROM THE BRUSH OF LOUIS J. RHEAD, WHICH SEEMS QUITE FAIRLY TO REPRESENT THIS ATTRACTIVE ARTIST. THE ABOVE DESIGN WAS AMONG THE EARLIEST EXAMPLES OF ART'S ENTRY INTO THE SERVICE OF TRADE ON THIS SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC. IT WAS A BOLD AND UNAPOLOGETIC PIONEER INTO THE TERRITORY WHERE UGLINESS WAS DEEMED IRREPRESSIBLE. IT IS ON THIS ACCOUNT WORTHY OF A HIGH AND PERPETUAL REGARD, QUITE ASIDE FROM THE CONSIDERATION DUE IT AS A DESIGN OF SIMPLE LOVELINESS

A DESIGN BY GRASSET FOR "L'ENCRE MARQUET." GRASSET WAS AMONG THE FIRST MEN OF DISTINGUISHED ABILITY TO FOLLOW THE LEAD OF CHÉRET IN EXPENDING HIS BEST EFFORT IN THE CAUSE OF PUBLICITY. FEW ARTISTS MORE VERSATILE HAVE EXISTED, HIS WORK HAVING EMBRACED "EVERYTHING FROM STAINED GLASS TO BOOK-COVERS, FROM PIANO-CASES TO MENU-CARDS." HIS WORK IN BEHALF OF ADVERTISING IS EXTENSIVE, AND ALL OF IT BEARS THE TOUCH OF A FANCIFUL, CERTAIN HAND

The innovation which this set of advertisements marked was not so much a matter of line, colour, or composition as it was of feeling—of point of view. Their artistic significance as advertisements lay in the fact that they were abstract—detached. To be sure, the titles of the publications they proclaimed had

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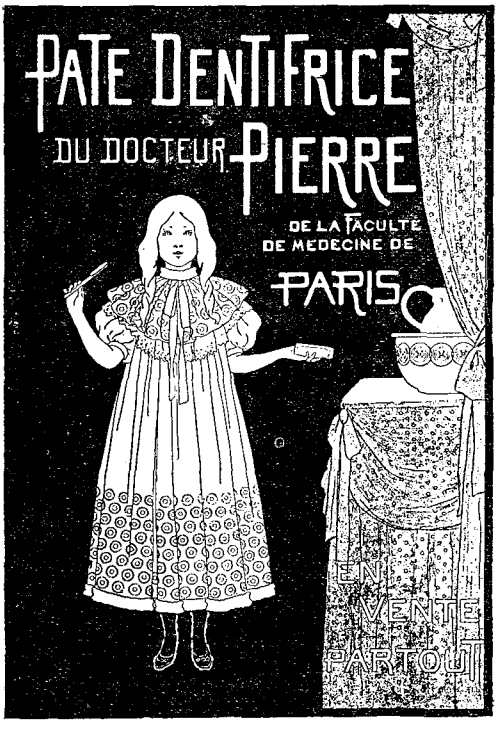
to be blazoned across them. But there the connection with the thing advertised ceased. The name of a razor or a stove polish might have taken the place of the periodicals, with full as much pertinence. They were not in any sense of the word illustrations of a commodity offered: They were pictorial designs expressing



ONE OF THE FEW ADVERTISEMENTS DONE BY BOUTET DE MONVEL. AN ARTIST CELEBRATED THROUGHOUT EUROPE, PARTICULARLY ESTEEMED FOR HIS INTERPRETATIONS OF CHILDREN, DE MONVEL POSSESSED ORIGINALITY AND AN APPEALING SIMPLICITY. HIS ADVERTISEMENTS DO NOT REPRESENT HIM AT HIS BEST, BUT THE POTENCY OF A NAME STILL REMAINS TREMENDOUS. SO THE FACT THAT DE MONVEL DID ADVERTISEMENTS AT ALL IS SUFFICIENT

absolutely nothing save the sweet pleasure of the men who created them. It was herein that Art achieved a triumph incalculably more important and far-reaching than any mere improvement in the character of draughtsmanship could have been. It ceased to appeal in terms of brute reason and sought to beguile solely through a presentation harmonious, though unrelated.

Of course, if one cares to be pedantic —an amazingly common disposition— and make the test of Art nothing less than the Elgin marbles, the sumptuous canvases of Velasquez, the exquisitely fragile brush strokes of Hokusai, or the flaming pageantry of sky which Turner discovered, these advertisements were most insignificant affairs. But in each case the intent of the workman was similar—at once personal and detached. And, after all, the intent is the chief essential. The perfect work of Art has yet to be born. The history of Art is the history of intentions variously approaching an ideal. The degree of their failure is largely negligible. Let academies and factions wrangle how they will—which is exceedingly—the true test of Art is not the work completed: It is the feeling underlying it.

This proper feeling did make a definite appearance in American advertising, then, with the advent of Penfield, Louis Rhead, and Will Bradley. It had been spasmodically apparent prior to them, but not until they and their associates stellated the cities with brilliant placards did it wax bold aand become what civic reformers like to call a movement.

As a matter of fact, however, the handling of these advertisements does entitle them to consideration. Mr. Rhead's work in particular, despite its daringly garish colour-schemes after the French manner, partook of a certain dignity; it possessed the charm of simplicity and naïve suggestion, developed with a really fastidious rejection of the inessential, while the gracefully fantastic drawings of Mr. Bradley were hardly less fortunate.

There were many others who, although less prolific than these men, wrought vigorously during the same period—men with popular followings who unhesitatingly mentioned their calling as "artist" when the census-taker called. Prominent among them were Scotson Clark, a school-fellow of Aubrey Beardsley's, George Wharton Edwards, well known for his water colours; Archie Gunn, Ethel Reed, Thomas Burford Meteyard, Oliver Herford, W. L. Taylor, William M. Paxton, and Francis Day. A few advertising pictures were drawn for the Scribners by Charles Dana Gibson, while

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the same house induced even such a celebrated artist as Mr. Kenyon Cox to execute one of his earnest, classical figures in the cause of advertising.

So Art abruptly ceased to be an apologetic interloper in this field. What had but a little while before appeared a forlorn hope became then a well-defined tendency. That tendency has been cautiously, yet steadily, expanding ever since. In the ramifications of its growth lies the real story of modern advertising.

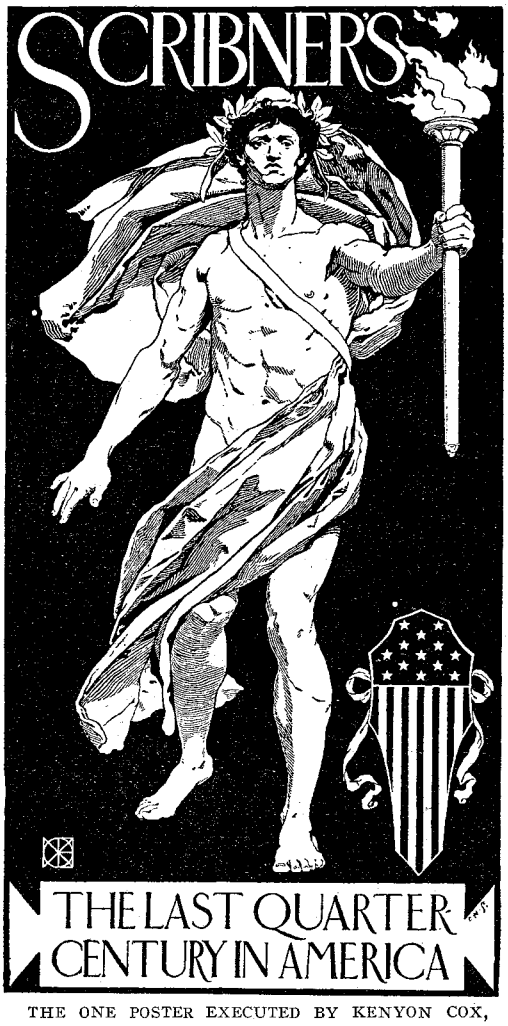
II

The origin of advertising is shrouded in the ambiguity of antiquity. It sprang from instinct, from an impulse innate. Its practice is as old as ambition, as the desire to excel, as the lust for notoriety—when, indeed, the two latter are not identical. No sooner had man learned to scratch devices upon the cool surfaces of weather-planed rocks than the essential idea manifested itself. With the civilisations of Egypt and Greece these manifestations lost something of their pristine crudity and the form of advertising as we know it to-day—the frank simplicity of direct appeal—was conceived.

From the ruins of Thebes there have been exhumed advertisements written on papyri considerably more than three thousand years ago, in which appear descriptions of fugitive slaves and offers of reward for their interception, quite in the modern manner. It would seem that the Greeks, too, originated advertising by means of a public crier—a method which has its present-day survival in those bizarre figures which, adorned with shrieking placards, parade the streets of our larger cities.

It was inevitable that the Greeks in their fine devotion to form should be the first to render the means of publicity artistic. They insisted that the proclamations of their criers be more than utterances of utilitarian convenience. They demanded that the announcements charm the ear with melody, and to this end dispatched with each fleet-limbed crier a musician whose reed could supply the proper pitch in case, along the long, white roads, a false note were sounded. But this charming practice passed together with all the other "glory that was Greece."

The Romans, albeit scantily attentive



THE ONE POSTER EXECUTED BY KENYON COX, ONE OF THE BEST-KNOWN OF LIVING AMERICAN PAINTERS AND ART AUTHORITIES. DESPITE MR. COX'S GREAT REPUTATION, THIS IS NOT, BY ANY MEANS, THE BEST EXAMPLE OF ARTISTIC ADVERTISING THIS COUNTRY HAS PRODUCED, BUT IT WAS NOTABLE AT THE TIME IT APPEARED, WHILE ITS INFLUENCE MAY BE SAID TO HAVE BEEN MOST POTENT. IT DEMONSTRATED TO MANY ARTISTS OF LESSER REPUTE, WHO PREVIOUSLY HAD REFRAINED FROM THIS KIND OF WORK SOLELY BECAUSE DEEMING IT BENEATH THEM, THAT THERE WAS NOTHING INTRINSICALLY DEGRADING IN ESPOUSING THE CAUSE OF THE TRADESMAN

to its artistic possibilites, carried the practice of advertising to a further stage. Advertisements of plays and gladiatorial combats abounded among them. Under

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Courtesy of The Carlton Illustrators

MR. HAROLD NELSON IS AMONG THE SOUNDEST OF PRESENT-DAY BRITISH ILLUSTRATORS. THERE IS MUCH IN HIS STYLE TO RECALL THE BETTER PEN AND INK WORK OF THE LATE HOWARD PYLE. IMAGINATION AND DIGNITY ARE PRESENT IN HIS EVERY PEN-STROKE. HIS ADVERTISEMENTS FOR SANATOGEN ARE ALMOST A REBUKE TO THE COARSE BANALITY WHICH USUALLY CHARACTERISES THE ANNOUNCEMENTS OF "NERVE TONICS." AND THE FACT THAT THIS PARTICULAR TONIC HAS BEEN MOST CORDIALLY RECEIVED IS ONE OF THE INNUMERABLE EVIDENCES THAT "THE PUBLIC WILL RESPOND EAGERLY TO ARTISTICALLY CONCEIVED APPEALS"

the portico of the baths at Pompeii, whither in the course of a morning all the fashion of that pleasure-prone city was wont to repair, were posted all sorts of advertisements, written in bold combinations of red and black. Rough sketches occasionally accompanied these, so that in effect Pompeii here sponsored the world's first bill-board. It was the Romans, likewise, who inaugurated the advertising of books and the dispersing of prospectuses. Martial describes the book-stall of Atrectus as literally covered with announcements of his wares and their excellences, while Pliny, writing in the *Satyricon* of Trimalchio's banquet, tells how the poet rented a house, built an oratory, hired forms, and sent forth prospectuses. The latter being the compositions of a poet probably possessed artistic merit. Pliny also records a favourable estimate of Callades, an artist who was particularly active in producing advertisements of Roman plays. Yet, despite Pliny, the evidences brought to light by archæological re-

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Courtesy of The Carlton Illustrators

ANOTHER OF MR. NELSON'S BRAVELY CONCEIVED AND ADEQUATELY EXECUTED ADVERTISEMENTS. THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CAN PRODUCE VERY FEW DRAWINGS IN SIMILAR STYLE—IN WHATSOEVER CAUSE THEY MAY HAVE BEEN DONE—SUPERIOR TO THIS ADVERTISEMENT. IT IS INTERESTING TECHNICALLY IN THAT, ALTHOUGH THE ENTIRE SCHEME OF COMPOSITION IS SO SKILFULLY DESIGNED AS TO CENTRALISE ATTENTION UPON THE COMMODITY PROCLAIMED, THE DRAWING IN ITS ENTIRETY LOSES NOTHING FROM THIS AS AN ARTISTIC COMPOSITION

searches would seem to establish that, widespread as the advertisement was throughout the Roman Empire, it remained very chary of Art. And even had it not any development of the sort would have been arrested by the coming of Mediævalism.

For there was really little incentive to devise advertisements for an age in which the ability to read or write was deemed an effeminate superfluity and the most illustrious knight made boast that he knew not how to sign his name. A reversion to the public crier was the one alternative, and the importance to which that functionary then attained was sufficient to insure his perpetuation for many centuries—in fact, until some time after that most inviting and dignified advertisement known as the Declaration of Independence had been penned and the United States added to the nations of the world.

In France the criers were a well-organised body as early as the twelfth century, and it seems to have been in this country that they were first enlisted to descant upon the advisability of buying

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R. ANNING BELL'S ADVERTISEMENT FOR THE LIVERPOOL SCHOOL OF ART. MR. BELL IS AMONG ENGLAND'S MOST VERSATILE AND SUCCESSFUL ARTISTS. AT THE TIME HE EXECUTED THE ACCOMPANYING DESIGN HE WAS AT THE HEAD OF THE LIVERPOOL SCHOOL OF ART, YET DEEMED IT IN NO WISE BENEATH HIS DIGNITY TO EMPLOY HIS PENCIL IN ADVERTISING THE SCHOOL WHEREIN HE TAUGHT

goods of a certain man. No tavern was complete without its crier. He jovially stalked the highways, lantern in hand, singing the praises of his employer's wines and the prices thereof. The custom is often alluded to in those old French ballads of street criers known as "Les crieries de Paris."

With the invention of printing advertising received an unprecedented impetus. In one of his earliest productions Caxton announced the issue from his press of a set of diocesan rules called the *Pyes of Salisbury*. Almost as soon as printed newspapers came into being advertisements were inserted in their columns, although for long these continued to be merely of the most obvious sort. Save for a constant increase in its volume, therefore, advertising showed little advancement for fully two centuries, nor would Art have any of it. Then for a brief space in the eighteenth century Bartolozzi and his school produced a series of what they styled "tickets" which, artistically, remain unique in the ways of publicity.

They took the form of etchings, executed on small cards, and were uniformly rich in allegory and classical allusion, with a preponderance of cherubim—an evidence unassailable at that period of the presence of Art. But they possessed a daintiness of conception and treatment and a pure grace of design which makes them things of an enchanting loveliness. An importer's "ticket" belonging to this group consists of a cherub with the wingéd cap of Mercury, unloading a bale of merchandise, while another cherub gravely notes down the contents. T. Stothard, R.A., to advertise Macklin's "Poets' Gallery," drew a "ticket" introducing the Muses of Painting and Poetry, while another in similar vein depicts the Muse of Painting vainly striving to ward off Time, whose scythe is threatening an elaborate canvas. Below appears the naïve statement that "F. Bate cleans and restores oil paintings, 43, Berners Street." There are several advertisements belonging to this group preserved in the British Museum.

Stall-keepers at fairs and such folk were, during the eighteenth century, habitually embellishing their advertise-

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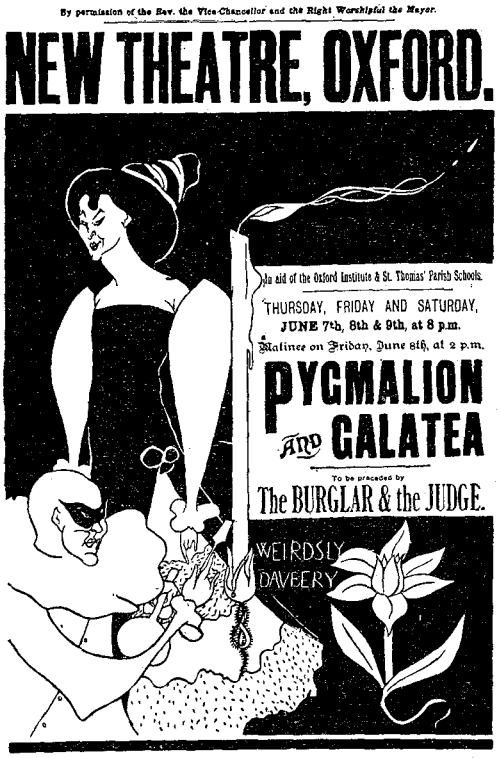
ments with rude drawings, and simultaneously the shop sign—that simplest form of advertisement—became an almost indispensable adjunct of every tradesman's equipment. These signs were for the most part poor things, though their own, but among them stand out like cameos in a trinket-box a few from the hand of Hogarth. It may have been the sheer whimsicality of the conscientious satirist, it may have been his insatiate desire for the achievement of novelty—but whatever actuated him, there were the signs, and with them Art. Hogarth painted them during those lean years around the time of his marriage and within the same period—probably in 1730—undertook further to serve Commerce by "embellishing" the Spring Garden at Vauxhall.

A POSTER OF JULES CHÉRET'S. IF ANY MAN MAY BE CALLED THE FATHER OF MODERN ARTISTIC ADVERTISING THAT MAN IS BEYOND QUESTION THE DARING, IRREPRESSIBLE CHÉRET. OTHERS THERE HAD BEEN BEFORE HIM—BETTER ARTISTS THERE HAVE BEEN AFTER HIM, BUT CHÉRET IT WAS WHO MADE ADVERTISEMENTS POSSESSING IMAGINATION, SPONTANEITY, LIFE, ORIGINALITY, PUBLIC NECESSITY. CHÉRET STANDS ALONE—AND SO LONG AS PUBLICITY IS, CHÉRET WILL CONTINUE SO TO STAND



AN ENGLISH POSTER OF THE '90'S. IT IS A FRANK TRAVESTY OF THE POSTERS AUBREY BEARDSLEY HAD BEEN DOING FOR THE AVENUE THEATRE. EVEN THE NAME BY WHICH IT IS SIGNED, WEIRDSLY DAUBERY, IS A PARODY, AND THE HANDLING OF THE LINE WORK IS NOT WITHOUT CLEVERNESS OF IMITATION. ITS GREATEST SIGNIFICANCE IS, HOWEVER, EXTRINSIC. WHEN A MOVEMENT HAS REACHED SUFFICIENT PROPORTIONS TO EXCITE PARODIES AND IMITATIONS IT IS VERY CERTAIN EVIDENCE THAT IT HAS BECOME A THING SERIOUSLY TO BE RECKONED WITH. AND THIS OCCURRED MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS AGO

Upon her next noteworthy pilgrimage into the devious ways of the merchant, Art found her most gorgeous escort in the person of Watteau—Watteau who handled pigment as if it were a lyric metre, Watteau who designed everything from landscapes to exquisite fans, Watteau who knew Art for his mistress and, so she were with him, cared not whither the way led. To say that the signs Watteau painted were worthy of him is to say enough. The best of them—how the Art Students' League must writhe if it has heard of such a thing!—was done for a boot-maker. It inveigled the susceptible into the purchase of shoes! Not long ago it was bought by the German Em-

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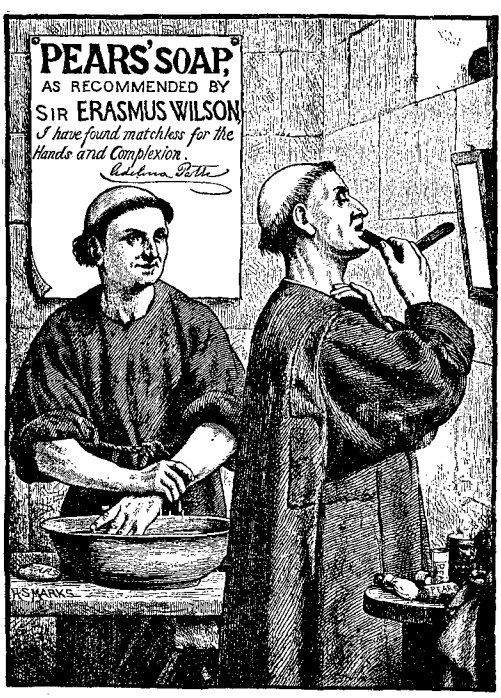
peror for fifty-eight thousand dollars. It now hangs in his gallery among his most precious canvases—a charming apologue to the dilettante and the pedant, one of the world's innumerable evidences that the subject-matter of Art is largely inessential, that form and spirit are the prime essentials.

Again after Watteau's efforts comes a lull until in 1836 a French painter of some note, Lalance, produced a poster and thereby inaugurated what was destined to become a vogue. At once his example was emulated by Célestin Nauteuil with a design advertising an edition of *Robert Macaire*. Others rapidly followed. Raffet, Eugène Gauché, Gavarni, Bertrand, Grandville, Tony Johannot, E. de Beaumont, and T. H. Frère were the better artists responsible for the establishment of the poster—*l'affiche,* as the



AN ADVERTISEMENT FROM THE PEN OF H. STACY MARKS. ALTHOUGH CREDITABLY DONE, IT DOES NOT RISE PARTICULARLY ABOVE THE AVERAGE OF ADVERTISEMENTS ISSUED IN ENGLAND DURING THE LATE '80'S AND EARLY '90'S BY THE VERY LARGE NUMBER OF FIRMS WHICH WERE ENCOURAGING THE ARTISTIC TENDENCY. BUT WHEN SUCH AN ADVERTISEMENT CAN BE SPOKEN OF AS AVERAGE IN ITS TYPE, THE TREMENDOUS STRIDES WHICH EVEN A DECADE HAD MARKED APPEAR ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE

A DRAWING OF STEINLEN'S WHICH WAS USED FOR "LAIT PUR DE LA VINGEANNE STÉRILISÉ" IN FRANCE AND FOR "NESTLÉ'S SWISS MILK" IN ENGLAND. STEINLEN, WHOSE REPUTATION WAS ACQUIRED CHIEFLY BY HIS BOLDLY COLOURED STUDIES OF THE PARISIAN UNDERWORLD RUN IN "GIL BLAS ILLUSTRÉ," APPEARS, IN HIS ADVERTISING WORK, IN A DISTINCTLY DIFFERENT VEIN, YET ON THE WHOLE REMAINS AS EFFECTIVE AS EVER.

French have it. Art appeared more diffidently in their work than it had upon its former occasional forays into the same sphere, but that was necessary. It was the first time since the mellifluous criers of Hellas that she had made anything approaching a prolonged stay, and she had need to be wary. The tradesman must ever be managed with care. Any painter knows as much. Yet during this era there appeared one *affiche* from the pencil of that superb artist, Edouard Manet—a sort of defiant toss of Art's head toward the mart, just to show what she might do if she dared.

Then came the '70's and Jules Chéret—the inimitable, audacious, effervescent Chéret. Like some exotic street flower he burst upon Paris and transformed it. Lamps, cough-drops, medicines, clothes, cafés, music-halls—impartially his brush proclaimed them all. He blended colours with a gaudy, delighted abandon, his

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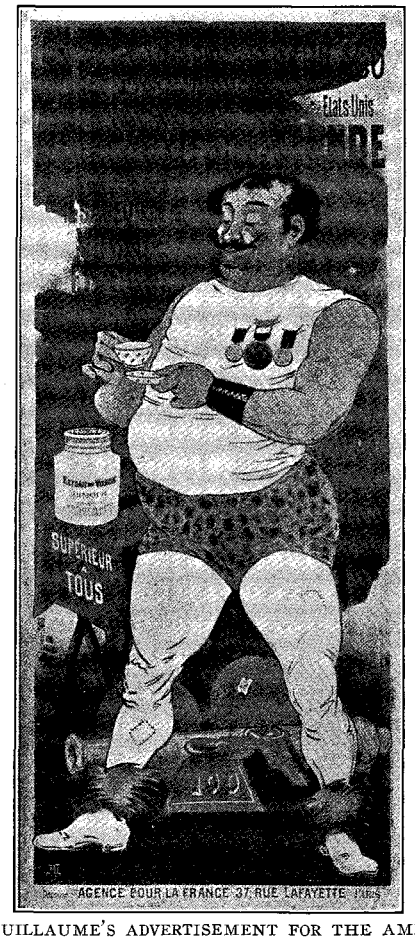
composition was amazing and *outré,* yet his line faltered not, and there was atmosphere in all he produced. Yes, there was Art! There was joy at any cost—loud, mirthless joy—there was wild, incessant movement. In Chéret's work the soul of Paris laughed out at it from between painted lips.

And the key-note of modern advertising had been struck.

III

After that the deluge was inevitable. More than two score men of unmistakable artistic ability assisted in demonstrating that a new influence had entered the cause of publicity—an influence not to be slighted. There was Eugène Grasset with his *affiches* for Sarah Bernhardt and the South France Railway Company; there was Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, that fascinating realist of the pencil in whose advertising drawings is left perhaps as faithful a portrayal of his times as we have anywhere; there was Willette, the lover of masques and whirling Pierrots; there was Steinlen the

A TYPICAL SPECIMEN OF WILLETTE'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO ADVERTISING WHICH HAS SOUGHT TO DO MORE THAN MERELY ADVERTISE. WILLETTE EXECUTED SEVERAL DRAWINGS FOR THE SAME FIRM FOR WHICH THIS WAS DONE, TOGETHER WITH A LARGE NUMBER OF THEATRICAL POSTERS. ALL OF THESE WERE DONE WHEN HE WAS AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS VOGUE. THEY SOUND A DISTINCT NOTE IN THE ANNALS OF PUBLICITY FROM A CURIOUS, FASCINATING, AND ESSENTIALLY ARTISTIC PERSONALITY



GUILLAUME'S ADVERTISEMENT FOR THE AMERICAN PACKERS, ARMOUR AND COMPANY. THERE ARE FEW ARTISTS OF GUILLAUME'S HAPPY FACILITY WHO HAVE BEEN SO PROLIFIC IN THEIR AID TO THE TRADESMAN. GUILLAUME BROUGHT A NEW ATTITUDE TO ARTISTIC ADVERTISING. HE BROUGHT AN IRRESISTIBLE SENSE OF HUMOUR, QUITE REGARDLESS OF WHETHER OR NOT THE PRODUCT HE HAPPENED TO BE EXPLOITING POSSESSED A NORMALLY HUMOROUS APPEAL. NOR DID HE, IN GIVING VENT TO THIS, EVER FORGET THAT HE WAS, IN HIS STYLE, AN ARTIST

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AN ADVERTISEMENT DRAWN BY GUILLAUME FOR A HATTER. THE SELECTION OF HATS, TAKEN IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE TYPES OF FACES BENEATH EACH, IS MORE THAN THE EXPRESSION OF MERE IRREPRESSIBLE HUMOUR—IT IS KEEN, DELICIOUS SATIRE. IN THIS SORT OF WORK GUILLAUME PAVED THE WAY FOR THAT STYLE OF ADVERTISEMENT KNOWN AS "THE COMIC." HAD THIS BEEN ALL HE DID HIS WORK, SPLENDID AS IT IS IN ITS LIVELINESS, WOULD NOT POSSESS SO GREAT A SIGNIFICANCE AS IT DOES. BUT HE ACCOMPLISHED MORE THAN THIS: HE DEMONSTRATED TO ADVERTISERS THAT IF AN ARTIST BE ALLOWED FREE SCOPE OF HIS PERSONALITY, HE WILL SERVE BETTER NOT ONLY ART, BUT TRADE AS WELL. THIS IS A PROFOUNDLY GREAT ACHIEVEMENT TO HAVE TO ONE'S CREDIT

piquant, Ibels the imaginative; and there was delightful, witty Guillaume, who was the first pictorially to champion the interest of Armour and Company in France, who drew an advertisement for a hatter which is a triumph of satire, and who caused Art in her more flippant, lightsome moods to plead for the "Dentifrices du Dr. Bonn," for the bicycles of Vincent Fils, for "Le Vin d'Or," for colognes and steamboat companies, as well as for numerous plays and books. The work of these men and all the others who, though less brilliantly successful perhaps, were none the less artists always, made a felicitous handling of the *affiche* such an accustomed thing that their followers—Choubrac, Boutet de Monvel, Paleologue, Aman-Jean, Schwaebe, H. Guérard, Cazoly, and the rest capable of it—met little opposition in keeping alive the same spirit in French publicity work throughout the '90s. And by that time Art had long ceased to be peculiar to French advertising.

In Spain, Germany, and Belgium it had gained a hold, while in England it was making itself conspicuously at ease. Of course, England's most famous advertisement with claims upon Art is Sir John Millais's painting, "Bubbles." But even before this, no less an artist than Fred Walker had drawn an advertisement for Wilkie Collins's novel, *The Woman in White,* which, though little known, is a work of singularly haunting beauty. It represents a solitary figure tip-toeing out into a star-strewn night, and through every delicate line the curious mystery of the book it announces breathes like a hushed voice. England and America combined can show but one black and white advertisement to compare with it. That is E. A. Abbey's pen drawing to announce his own book, *The Quest of the Grail.* In the latter Sir Galahad appears mounted upon his splendid white charger, garbed in scarlet, as in Mr. Abbey's famous mural series in the Boston Public Library—which really is itself more of a glorified poster than an authentic mural work.

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Belonging to approximately the same time is the one advertisement from the pen of George Du Maurier. This is particularly interesting since it took a form new to the artistic tendency in advertising: It was a label for the bottle of an apolinaris firm, done by the creator of Trilby chiefly through friendship for one of the principal stockholders in the concern involved. Professor Herkomer's is a name less well known than Du Maurier's. To-day the former is probably remembered more for his quarrel with Whistler than for anything else. Yet he was an astonishingly industrious soul, taking his little fling at painting, etching, carving, music, poetry, lecturing, play-writing, and acting. The world has charitably

THE MOST AMBITIOUS ADVERTISING DESIGN EXECUTED BY SIR EDWARD E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A. IT WAS ORIGINALLY PLANNED AS A MURAL ADVERTISEMENT, ALTHOUGH IT WAS WIDELY EXPLOITED IN VARIOUS FORMS. THE EXPERIMENT, JUDGING FROM THE INFREQUENCY WITH WHICH IT HAS BEEN REPEATED, WAS PROBABLY NOT AS SUCCESSFUL AS ITS ORIGINATORS HAD HOPED FOR. THE CHIEF INTEREST ATTACHING TO THE WORK LIES IN THE PROMINENT POSITION SIR EDWARD POYNTER OCCUPIED IN THE ART WORLD OF ENGLAND

FRED. WALKER'S ADVERTISEMENT FOR WILKIE COLLINS'S NOVEL, "THE WOMAN IN WHITE." MR. WALKER WAS AMONG THE FIRST FULLY TO REALISE THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE MEDIUM TRADE AFFORDED THE ARTIST. "I AM IMPRESSED," HE SAID, "ON DOING ALL I CAN WITH A FIRST ATTEMPT AT WHAT I CONSIDER MIGHT DEVELOP INTO A MOST IMPORTANT BRANCH OF ART." UNFORTUNATELY, MR. WALKER WAS NEVER ENABLED TO GO BEYOND THIS "FIRST ATTEMPT." ONE HESITATES TO ESTIMATE HOW MUCH HE MIGHT HAVE DONE HAD HE PURSUED THIS FORM OF WORK. AS IT IS, THE ACCOMPANYING DRAWING REMAINS ONE OF THE MOST MASTERFUL COMPOSITIONS OF THE SORT EVER PRODUCED

forgotten most of his efforts, but he was an R.A., and there are conventions in these things—wherefore let it be recorded that he was responsible for several advertisements, as simultaneously was Sir Edward E. J. Poynter, another R.A., whose most ambitious effort along this line was a Romanesque composition for the Guardian Fire and Life Assurance Company.

Besides Du Maurier, the *Punch* staff was represented in the advertising columns by Bernard Partridge and Harry Furniss. The latter's facetious sketch of the tramp who years before had used "Pears" soap and "since then had used

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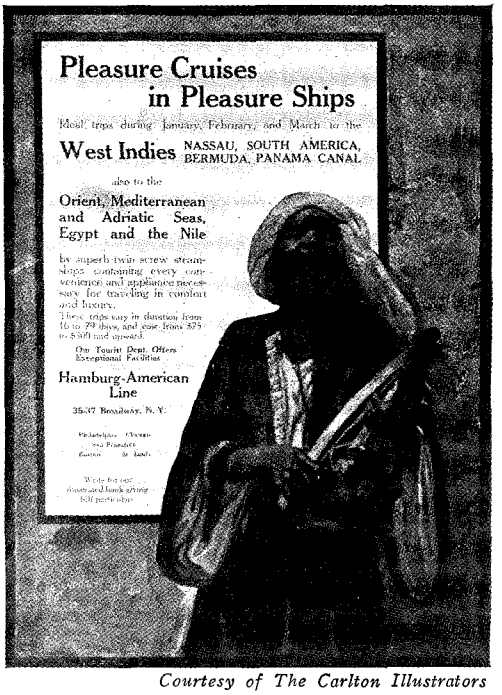
no other" is one of the most successful things of the sort ever done. Burton Barber and G. B. Leslie were even more elaborate than Mr. Furniss in their propagation of various other brands of soap and, amid much that was tawdry, Charles Green, R.I., and Sir James Linton, P.R.I., helped to redeem British advertising from absolute hideousness until, like capricious gusts of March wind, the drawings of Dudley Hardy put in an appearance.

At the same time the Avenue Theatre began to display posters by Aubrey Beardsley—and although many have criticised him, even the most prejudiced cannot question that Aubrey Beardsley possessed the soul of an artist. This work of his, together with that of Pryde and Simpson—who signed their joint drawings the "Beggarstaff Brothers" and produced advertisements really noteworthy aside from any commercial value which was theirs—was chiefly responsible for Art's sudden leap across the Atlantic into the advertising lists of America. Mr. Will Bradley's work in particular evinced the influence of Aubrey Beardsley and, through him, of the Japanese manner—which at that time was so hectically upon us that it was often difficult to appreciate its supreme artistry.



Courtesy of The Carlton Illustrators

ANOTHER OF LOUIS FANCHER'S DESIGNS. A BLACK-AND-WHITE REPRODUCTION CANNOT HEREIN DO JUSTICE TO MR. FANCHER'S RICH BLENDINGS OF ORIENTAL COLOUR—THICK AND SENSUOUS AS OLD WINES—WHICH ENHANCE THE VALUE OF THIS PAINTING. IT IS NOT THE LOFTIEST ART HE HAS ACHIEVED, BUT IT POSSESSES SOME PERTINENCE AND IS IN RELIEVING CONTRAST TO THAT INANELY SMILING YOUNG LADY WITH A TENNIS RAQUET WHOSE PRESENCE ON THE REAR PLATFORM OF AN OBSERVATION CAR USED TO BE DEEMED ALL THAT WAS NECESSARY TO LURE THE POPULACE TO ANY PLACE WHERE RAILROADS HAD DECIDED TO RUN TRAINS

Courtesy of The Carlton Illustrators

A POSTER DESIGN FROM THE BRUSH OF MR. LOUIS FANCHER, WHICH, ALTHOUGH BY NO MEANS THE FINEST EXAMPLE OF HIS VERY EFFECTIVE WORK, SHOWS THAT EVEN THE UPROARIOUS BURLESQUE IS NO LONGER INSISTING UPON VULGARITY IN ITS PICTORIAL HUMOUR

In this country, however, it was not until publishing houses and Sunday newspapers had demonstrated on the spot that the public—much abused animal!—would respond to just as much Art in publicity as was permitted it that the tradesman was willing to experiment.

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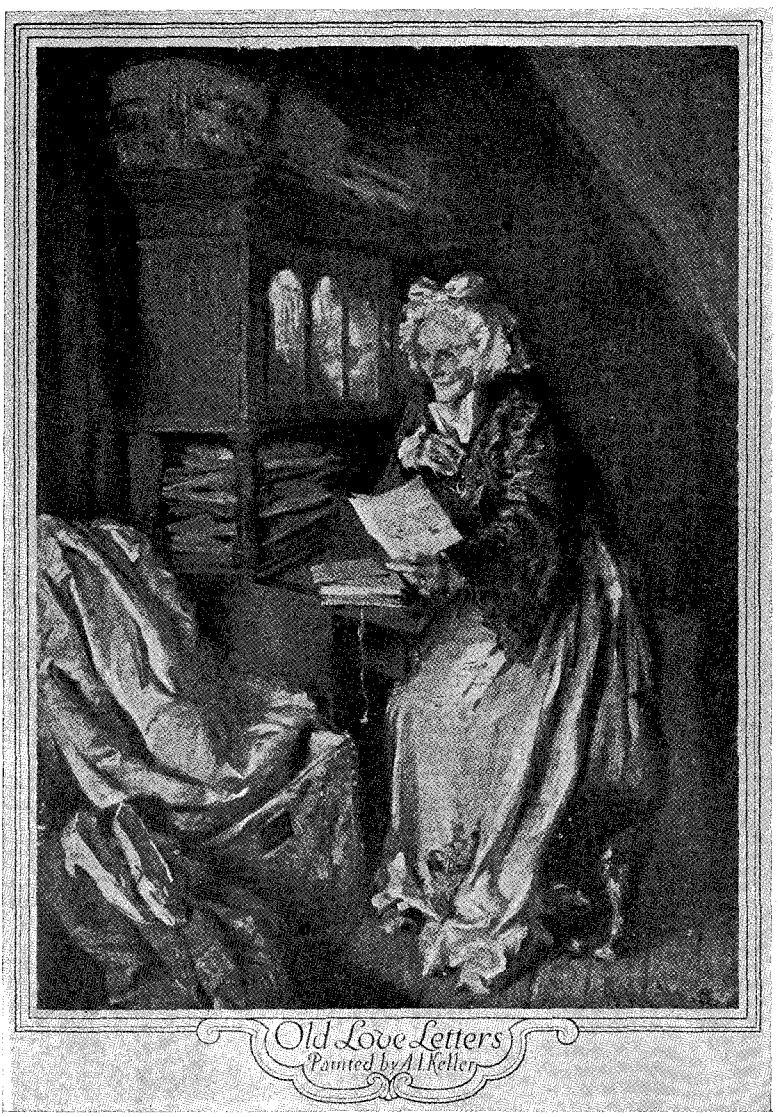
Then Mr. Louis J. Rhead executed two highly graceful and effective advertisements—one for Pearline, the other for Lundborg's perfumes. The business man is swift to emulate his competitor. He does so from an entirely blind instinct not "to be left behind." And the tradesman followed his leaders here as in all else he had. Thus was Art grudgingly admitted—just a little way—into the trade of the United States.

That poster craze which ran riot among us in the '90's has passed—as things occasionally will when overdone—but it has left its impress. It showed our tradesmen that publicity did not necessarily have to be ugly. They were rather reluctant of accepting this. They were



Courtesy of Calkins and Holden Advertising Agency

A PICTURE BY ARTHUR I. KELLER, WHICH, TOGETHER WITH THE WORK OF MANY OTHER EQUALLY WELL-KNOWN ARTISTS, MADE UP A SERIES ADVERTISING CRANE'S LINEN PAPER. THE PICTURE IS BY NO MEANS UNWORTHY OF A MAN FREQUENTLY REFERRED TO AS AMERICA'S FOREMOST ILLUSTRATOR, WHILE THE SUBORDINATION OF THE THING ADVERTISED TO THE COMPOSITE EFFECT—THAT MOST ENCOURAGING ARTISTIC ATTRIBUTE OF PRESENT-DAY ADVERTISING—IS HERE AGAIN PROMINENTLY EXEMPLIFIED

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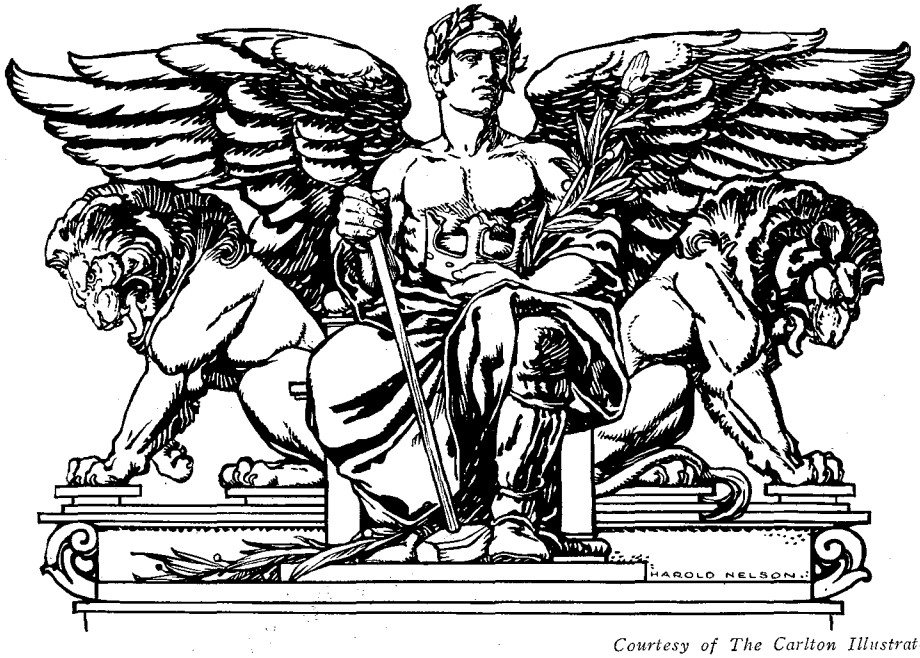

Courtesy of The Carlton Illustrators

A HEADING FOR ONE OF THE SERIES OF ADVERTISEMENTS BY WHICH SELFRIDGE AND COMPANY, THE AMERICAN DRY-GOODS MERCHANTS, ANNOUNCED THEIR ESTABLISHMENT IN LONDON. THE ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN, OF WHICH THE ABOVE DESIGN FORMED A PART, WAS ONE OF THE MOST EXTENSIVE EVER PROSECUTED IN THE BRITISH ISLES. ALL THE ILLUSTRATIVE MATTER EXHIBITED THE SAME BOLD SEVERITY. THE RESPONSE OF THE BUYING PUBLIC—OF ALL CLASSES—WAS PROMPT AND ENTHUSIASTIC. THIS FACT SHOULD BE POINTED OUT TO THAT ADVERTISER WHO RECENTLY, BENEATH AN ATROCIOUS SKETCH, BEGAN HIS ADDRESS TO THE WORLD WITH: "MEN, GET THIS ONE"

beginning to pride themselves upon the truth of their advertisements, and the truth is generally expected to be ugly. But always there was "novelty" to be striven for; and, though the truth remains something of a novelty anywhere, ugliness does not. So here and there Art was permitted to linger as posters diminished and magazines became the chief medium of advertisements.

With the advent of the twentieth century advertising commenced to be much more seriously taken than ever before. Advertisers started to study the matter scientifically. Speedily then they realised that it was a problem in psychology with which they had to deal—and the turning of the ways became marked. Was direct statement—positive affirmation—more compelling, or was suggestion? Such was the recondite question which added to the vexations of the tired business man.

Those inclining toward the latter belief are the advertisers who have maintained a leavening of art in their appeals to purchasers. In the reproductions accompanying this rather fragmentary survey the aim has been not to secure extraordinary specimens, but rather to give a fair example of the sort of work utilised by this class of advertiser. On the whole it would seem not lacking in grounds for encouragement.

The spirited painting of Mr. Aylward's for Crane's linen paper—which, by the way, happens to be the only advertisement from the brush of this painter—would rank favourably in any modern exhibition. A. I. Keller's drawing for the same concern is in every way worthy of a man often referred to as America's foremost illustrator. As much may be said also for the advertisements of Jay Hambridge, another of the very best magazine artists. In introducing the work of Hohlwein the Pierce-Arrow Company brought to advertising one of Germany's leading painters. In fact, too much credit can scarcely be given the

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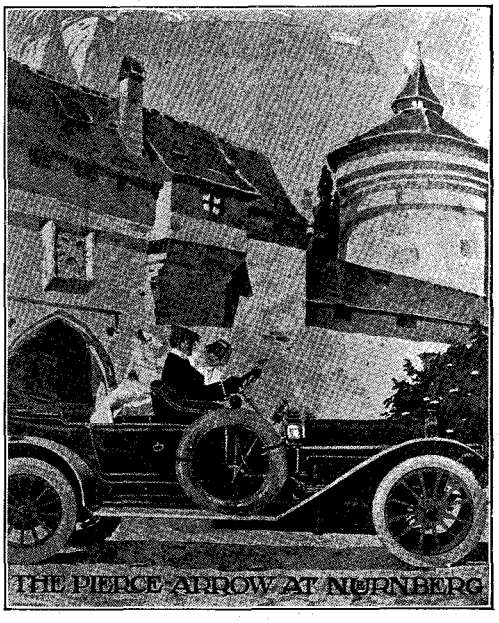
automobile firms—and especially the Pierce-Arrow—for the service they have rendered in this connection.

They it is who are responsible for most of the advertisements from such men as Fancher, Triedler, and Perley, all of whom paint attractively, persuasively. That other follower of the arrow insignia—the shirt and collar company—has used several drawings from the popular Mr. Flagg and from J. C. Leyendecker, who during his student days was hailed as the most brilliant pupil in Paris and since then has certainly not forgotten his knowledge of anatomy. Alice Barber Stephens, F. Graham Cootes, Alexander Popini, Will Foster, R. M. Crosby, and Orson Lowell are but a few of the designers of advertisements whose work

Courtesy of The Carlton Illustrators

A COVER DESIGN BY JAY HAMBIDGE FOR A PUBLICATION DEVOTED TO ADVERTISING AN ELECTRIC LIGHT CONCERN. MR. HAMBIDGE'S WORK HAS FOR MANY YEARS BEEN ONE OF THE MOST ATTRACTIVE FEATURES OF MANY LEADING MAGAZINES, YET SELDOM HAS HE SURPASSED THE CRAFTSMANSHIP EXPENDED UPON THE ACCOMPANYING REPRODUCTION, AND CERTAINLY NEVER HAS HE BEEN PERMITTED SO MUCH LATITUDE OF SELECTION—BEEN SO UNRESTRICTEDLY ALLOWED TO PAINT A SCENE AS IT APPEARED TO HIM—ONLY THAT AND NOTHING MORE



Courtesy of Calkins & Holden Advertising Agency

A SERIES CONSPICUOUS AMONG THE BETTER SORT OF CONTEMPORARY ADVERTISEMENTS IS THAT WHICH, TO EMPHASISE THE UNIVERSALITY OF THE PIERCE-ARROW AUTOMOBILE, HAS TAKEN IT THROUGH ALL THE PRINCIPAL EUROPEAN COUNTRIES. THE OPPORTUNITY FOR THE PICTURESQUE HEREIN AFFORDED HAS NOT BEEN SLIGHTED. THE ABOVE PAINTING OF MR. HOHLWEIN'S, REPRESENTING THE INVASION OF TEUTONIC STOLIDITY BY THE INDEFATIGABLE TOURIST, IS A VERY HAPPY INTERPRETATION, QUITE WITHOUT CONCESSION TO THE HUMOUR OF THE SITUATION

is in demand with the magazines. Which really epitomises the present status of such advertising as aims at all to be artistic: Its standard is practically identical with that of the better grade fifteen-cent magazines. Very forcibly was this illustrated last summer when Mr. Wildhack, having executed a cover for the *American Magazine,* made the back cover, which advertised the Pierce-Arrow car, a mere continuation of the front.

This magazine standard of art is necessarily a popular standard. That our periodicals harbour a great, or even an important, art no one would attempt to say. It is simply a clever art. But it is very clever. Also it is of a better grade than magazine art—if the term be permissible—ever has been heretofore. And each year it is improving. From all of which the inference is obvious.

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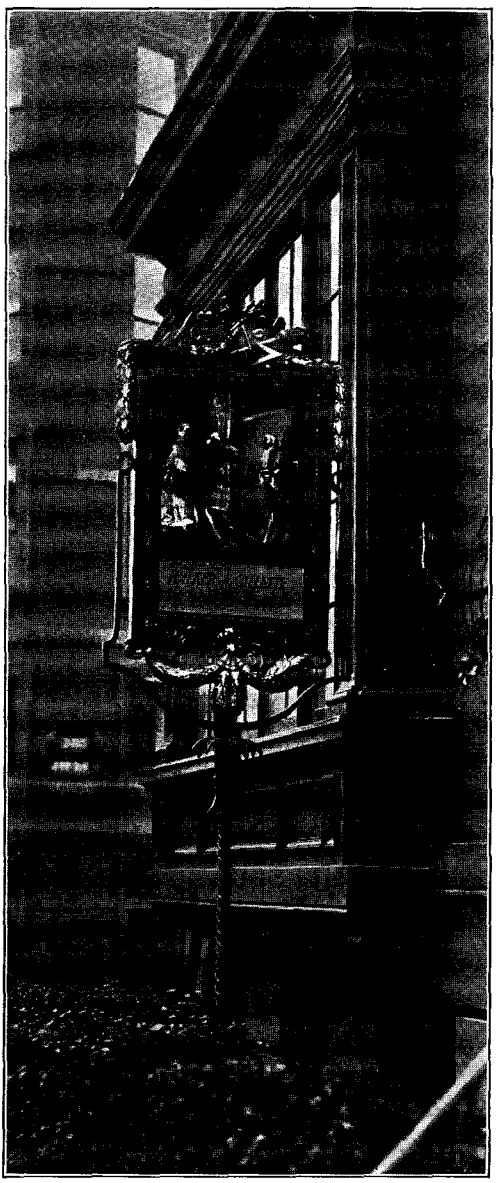
IV

With the writing of advertisements Art has as yet little concerned herself. Her struggle with the pictorial side must be fittingly consummated first. But she is likely to encounter more opposition in shaping to herself the literary phase. For the tradesman is devoted to his wares—it is that which makes him a tradesman. He will permit an artistic drawing to attract public attention, but once that attention is secured he wishes to tell people in his own way of what he would sell them. And his way is not an artistic way. His words either shake their fist in the reader's face or clap him across the back. He insists upon setting forth facts; he will not trust here to the sublety of suggestion.



THE SIGN RECENTLY PAINTED BY EVERETT SHINN. IT IS QUITE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF WORK THAT HAS THUS FAR EMBELLISHED AMERICAN ADVERTISING. IF THE ENTIRE ARTISTIC TREND HAD LED TO NOTHING SAVE THIS IT WOULD STILL BE WORTH WHILE. THE INDICATIONS ARE, HOWEVER, THAT THIS IS BUT THE BEGINNING IN THIS COUNTRY OF AN ORDER WHOSE IDEALS AND METHODS SHALL ALIKE AIM TOWARD THE HIGHEST PERFECTION

Yet when the travelling salesman fares forth on "the road" he sells far more goods through cajolery and his own peculiar manner of anecdote than through adherence to fact, and herein——. But this is approaching perilously near the psychology of publicity, which would require an article all its own. This much may, however, be noted: No advertisement adhering scrupulously to mere facts can hope—as an advertisement does—to be universal in its appeal. So long as the brains of men differ their interpretation of facts will differ likewise. Emotions alone are kindred in us all. That is why music and poetry unite us where books and plays merely cause dissension. When the tradesman takes this unto his own work then will Art weave into advertising its shimmering spell in words.

A Lafcadio Hearn will proclaim the wares of some Oriental shop; a Bret Harte will wax adoring in a summer resort circular; a Gautier will tell us of jewellers' displays in a style deriving its hues from the subject; a Kipling will chant the praise of an automobile—and the public will become ecstatic with desire and the tradesman make sales unparalleled. And Art will perhaps reach its supreme height, for the artist will no longer have to write in plots and theses. He will but ensnare in words a single flight of fancy—he will but perpetuate a mood. He will write only of what sways him. Others will be swayed not because he would have them, but because he was himself swayed. And a pure, abstract beauty will transcendentalise Business and the Muses become handmaidens to Mercury.

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AN ADVERTISEMENT BY SIDNEY HAWARD. PERHAPS NEVER HAS A FRANKER EFFORT BEEN MADE THAN THIS ONE TO ATTRACT ATTENTION BY GRACE OF ARRANGEMENT AND DESIGN, WITHOUT REGARD TO ANY OTHER CONSIDERATION. THE FACT THAT THE ARTIST WAS IN THIS CASE A MEMBER OF THE CONCERN SEEKING TO ATTRACT TRADE CONCLUSIVELY PROVES THAT THIS METHOD —WHICH IS THE ONLY METHOD WHEREBY ART CAN PROGRESS IN PUBLICITY—IS NO MERE FIGMENT OF ARTISTIC IDEALISM, BUT ALSO AN UTTERLY PROSAIC, HORRIBLY PRACTICAL BUSINESS FACT

Meanwhile, though the tawdry flourishes still in brazen plenitude, a purer English is more and more employed in the statement of commercial pleas. Advertising pamphlets particularly are more happily phrased than formerly. Pictorially, too, pamphlet advertising is tending to encourage better things. One of the most hopeful examples of to-day occurred in the booklet announcing the opening of the new Vanderbilt Hotel in New York when, to illustrate the central locality of this hostelry, instead of the ordinary photograph one of Vernon Howe Bailey's rhythmic metropolitan drawings was used. Which drawing demonstrated the point at issue as no photograph could have.

Scattered throughout the country are various associations consecrated to elimi-

Courtesy of Calkins & Holden Advertising Agency

THERE IS PROBABLY NO ILLUSTRATOR IN GREATER DEMAND WITH MAGAZINES THAN JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG. FLIPPANT, VERSATILE, AND INTENSELY MODERN IN THE ORDER OF HIS CLEVERNESS, HE HAS SECURED THAT ELUSIVE THING KNOWN AS "A FOLLOWING." THE FACT THAT HE BUSIES HIMSELF MUCH WITH THE EXECUTING OF SKETCHES FOR ADVERTISING PURPOSES IS ONE OF THE MANY INDICATIONS THAT, PICTORIALLY, PUBLICITY WORK IS AT LEAST LIVING UP TO THE STANDARD OF THE MAGAZINES. PERHAPS THE MOST NOTEWORTHY FEATURE, ARTISTICALLY, OF THE ABOVE SKETCHES, WHICH WERE DONE FOR THE ARROW COLLAR, IS THE FACT THAT THE COLLARS OF THE VARIOUS MEN ARE NOT UNDULY EMPHASISED. A FEW YEARS AGO A FACSIMILE OF THE COLLAR IN QUESTION WOULD HAVE FORMED A SUFFICIENT ADVERTISEMENT. TO-DAY THE COLLAR IS SIMPLY MADE TO FIT INTO THE ENSEMBLE OF A DESIGN, WHICH IS REALLY AS MUCH AS SHOULD BE EXPECTED OF A COLLAR

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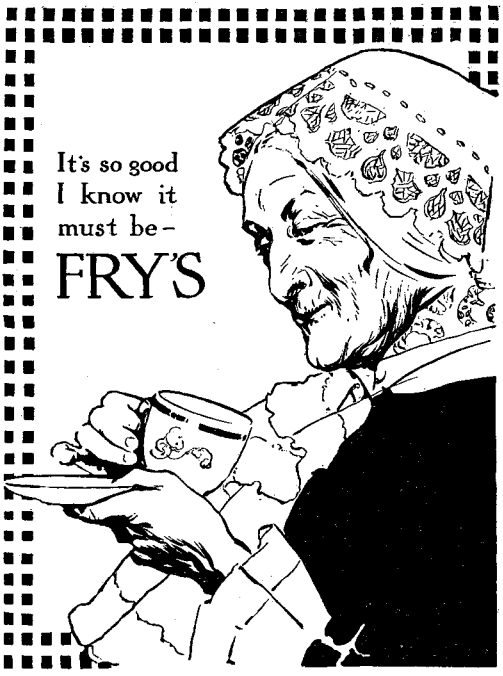
A DESIGN BY LINLEY SAMBOURNE, THE POPULAR MEMBER OF "PUNCH'S" STAFF. IN IT THE EVIDENCE OF THAT DEFT, CLEVER PEN MR. SAMBOURNE ALWAYS WIELDED IS NOT ABSENT, BUT A CERTAIN COARSENESS OF CONCEPTION PREVENTS IT FROM RANKING WITH THE BEST OF THIS ARTIST'S JOYOUS, ALLURING WORK. HOWEVER, THE FACT THAT MR. SAMBOURNE DID IT—AND VARIOUS OTHER ADVERTISEMENTS—HELPED CONSPICUOUSLY IN STRENGTHENING THE ARTISTIC MOVEMENT

nating the unsightly from advertising. This, too, is charming evidence. Not that they may be expected of themselves to accomplish anything—but as indicating the extent of the tendency artistic. For when societies begin to crop up with announcements that they purpose to "inaugurate a movement" it is irrefutable evidence that said movement has been long since launched and is progressing blithly on its way.

It will, of course, be many years before the cheap is wholly dispensed with and Art unequivocally accepted as the patron of publicity, but ultimately it must come. The desire for "novelty" will bring it about if nothing else will. Commerce has attempted practically everything else. And even now there exists one lovely harbinger fully worthy of the order to come.

It is a sign from the brush of Everett Shinn—one of this country's artists who is wholly delightful as well as wholly an artist—one of the few who can be unqualifiedly proclaimed as such. He has painted a sign for Walker and Gillette, the architects—a sign with grace, with depth, with dignty, with a dainty fancy playing through it in happy colouring. It recalls in spirit something of that sign Watteau painted for his boot-maker. A dull gold frame in the Georgian fashion enhances the harmony of its appeal.

Solitary and aloof as an ideal, it stands on East Thirty-seventh Street in New York. Nor has any passer-by yet ignored it. Prophetically it flashes in the sunlight; mockingly it throws off the jealous rain; and like some luminous



A DESIGN BY AN UNACKNOWLEDGED ARTIST, POSSIBLY ROSE CECIL O'NEILL, OF MOST PLEASING AND DELICATE APPEAL. AS AN ADVERTISEMENT IT WAS NOT PARTICULARLY FEATURED, AND IT IS HEREIN THAT ITS CHIEF INTEREST CENTRES. IT IS ONE OF THOSE OBSCURE, UNHERALDED PIECES OF WORKMANSHIP WHICH PROVE THAT IT IS NOT ALONE IN SPECTACULAR OR ESSENTIALLY IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENTS THAT AN ARTISTIC FEELING HAS TAKEN ITS PLACE. WHEN SUCH A FEELING BEGINS TO BE PRESENT EVEN IN THE LESS AMBITIOUS PHASES OF PUBLICITY THE DAWN OF A NEW ORDER WOULD NOT SEEM SO CHIMERICAL AS MANY CURRENT ADVERTISEMENTS MIGHT STILL LEAD ONE TO SUPPOSE

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signal-lamp gleams through wavering mists.

When bill-boards shriek in most offensive flagrancy and some newspaper advertisement brings vulgarity to the perfection of its modernity it is sweetly consoling to turn into East Thirty-seventh Street and, gazing upon this solitary landmark from an artist unafraid, dream of that day when beauty shall rise triumphant in all things and Art possess even the highways for her own.

THE UNKNOWN BROTHERS

AFTER READING THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

BY LOUIS V. LEDOUX

Singing Band by song united
When the blue Ægean plains
Girdled isles where lovers lighted
Lamps in Kypris' seaward fanes;
Singing Brothers, earth enfolden,
What of you and of your olden
Music now? What still remains?

Scattered blooms, surviving only
As the petal holds the rose
In the garden where the lonely
Scarlet flower of Sappho blows;
And of some no single token—
Leaf or bud, or blossom broken
Now the mounded garden shows.

Was there lack of exaltation
In the burden of your song?
Had you less of consecration?
Proved the path of Beauty long?
Did you pause for pleasant resting?
Swerve or falter in your questing?
Have the ages done you wrong?

Some there may have been who faltered
By the bright Ægean foam,
Seeing life with vision altered
As the soul forgot its home;
Some it may be in confusion
After Youth's divine illusion
Turned to till the kindly loam.

Some there are in all the ages
Lonely vigil fail to keep;
Some allured by wisdom's pages
Chart the sky and sound the deep;
Some give up the long foregoing—
Human touches, reaping, sowing;
Some with Sappho take the leap.

But the most wait unrepining,
Hopeful when all hope is fled,
For fulfilment of the shining
Dawn that lingers far ahead,
And by paths of no returning,
Where the hearth fires are not burning,
March companioned by the dead.

Through neglect or loud derision,
Mocked at by the worldly-wise,
Bearing burdens of misprision,
Seeking truth and finding lies,
Follow they the glow or glimmer
Of the vision growing dimmer
As the death-mist fills their eyes.

Never can you be requited,
Unknown Brothers, staunch and brave
You the bitter gods have slighted,
Only half their gift they gave,—
Gave the patience of endeavour,
Kept fruition back forever,
Felled the cypress by your grave.

You are passed; but unknown Brothers,
Finding faith of small avail,
Follow now as followed others,
And I pause to bid them hail.
Brothers are they in believing,
Some it may be are achieving,
But they triumph though they fail.

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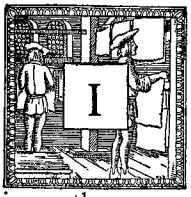
THE READING ZONES OF THE UNITED STATES

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON



IF the Great American Novel should finally appear—that is, should be recognised by the critics—would the great American public recognise it as such? Which is another way of putting the question as to whether the great size of our country, with its wide diversities of social conditions and types, would not defeat an attempt to portray a strictly national type as much through the diversity of taste among the reading public as from any other cause. The thought is interesting and it gave the impulse to an investigation of reading tastes in the States, of which the following is the result. The conclusions offered here are by no means final, nor do they aspire to infallibility. But they are the summing up of a consensus of opinion among many of those engaged in making and distributing books, and they may prove interesting to readers of books.

There are, it would seem, certain well-defined reading zones in the United States, although in many places the boundary lines are blurred, and unexpected and amusing exceptions crop up to disprove—or is it to prove? a cherished rule one would like to lay down. Speaking in general, these larger reading zones are those of the East, the South, the Middle West, and the Pacific Coast. Within these larger zones are innumerable smaller zones of urban and rural districts, and the influence of a few great cities makes as distinct a factor in judging the run of reading taste as the so-called corner influence does in judging the value of city lots. The larger zone which we can roughly designate as the East has a greater number of smaller zones than do the Western divisions. The East with its older culture takes its individual tastes in reading more seriously, and shows more highly developed differences in the ability to discriminate and criticise.

The most important smaller zone is that belonging to New York City. This great centre of commercial activity is one of the great book-making and book-distributing centres of the country. Its readers show initiative taste sufficient to justify its treatment as a separate zone. From the point of view of its tastes in reading New York shows some characteristics that are typical of large cities, some that are typical of the East in general, and still others that are distinctly typical of New York alone. And it is an interesting fact that in spite of New York's immense importance as a book-making and book-distributing centre, it has not the wide range of influence that Chicago has, for instance. For near New York are two other great centres of literary activity, Boston and Philadelphia, with their own peculiar tastes and their own influence.

New York shows a well-defined liking for novels of the more emotional character, but it has no marked distaste for the problem story. It shows appreciation, but does not attempt to compete with Boston in its avidity for that particular type of writing. New York also likes detective stories, a liking which it shares with other large cities for the following reasons. Detective stories seem to make their strongest appeal to the retired lawyer and that individual familiar to the theatrical manager as the "tired business man." Now this Tired Business Man and the Re-Tired Lawyer abound mostly in cities or in the residential suburbs around the large cities. Such localities, therefore, offer a steady market for stories of crime and detection.

New York, being the foremost theatrical centre of the country, likes all things theatrical, and therefore enjoys theatrical stories. *To M. L. G.*, one of the books at present enjoying great popularity, found instant appreciation in New York. In regard to this book, Philadelphia and Boston did not object to following New York's lead, and St. Louis and New Or-

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leans fell rapidly into line. But strange to say Chicago, which is a growing theatrical centre and greatly jealous of New York in this regard, has not yet discovered *To M. L. G.*

New York likes adventure stories, as do most older cities. It seems to afford the city dweller, sitting at home in his well-protected house with neighbours pressing close, a keen delight to read of haidbreadth escapes and the hardships of adventuring through wildernesses. To the impartial observer it would appear as if any one who habitually trod the pavements of New York could find a sufficiency of hairbreadth escapes coming his way each day, to satisfy his longing for that sort of thing. But apparently it does not.

New York is influenced far more by book advertising than by the book reviewer, or by the personal influence of the book-seller, so potent a factor in other localities. The city is so big, its life so complex and scattering, that the individual is more apt than elsewhere to come under the spell of the glaring advertisement which he can read at a glance as he runs. And even New York readers are still very unsophisticated with regard to book reviews. "I saw your book advertised the other day," a friend will tell you when what he means is that he glanced at a review. With the layman's artless innocence he thinks the review but another sort of paid advertisement.

By reason of its busyness, probably, New York is not as greatly influenced by a well-known name signed to a book as are other communities. It is perfectly willing to give a new writer a chance, and it discriminates between the good and the bad books, even when written by its old-time favourites. It has a liking for stories of local setting, but it shows a good-natured tolerance of criticism, enjoying cheerfully the most scathing arraignment of any phase of its life. It has the tolerance of the big strong man for the stones thrown at him by small boys behind the fence. New York is so fond of stories of local setting that it offers a good market for some books which the rest of the country does not seem to care for. An instance of this is the case of the mystery story *Cab No. 44,* by R. M. Foster. Had this book been taken up by the rest of the country as it was by New York, it would have led the "best-seller" lists for several months.

New York reads stories of society life eagerly, be the setting local or otherwise. But in this regard it would be most interesting, if it were possible, to take a census of the individual reader. For in this way we could prove or disprove the truth of the assertion made by a clever publisher who believes that stories of society life are most eagerly bought by readers in the side streets, in the suburbs, and in the smaller towns. He asserts that even so thoroughly fine a book as *The House of Mirth* owed a large part of its wide popularity to the fact that people who were not "in society," but wanted to be, felt a degree of comfort in finding out how thoroughly rotten "society" is. The same statement may explain the popularity of Elinor Glyn's stories.

As so many New Yorkers come from elsewhere, New York can't find out just which writer is indigenous to the soil, and has, therefore, little or no local pride in any particular writer. It has its favourites, but the place of their nativity is not a factor in their popularity, as it often is elsewhere. New York shares with other cities a liking for such writers as Edith Wharton, Robert Herrick, Jeffrey Farnol, Winston Churchill, Hopkinson Smith, David Graham Phillips, and Richard Harding Davis, whose books appeal more strongly to the sophisticated tastes of the big town, rather than to the readers in smaller cities or rural districts.

In a city as large as New York, certain little individual zones of reading tastes show themselves within the town itself. These are more apparent to librarians than to book-sellers or publishers. One amusing instance of the kind is furnished by the Borough of Richmond, which is Staten Island. Staten Island was a flourishing rural community while New York was in its infancy, and it is still a rural community. In its book preferences it resembles the isolated rural communities all over the country far more than it does the great seething town of which it is a part. It adores *The Rosary,* and the books of Harold Bell

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Wright, typical favourites of rural communities everywhere.

With its many schools and its vast library system, New York is an excellent market for serious books. But in these, too, it shows definite likings. It prefers its serious reading to have a practical side, the utilitarian, rather than the metaphysical, attracts it. It leaves it to Boston to develop a cult for Nietzsche, but itself is greatly interested in the *Montessori Method,* just at present the best-seller among non-fictional books.

II

Boston has the reputation of being the most catholic book town in the United States. Which is natural in a city that divides its favours equally between Ibsen, Browning, and the latest baseball star. But Boston has also the reputation of offering a sure and steady market for "Highbrow" literature, be it fictional or non-fictional. In regard to its reading tastes Boston lives up to its position as the Hub of Culture. It knows what it owes to itself, and is willing to spend money on its avowed preferences. But it will also read lighter literature, particularly during the baseball season, when there is so little of the lesiure necessary for the appreciation of a serious book. Once the baseball season is over, however, Boston prefers novels that appeal to the intellect. It really and truly likes and understands Henry James, but its heart is always ready to respond to a touch of sentiment. For the intellectual centre of the East put aside its pride of leadership and humbly followed Minneapolis in booming *Bob, Son of Battle.* The Western city discovered that charming book after it had languished some months unnoticed, and Boston fell in line promptly with hearty appreciation. Boston liked *Stover at Yale* better than it did *To M. L. G.,* although it accorded the latter book a cordial reception. It shows a faithful, steady liking for Margaret Deland's novels. Like New York, it is hospitable to foreign authors of promise, and it extended the hand of welcome to William De Morgan and Jeffrey Farnol, while the Middle West looked on uncertain. Boston likes Yeats and Zangwill, but on the whole does not make as good a showing in the reading of published plays as does Chicago. This is another of the exceptions to any rule of taste. For the liking for published plays shows a high state of mental development, and yet Chicago goes ahead of Boston here.

Boston is not as large a distributing centre as are New York and Chicago, which makes its preferences a truer guide to the individual taste of the city itself. It is sufficiently concentrated to evince local pride in a native-born author. As an instance, it buys fully one-third of all the copies that are sold of Percy Mackaye's books. But then again Boston cannot always be depended upon to like stories with local setting. The delightful *Phoebe and Ernest* books by Inez Haynes Gillmore, with a setting of Boston suburbs, do not sell nearly as well in Boston as they do in the Middle West.

In some respects Boston epitomises the reading tastes of New England generally, although it is much more catholic. New England's reading tastes are serious as a rule. But it has little taste for stories of local setting and shows resentment of criticism of local conditions. It has, however, recently made a notable exception in favour of Joseph Lincoln, whose Cape Cod fisher stories first sprang into popularity in the very locality they portray. The growing interest in Mr. Lincoln's works throughout the country seems to disprove the assertion of many publishers that New England, as a setting for a novel, does not interest any part of the country particularly. New England reads much, but buys books very slowly and carefully, liking them for their contents rather than for their appearance. The handsome gift book with the well-worn or unimportant text is a drug in the New England market. New England shares with the Atlantic Coast generally a liking for foreign authors and foreign settings. And it feels the influence of the immense amount of book advertising which is so concentrated in the East that it becomes a large factor in book-buying there.

Philadelphia, in spite of its proximity to New York, shows a considerable amount of independence. In general it partakes of the characteristics of the Eastern Coast, but it likes some books

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that New York does not seem to care for, and pushes them through to popularity. An instance of this was shown by the selling of a success of some years back, *The Divine Fire,* by May Sinclair. Every week for several months the Wanamaker Company ordered one hundred copies of the book. Ninety of them were sold in the Philadelphia store and ten in New York. It was Philadelphia that discovered the book in the first place.

Philadelphia is a stronghold of popularity for the books of Owen Wister, and recently it has shown that it prefers *Stover at Yale* to *To M. L. G.*, in this respect agreeing with Boston rather than with New York. With the other Eastern cities it buys the greatest proportion of the novels of A. E. W. Mason, but it has not been as much interested in *The Patrician,* by John Galsworthy, as have Boston and New York.

III

The South, although belonging to the Atlantic Coast in part, shows a great many individual preferences. It is a heavy buyer of fiction, preferring the emotional love story. The South is intensely loyal to its own writers, and local pride is an important factor in the book buying. The South will endure any criticism, adverse or favourable, in a book written by a born Southerner, but it resents bitterly Southern stories that are written by outsiders. It has its local authors and local preferences. Thomas Dixon, for instance, sells best in the South, wherever the theme of his books is a burning question. For in the case of this writer the problem presented often overcomes the human interest. One of the few exceptions to the fact that the South is the heaviest buyer of its own authors' products, is shown by Corra Harris, whose books sell better West of the Mississippi than they do throughout the South.

The South is an excellent market for the expensive gift book which New England, for instance, will not take. The Southerner likes to spend money on his best girl and buys her a pretty book for the parlour table without paying much attention to the contents.

Chicago is the great distributing centre of all the West, and also an active publishing centre for many books popular throughout the Western States of which the East never hears. Chicago reads more published plays than any other American city, a fact which may be due to the many theatrical experiments for which Chicago has recently become famous. Chicago sets the pace for the Middle West more definitely than any of the great Eastern cities influence their surrounding States, and its likes and dislikes are felt out to the Pacific Coast.

Generally speaking, the Middle West likes adventure stories with plenty of go in them, and it is strongly patriotic. It has little interest in foreign authors, but prefers American stories written by Americans. It shows strong local pride, in different localities, in the native-born author. The rural districts resemble those of the East in their fondness for the love story with a sentimental and slightly religious touch. This sort of story seems to make the reader in the small town and in the rural district feel that he is enjoying himself while at the same time experiencing a moral uplift. George Barr McCutcheon is a strong favourite throughout the Middle West. Not that the Middle West appears to have any wide interest in princesses as a general thing. But this particular writer seems to portray a princess as the Middle West likes to imagine her, so he is read with avidity.

Certain localities throughout the centre portion of the country show individual likings generally influenced by local patriotism. The preference of Denver and Cleveland for Edna Ferber, the particular spots elsewhere that show a strong fancy for the writings of Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, Zona Gale, and Susan Glaspell, are cases in point.

A peculiarity of the reading zones of the West which is not noticeable in the East, is the strong personal influence of the bookseller and the reviewer. In the East the last-named individual, if he be conscientious, is often oppressed by a sense of the utter futility of his labour. It may come as a crumb of comfort to him to know that there are certain reviewers, notably in Denver, New Orleans, Los Angeles and Chicago, whose

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criticism can make or kill a book. They have really achieved the ultimate ideal of every honest reviewer—to become a leader of literary taste.

The Pacific Coast is a larger reading zone of itself, subdivided into smaller zones showing the greatest diversity of taste. The Northwest Coast, Washington and Oregon, likes adventure stories and also likes to read about itself. Rex Beach first came into favour in the very locality that he best portrays, and Jack London has always been cordially received there. *A propos* of this virile and versatile writer it may be interesting to learn that his South Sea Island stories have aroused strong resentment among the reading public in those islands. But in the Northwestern States, and particularly over the border in Canada, they are strong for London.

The Northwest Coast and a part of California, allowing for individual differences, represent largely the taste of the Middle West. But as we go further South we come to a transplanted bit of the East in Los Angeles. Next to Boston, Los Angeles is the best book town in the United States. There are two reasons for this. One is the great number of wealthy people from the large centres elsewhere, particularly from the Eastern cities, who now spend a part or all of the year in Los Angeles or Southern California. These people represent what might be termed the cultured taste of the country, and they demand the sort of books they have always read. Working in with this influence as a factor in the sort of books Los Angeles buys, is the personal influence of the well-known bookseller, Mr. C. C. Parker. This highly cultivated and keenly intelligent man makes an art, as well as a business, of his bookselling, and he is an important factor in moulding literary taste in Los Angeles. As an instance, there is one large alcove in Mr. Parker's store which is completely lined with published plays. His preference for this sort of book makes Los Angeles a close second to Chicago in the buying of published plays.

The Pacific Coast shares with some of the Eastern cities its preference, among serious works, for books on Socialism and Agriculture. These are more often asked for anywhere in the United States, in fact, than any other sort of non-fictional book. The gentleman farmer of the East and the professional farmer on a large scale in the West are greedy for works on agriculture, while the general impulse for discussion and public understanding of public questions, noticeable now throughout the Middle and Far West, gives rise to a constantly increasing demand for all sorts of works on economics.

Scattered in among these general evidences of local reading tastes are peculiar manifestations of the personal influence of some reviewer or bookseller, shown in the "Best Selling" lists. Waco, Texas, for instance goes on record with a recent preference for *The Writings of Brann, the Iconoclast,* while Norfolk, in sunny Virginia, has taken a sudden fancy to a book entitled *The Spell of the Yukon.* This last may have been influenced by a spell of hot weather. The people of California have recently been buying more Kipling than has the East.

Throughout the country novels of the problem type find more readers in the cities than in the rural districts, and certain recent stories of adventure, such as Frederick Palmer's *On the Pass,* holding its own in the best-selling lists just now, find the best audiences in the Middle West.

A great many well-known authors of the present day seem to make a universal appeal, as far as this country is concerned. There is no particular locality which admires them more than does any other. Booth Tarkington, Stewart Edward White, O. Henry, Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, Gene Stratton-Porter, are among the writers who cannot be tabulated as belonging to any particular zone. They find a ready audience everywhere for any new book which they write, and the difference in the amount of buying is not sufficient in any locality to form a basis for a judgment of individual taste.

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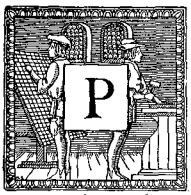
THE PERSONAL LOTI

BY STUART HENRY



IERRE LOTI, the literary master of the French navy, who has just arrived in New York to superintend the production of one of his plays, is a short, slender man, plus whatever added flesh his sixty-three years may have latterly brought him by mere reason of elderliness. He is very quick, lively, in his movements. This must be harmonised with the silent air of melancholy which envelops his face and characterises his personality. His look, his aura, are the expression of a profound and hopeless sadness as radical and ineradicable as that of any German philosopher of pessimism.

He has the delicate, quite graceful manners of a woman, as is habitual with Frenchmen as they appear to our masculine race. He occupies little space with his motions and movings about. He has a quiet, frail voice. And then there is his famous shyness. He is extremely retiring. He is naturally in a state of hesitation, genuinely more or less abashed. This personal modesty, it will be remembered, explains how he comes about by his curious pen name. At the commencement of his career in his nation's navy, the energetic young Julien Viaud was so exceedingly timid that his comrades scornfully called him Loti—the name of a little flower in India which discreetly hides itself. He bravely adopted the name when he published his first book in 1879—thirty-three years ago—at the age of twenty-nine.

The writer well remembers his extreme illness at ease in the first three or four years whenever he appeared at the French Academy. It is true he rarely attended, living far from Paris, and being usually kept wide of the civilised world by his naval duties. He was then a stranger in the French capital, knowing none of the great literary Gauls with whom he had been, almost without notice, called upon to associate among the Forty Immortals. He was not a little affrighted by those solemn, austere scenes in that sombre little temple where the French belletristic gods are wont to assemble as on Parnassus. With his hair worn, in revenge, most fiercely in the pompadour style in those days, he would sit solitary and alone in one of the empty rows of consecrated seats, high up and at the back in the assembly. He would look alarmed, much as a small squirrel suddenly imprisoned in a cage.

Much curiosity and amusement were, indeed, created in Paris when Pierre Loti was received there at the Academy in 1891 and delivered the customary address on the departed member whose seat he was taking. He had come from the briny waters of southwest France. He had dwelt on the ocean and not on the Paris boulevards. He had sprung quite spontaneously and by himself alone from the sea (could we so appropriately say soil in his case?) of French literature. He was not a creature of salons, or bred on critics' books, or learned in the pedantic ways of the banks of the Seine.

Accordingly he approached, at the Academy, the whole difficult heights and "finnicky" finish of it all at one most appalling swoop, to speak loosely. And Paris laughed politely in its lace sleeves at this soaring novice in its very midst. For Loti, in his reception address, showed that he was quite innocently unaware of many unwritten conventional things and open secrets of the literary existence in Lutetia; and, with a perverse contrariety, he emphasised somewhat elaborately some things that every one there had known ever since the cradle. Paris had thus refreshingly caught up to its *bas bleu* and always perfumed bosom a rare, exotic species, and it was a diversion for a time.

But Loti was very, very clever. Modestly and very irreproachably he soon made the most of everything—of his navy existence, of his museum home down at Rochefort on the sea, and above all of his beautiful, sad sentimentality which has always distracted French

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women with an irresistible love for his melancholy art and his melancholy soul. His attractive eyes would, by the way, emphasise this effect with the fair sex. They are his finest feature—pronounced, of a brown temper, large, liquid and innocent as a gazelle's, and all the more striking because of his smallness of size.

Loti was born in the celebrated French Protestant city of Rochefort, where he has always lived when at home. He came of a very stiff Protestant family, but he has lost all piousness long ago, if he ever possessed any. He has no religion whatever. Not only this, but his books trouble themselves precious little about what is moral or immoral. They simply go right along unconcernedly, like Nature. In this he is the true traditional sailor who has a wife in every port and the reputed morals of the wandering sea life and is only moved with profound feelings when he sails out of a beloved harbour which he is not to see again for five years—or never.

This leads up, in truth, to a curious fact. Loti is distinctly a woman's author, and to such an extent that his books are most widely translated in several tongues, and yet they are bereft of any religious or moral sentiments or aspirations. The literary Loti, with all his blue dreams and his etherealised thoughts, has never tried to make any one better. He seems to have been resolutely determined to leave the world precisely as he found it, only better known.

He has seen active service in war, having made the campaign of Tonkin, which incidentally got him in official disgrace for a year. This was caused by his writing to the *Figaro* criticisms of the behaviour of the French soldiers in a certain action. Loti has been "captain of a vessel" in the navy since 1906. His life on the sea is, of course, the great distinguishing mark of his literary production. Year after year he has sat out upon his deck describing right at hand the marvelous, unpaintable sunrises and sunsets of the tropics and the Orient as has no other man in French literature.

And in the far-off ports he has had months of leisure to describe the strange young women of dusky skins, whom he frankly loved in French sailor marriage fashion. He approached each of these successive idyls of his heart with an aspect of sadness, and wept with each inamorata in genuine tears of salt when he quitted her harbour. Frankness, gentleness, beauty and lack of any profoundness characterise these pictured episodes and inventions of his wandering career, his mark of genius lying in his descriptions.

Ideas do not signalise Loti's shelfful of books. He is wanting in intellectuality as he is wanting entirely in humour. He is a poet, a painter of colours, of sentiment (always of a feminine tournure), of dissolving landscapes and seascapes swathed in a wealth of gorgeous hues. He has bathed the whole Levant in the tears of sentimentality. And all the while retrospective regrets at the futility of human existence has served as his conventional excuse.

He is thus a latter-day Romantic, representing that phase of French Romanticism which reached out to the Orient. Nearly always dealing with impressions, with what is fugitive and fleeting in aspect like his amours, and with what is born and bred of memory and distance, Pierre Loti more narrowly belongs to the Impressionist period of the 1890's, when the *pointillistes* and all such kin abounded in France.

He is a great romancer, the French seeming to consider *Pêcheur d'Islande* (1886) and *Mon frère Yves* (1892) as his best two works. Loti is only secondarily a dramatist. His first play—a Huguenot play—was only brought out in Paris in 1898. And *à propos*, being quite familiar with our language, he has done the English race the honour of translating *King Lear* into French, with the aid of a French collaborator. The translation is in prose and very accurately done. It is characteristic of his sad nature that he should have selected the most woebegone offering in our literature.

But Loti's instinct is descriptive, not dramatic. He lacks the ramming force, the impact, the strict hard sense of compression necessary to get himself with great success into the strait-jackets of the Paris drama, with all its rigid and pitiless rules and regulations. It is true, however, that he has devoted a good deal of

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attention to the stage in his latter years. He did a Chinese drama, for instance, with Judith Gautier, the handsome daughter of Théophile. And Antoine has looked upon him with favour. For that matter, he has that knack that all French writers seem to possess—the knack of somehow being able to write a very good play. The reason is that the race is naturally dramatic.

It is with his romances that Pierre Loti will live—his exotic romances usually of the equatorial lands, and realms of the hot eastern suns. His novellettes expressed emotions that were new to the Parisians. He painted the barbaric life as well as the barbaric aspects of Oriental countries, waters and forests. He always did this with a large, tender and fluid brush, drenching the scenes well with the odorous dews of poetic longings—distillations that are the fond nourishment and inextinguishable pleasure of sentimental women the world over.

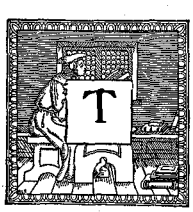
To the degree that M. Viaud is a woman's writer, he is not a man's author. Men generally do not care for his books. He is too gracile, too feminine, too slender. He is out of touch with the big, harsh brutalities which most men have to be acquainted with. And since we have spoken the word—is there or is there not brutality in Loti's works? There has always been an argument about this, or about the precise nature of his brutality.

Loti certainly does present a brutality to the world in his pages. There is a great deal of the pitiless, of the hardened, of the unheeding. But it is a woman's kind of brutality, not a man's. It is negative rather than positive; negligent rather than active. His Madame Chrysanthèmes and his Madame Prunes, with their toyish names, impress one but lightly as with life in a boudoir. To hurt their feelings or harm their lives would seem only something like abusing the existence of a butterfly.

The peculiarity of the frank and unconcerned sensuality in Loti's books—so often autobiographic—is, in fact, that he never idealises love and he never brutalises it. What makes them generally so acceptable, notwithstanding their tropical unconventionalities and their free airs of the high seas, is their beautiful style. He is a true French artist. It is his manner, not his matter, which entices. He has a rare and irresistible charm. Under it and back of it are his extremely live sensibilities and an imagination that delights to revel in the sensuously lovely. He has painted over and over again glorious aand fragrant universes of colour and feeling that nearly all of us can only dream of and shall never see or experience.

TWO NEW WHITTIER POEMS

BY WALTER JERROLD



THE first of the two following early and hitherto unknown poems by John Greenleaf Whittier made its appearance in the London *Literary Gazette* on June 19, 1830. That journal was then edited by William Jordan, an enthusiastic admirer of the talents of the well-nigh forgotten Letitia Elizabeth Landon, who as "L. E. L." enjoyed considerable popularity some eighty years ago. In presenting the poem Jordan commented on it thus:

"We do not often admit personal tributes into our columns; but the poetical beauties of this composition, and its gratifying character, as confirming, from another hemisphere, the fame attached to the writings of L. E. L., our long-valued and especial favourite in this country, have induced us to give it insertion. The author is described to us, in a letter from Philadelphia, to be a 'young American poet-editor of great promise' in the United States; and these lines afford high proof of talent."

That "young American poet-editor"

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has taken his place among the most significant singers of his time—as far as the generality of readers is concerned the author of *The Improvatrice* is forgotten.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE IMPROVATRICE"

I know thee not, high Spirit! but the sympathy of thought
Hath often to my hour of dreams thy living presence brought;
And I feel that I could love thee with the fondness of a brother,
As the sainted ones of Paradise bear love for one another.

For I know thy spirit hath been poured full freely in thy song,
Where feeling hath been prodigal, and passion hath been strong—
That the secrets of thy bosom are burning on thy lyre,
In the nature of thy worshipping, a ministry of fire.

Young priestess at a holy shrine, I scarce can deem that years
So few and beautiful as thine are registered in tears—
That the gift of thy affections hath gone abroad in vain—
A rose-leaf on the autumn wind—a foam-wreath on the main.

Yet blended with thy beautiful and intellectual lays,
I read a mournful consciousness of cold and evil days;
Of the weariness existence feels when its sunlight has gone down,
And from the autumn of the heart the flowers of Hope are strewn.

Of the coldness of the hollow world, its vanities that pass
Like tinges from the sunset, or night-gems from the grass—
Its mocking and unmeaning praise, the flatterer's fatal art—
Flowers madly to the bosom clasped, with serpents at their heart!

And oh! if things like these have been the chasteners of thy years,
How hath thy woman's spirit known the bitterness of tears!
How have thy girlhood's visions—the warm, wild thought of youth,
Folded their sunny pinions and darkened into truth!

O wearily, most wearily, unto the child of song,
The heavy tide of being rolls, a sunless wave, along—
When the promise of existence fades before the time of noon,
And the evening of the soul comes on, unblest by star or moon!

God help thee in thy weary way! and if the silver tone
Of Fame hath music for an ear so chastened as thine own,
Thou hast it from another clime, where heart and mind are free,
And where the brave and beautiful have bowed themselves to thee.

And one whose home hath been among the mountains of the North,
Where the cataract mocks the earthquake, and the giant streams come forth;
Where spirits in their robes of flame dance o'er the cold blue sky,
And to the many-voiced storm the eagle makes reply!

A worshipper before the shrine at which thy spirit bendeth,
While on its pure and natural gifts the holy flame descendeth,
Hath poured his tribute on his ear, as he would praise a star
Whose beams had wandered down to him from their blue home and far.

Lady! amidst the clarion-note of well-deserved fame,
It were, perhaps, but vain to hope this feeble lay might claim
A portion of thy fair regard, or win a thought of thine
To linger on a gift so frail and dissonant as mine.
But onward in thy skyward path—a thousand eyes shall turn
To where, like heaven's unwasting stars, thy gifts of spirit burn—
A thousand hearts shall wildly thrill where'er thy lays are known,
And stately manhood blend its praise with woman's gentler tone.

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Farewell! the hand that traces this may perish
e'er life's noon,
And the spirit that hath guided it may be forgot as soon—
Forgotten with its lofty hopes—the fevered
dream of mind—
Unnoted, stealing to the dead without a name
behind.

But thou upon the human heart, in characters
of flame,
And on the heaven of intellect, hast registered
thy name;
The gifted ones of fallen earth shall worship
at thy shrine,
And sainted spirits joy to hold companionship
with thine.

J. GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Haverhill, Massachusetts, 8th of 1st Month, 1830.

The poet was unduly modest in contemplating his own fame, and overconfident in predicting that of the lady whom he addressed. How it was that the second and stronger of these two *trouvailles* reached England there is now no means of ascertaining. It was written a couple of months earlier than the personal tribute, but made its appearance a few months later in the pages of the *Literary Souvenir* for the year 1831.

THE INDIAN GIRL'S LAMENT

BY J. G. WHITTIER

An Indian girl, and the last of the Red Indians, or Boeothicks, recently died at St. John's, Newfoundland. Her tribe, the aborigines of Newfoundland, never held intercourse with any other tribe, or with the Europeans around them.

The moons of autumn wax and wane:—the
hollow sound of floods
Is borne upon the mournful wind; and broadly
on the woods
The changes of the changeful leaves—those
painted flowers of frost
Before the round and yellow sun, how beautiful, are tossed!
The morning breaketh with the same broad
pencilling of sky,
And blushes through its golden clouds, as the
great sun goes by;
And evening lingers in the west, more beautiful than dreams
That whisper of the Spirit Land—its wilderness and streams!
A little time—another moon—the forests will
be sad;
The streams will mourn the pleasant light that
made their journey glad;
The moon will faintly lighten up, the sunlight
glisten cold,
And wane into the western sky, without its
autumn gold:
And yet I weep not for the sign of Desolation near,
The ruin of my hunter race may only ask a
tear:
The wailing streams will laugh again,—the
naked trees put on
The beauty of their summer-green, beneath
the summer sun;
The morning clouds will yet again their crimson draperies fold,
The star of sunset smile once more, a diamond
set in gold!
But never for the forest path, or for the
mountain's breath
The mighty of our race shall leave the Hunting-ground of Death.

I know the tale my fathers told—the legend of
our fame—
The glory of our spotless race, before the
"Pale Ones" came;
When, asking fellowship with none, by turns
the foe of all,
With Ocean rearing up around its dark, eternal
wall,
Companionless and terrible, our warriors stood
alone,
And from the Big Lakes to the sea, the green
earth was their own.

Where are they now? Around the changed
and stranger-peopled isle
A thousand graves are strewn beneath the
mournful autumn's smile;
The bow of strength is buried with the calumet
and spear,
And the spent arrow slumbereth, forgetful
of the deer;
The last canoe is rotting by the lake it glided
o'er,
When dark-eyed maidens sweetly sang its welcome from the shore:
The footprints of the Hunter-race from all
the hills are gone,—
Their offering to the Spirit Land hath left
the altar stone;

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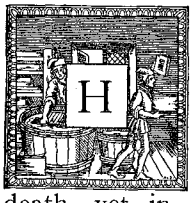
The ashes of the Council-fire have no abiding token,
The song of War hath died away—the Powwah's charm is broken;—
The startled war-whoop cometh not upon the startled air,—
The ancient woods are vanishing—the "Pale Ones" gather there!

And who is left to mourn for this? A solitary one,
Whose life is waning unto death, like yonder sinking sun!
A broken reed—a blighted flower—that lingereth still behind,
To mourn its faded sisterhood, and wrestle with the wind.
Lo! from the Spirit Land I hear the music of the blest;
The holy faces of the loved are beaming from the west;
A Voice is on the autumnal wind—it calleth me away!
Ere the cheek hath lost its freshness, and the raven tress is grey—
Ere the weight of years hath bowed me, or the sunny eye is dim,
The Father of my People is calling me to him!

Haverhill, Massachusetts, November, 1829.

THE TRIUMPH OF WHISTLER

BY JOSEPH PENNELL



E being dead yet speaketh." Never were these words better exemplified than in the case of Whistler. It is true that but nine short years have passed since his death, yet in these nine years great things have happened to the memory of the artist whom Sir. E. J. Poynter insulted by calling "the Idle Apprentice," after his death at an Academy banquet; though Whistler's greatness as an artist was acknowledged before the close of his life he lived long enough to know that his place was among the great. His eminence among artists is now assured, as almost all his most important canvases have been secured by the most important galleries of the world. His few great pictures still in private collections would at once be acquired by other great galleries if they could be acquired. And nothing counts more for the fame of an artist than to live, hung in a great collection, with the great works of all ages and all lands.

In portraiture, in his nocturnes and marines, he is the modern master.

In etching he is the supreme artist of all time and his supremacy is universally acknowledged.

His pastels and water colours and lithographs are among the triumphs of the art of our day.

His works thus cover nearly every phase of the graphic arts, but as he himself has said, "the man who can't paint everything can't paint anything."

In literature—for he was no mere painter—"The Ten O'clock" and "The Gentle Art" are classics that, founded on the rock of tradition, will endure forever.

By his personality and his wit he will live with Drs. Cellini and Johnson.

But this is not all.

His theories are accepted by those who never knew he propounded them, as well as by those who have always known he was right when he uttered them.

His sayings—and the things he never could have said—are the stock-in-trade of the journalist and the author, now they have ceased reviling him—reviling the very things they now quote and praise.

His pictures, which for years he could not sell, are found in reproductions in every home and on endless postcards.

His etchings and lithographs are the base of every collection—and their possession the ambition of every collector.

Surrounding, and growing amid, these facts are the strangest fictions, for to the world he was a man of mystery, and from this mystery fantastic tales are being woven.

Mr. Pennell is joint author with Elizabeth Robins Pennell of the *Authorised Life of Whistler*.—EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN.

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Though he is no longer with us, his spirit broods over the world, and, as in his life, everything that happens in the world of art, almost, revolves around his work and his word, and he, as always, is the subject of controversy, quotation, contention and appreciation in the struggle for the right, and to carry on tradition, which, as he said, carries everything onward.

* * * * *

The tributes to his memory in writing are endless and increase year by year. To most men a biography is the end of a life, the pigeonholing of a personage. Whistler has been the inspiration of a whole library of literature, and what passes for it. From the point of view of THE BOOKMAN, this literary tribute to his memory is astounding—and therefore worth discussing—and it has, save by us in *The Life,* scarcely been referred to. In the nine years between sixteen and twenty complete books about him have been published.

Within a short time after his death the first volume appeared—*The Art of James McNeill Whistler,* by Messrs. Way and Dennis, who say their book was prepared before his death with the intention of submitting it to him. Fortunately, or unfortunately, they did not do so, for Mr. Way had broken with Whistler, and Mr. Dennis, I do not think, had ever met him. Still another chapter of *The Gentle Art* was lost to the world because he was not consulted, but the book was interesting, especially the part about lithography, and it went through several editions.

Then came the "quick and ready" Mr. Mortimer Menpes, with *Whistler as I Knew Him,* though no one I ever met could recognise Mr. Menpes's portrait. This volume was saved by its illustrations, and it is extraordinary that it—in the large paper edition—was a failure, for it contained an original etching, "The Menpes Children," by Whistler; but the text still lingers in my memory, as does much of the Menpes's family writing—a strange thing, but their own. An inundation followed. Mrs. Arthur Bell got out a volume, though I believe in this, or perhaps another form, it had been referred to Whistler shortly before his death, and he had objected to it. Then—I cannot give the order, I haven't the books by me—a volume in German by Prof. Dr. Hans W. Singer was issued and was later done into English. The feature of this was that the author had neither seen the artist nor many of his paintings. He explains that he came to England for the purpose and was received, he says, by the sound of whistling behind a safely locked door. But Dr. Singer's study of the etchings and lithographs is of value.

A Miss Elisabeth Luther Cary appeared in America with a very brief life, a very long appreciation, and the first attempt at a catalogue of Whistler's paintings, but as she, too, had never seen most of them, it was not strange that she made an almost incredible mess, and so proved herself most amusing without meaning to. Mr. Arthur Jerome Eddy told of many things, but the best were his *Recollections* of the times he posed for the painter and became known in his native town of Chicago as "the man Whistler painted."

Bernhard Sickert did a little book mostly about Whistler's art, and he had something interesting and valuable to say. He made a better list than Miss Cary of the works, but Sickert is an artist. His brother Walter has been threatening a book on Whistler for years.

Otto Bacher wrote from knowledge; he was there, *With Whistler in Venice.* This book contained, in the first edition, some most extraordinary letters, and Miss Philip—Whistler's executrix—having eventually seen them, suppressed the volume. It was never issued, I think, in England. She also descended upon Mr. Haldane MacFall who, during the London Whistler Memorial Exhibition, 1905, rushed in and out with *Whistler, Butterfly, Wasp, Wit,* embellished with Butterflies which he caught—as he should not—and Miss Philip suppressed him too. An amusing fact about this work was that the first editions were dedicated to Mrs. Pennell and myself, but as the Committee of the Whistler Memorial Exhibition felt sure that entanglements would be inevitable with Miss Philip, they refused to place it on sale in the Show, so the author removed the dedication to us from later editions; one of the most comi-

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cal performances I ever encountered. A series of suppressions seized on Miss Philip. She stopped a circular which contained a butterfly—Whistler's butterflies being copyright; she went for the Catalogue of the London Memorial Exhibition, which did not contain any then—though some were put in afterward; she suppressed a Mr. Gallatin; and she tried to injunct, seize, and prevent the publication of the *Authorised Life,* dragged us into the Court of Chancery, and succeeded in proving legally that we were authorised to write the *Life of Whistler*—at considerable cost to herself. This book, which has gone through a number of editions, and is being translated, has proved a mine of information to hacks and thieves. It is incredible that the new law of copyright, in both England and America, is so imperfect that two whole volumes have been made out of our *Life* already, and the authors—or thieves—have been praised for their discoveries—discoveries they made in our volumes and printed with scarce the change of a word—and no acknowledgment.

M. Théodore Duret, an intimate friend before we knew Whistler, and an intimate friend till his death, wrote an admirable essay in French, *Whistler, L'homme et Son Œuvre,* which is now out of print.

Mr. Way has just issued a volume of *Memories,* notable for two things. His account is most complete of Whistler as a lithographer—for Mr. Way printed almost all of Whistler's lithographs, and his book is, therefore, authoritative—and for the reproductions, for the first time, of many most interesting notes and sketches. There are several other volumes, some of which I cannot recall—many of them are in the bibliography signed "Don C. Seitz," the contents of which strangely resemble the work of a vanished Mr. Shallard, who was at work on the same subject, sent round prospectuses and specimen pages, and then disappeared.

There are also a large number of books, either more or less devoted to the artist and his work, or containing essays by writers, from Duret—whose *Critique D'Avant Garde* was the first serious study—to Wedmore, who, at last, has swallowed himself in his endeavour to be on the right side. Then there are George Moore, Meier Graefe, Zola, Holman Hunt, and, last of all, the author of *Footprints of Famous Americans in Paris,* whose article on Whistler when it was submitted to me was the veriest trash I ever read.

"Golly, what a crew," as Whistler would have said. There are some fifty of them, at least, and as for magazine and newspaper articles, I have collected more than fifty folio volumes since his death. I advised the Board of Education in England to do this for the South Kensington Art Library, but they did not cut the necessary knot of red tape in time, and they could not untangle it, any more than the British Museum Print Room could continue to buy his prints. After purchasing—this was done by Sir Sidney Colvin's predecessor—more than one hundred of them, Colvin discovered that the works of living artists could not be bought, and this discovery has cost the British nation the loss of endless treasures forever, as well as endless and unnecessary expense in the future.

Whistler's work, too, has been the sport of cataloguers, beginning in the early seventies with Ralph Thomas's catalogue of his etchings. Then Wedmore, "refreshed with money," as he says, blundered in and produced the worst catalogue I can conceive of—and he even had some help from the artist, he says. It went through two editions, and was exposed in "A Supplement," by "An Amateur," who corrected the most obvious blunders and filled in the most glaring omissions. Wedmore, however, is still used by people who don't know better, and still puffed and praised by its author.

Mr. Howard Mansfield, after years of work, prepared a complete catalogue for the Caxton Club of Chicago, which would have been almost perfect, had he not fallen into a slough of states and proofs. Mr. E. G. Kennedy, soon after, got out a huge monument in four folio volumes for the Grolier Club, which is a most unfortunate example of misdirected energy. The plates which had been described, no matter how badly or confusedly, are not described finally, or even

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COVER DESIGN FOR "DOUZE EAUX FORTES." "DOUZE EAUX FORTES," KNOWN AS THE "FRENCH SET," WAS THE LEAST PROFITABLE FINANCIALLY OF ALL WHISTLER'S ETCHINGS, WHEREAS THE "VENICE ETCHINGS" WERE THE MOST PROFITABLE. DONE IN 1858, "DOUZE EAUX FORTES" WAS SOLD BY WHISTLER FOR TWO GUINEAS A SET OF TWELVE, THIRTEEN WITH THE COVER.

at all, only referred to by numbers, and it requires a library—very inaccessible—of other catalogues to use it; the feature of this catalogue is the reproduction of nearly all the plates. Mr. Freer, the great American collector and admirer of Whistler, did everything he could—to interfere with its completion or completeness. But the worst thing is the arrangement and make up of the book, which would have horrified Whistler, and it is further disfigured by an essay by an American journalist, whose name and knowledge add nothing but avoirdupois to the volume. Since Whistler's death, Mr. Way has brought out a final edition of his *Catalogue of Lithographs,* though he acknowledges there are more prints to be added. The etchings have been repeatedly noticed and catalogued in the Keppel Booklets, a series which has circulated as many as fifty thousand copies of some of the volumes. Mr. Keppel, too, wrote a pamphlet, "One Day with Whistler," which the subject I fear—had he seen it—would scarcely have delighted in—though he was delighted with Mr. Elbert Hubbard's Journey, *Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Artists,* roaring over it—though I believe the book and its author are taken very seriously in the United States.

The fullest general catalogue of Whistlers was that of the Memorial Exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers, London, 1905. I wrote this—with Mrs. Pennell. It was badly copied at the Paris Memorial Exhibition, worse by the Metropolitan Museum of New York, and comically by Mr. Canfield—without even measurements of the works being given. Not even those great and good etchers Messrs. Brangwyn, Strang, Cameron, Haig and Bone, put together, can equal this list of catalogues—but they have each, I imagine, made more plates.

There are also Portfolios of his Lithographs, Soupil's Notes and several volumes of reproductions of his paintings.

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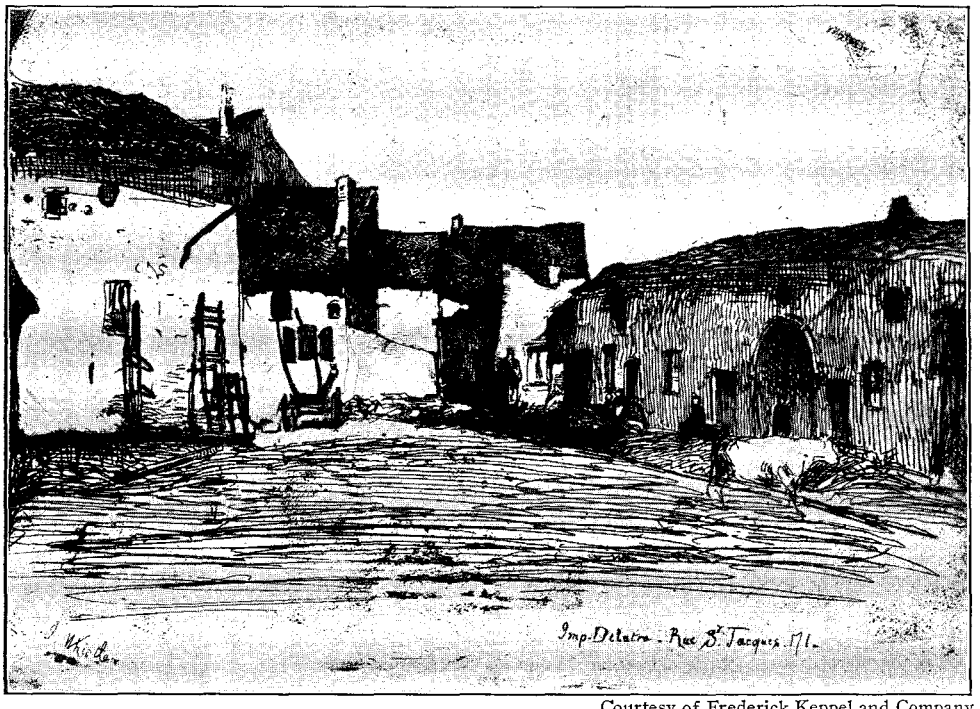

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WHISTLER'S AN ALSACIEN VILLAGE. FROM THE FRENCH SET.

There is one most important side of the man's life for which the world waits: his letters. When Miss Philip brought suit against us and endeavoured to get out an injunction to prevent our issuing the *Authorised Life*, and failed, she swore that Whistler asked her to edit his letters, and that she was to take her time about it—that at any rate she has done—but even to this day there are large collections she has never taken the trouble to look at—at least one collection, of the greatest value, has been lost or destroyed—and others are sold and scattered. I have no idea what material she has, but I know much that she has not and some of these have been offered for her inspection, and without several collections which she has never seen she cannot do the work properly. Yet others are—by the law of copyright and her enforcing of it—prevented from doing that which they are only too ready and willing to do, and cannot, and she will not. A properly edited collection of Whistler's letters would be one of the most remarkable books of modern times.

Miss Philip also possesses, or did possess, Whistler's attempt at autobiography—only a few chapters of which I believe were written. Had he taken the time and trouble to write it all, a new Cellini—but a Whistler—would have resulted. These chapters were written, read to Mr. Heinemann, and the scheme given up before Whistler asked us to write his life.

This triumph, however—this literary triumph—has not meant only a pæan of praise. The world-wide success of the man and the artist has awakened a new class of enemies and detractors for Whistler.

Pupils have turned into traitors, or others have endeavoured to prove them the creators, the inventors.

Some few writers have always been consistent, and it is better to hate wrongly and honestly, even if ignorantly, than to swallow yourself, simply to be on the correct, or what you think, the correct, side. More writers have simply tried to be in the movement, and so praised because they thought they ought to, and usually praised the wrong thing. I, myself, have, over and over, been accused of praising everything by Whistler, when, over and over, I have condemned things both in the man and his work I

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WHISTLER'S THE UNSAFE TENEMENT. FROM THE FRENCH SET.

did not like—because I did not believe in the way he was painting or acting. But I did it to his face, never behind his back, and this is, possibly, one reason why I never had a quarrel with him, though we had endless fights. It is also said I got on with him because I was American; possibly this is true also, for we were both of that almost extinct race, American Americans, though his southern and my northern unreconstructed beliefs found much to differ in. But, at any rate, I tried to be true to the man and to fight with and for him—in exhibitions—in life—in the Press—and I mean to be true to his memory. I know perfectly well I had something to do with his triumph, and I glory in that—his triumph was the triumph of art, and it was a great and noble thing to have the chance to work for that, which was working for him. A man more devoted to the highest perfection he could attain never lived. To achieve this, he took incredible and endless pains, and he was a genius, whether taking pains makes one or no.

The world of art has acknowledged his greatness by three great Memorial Exhibitions—a tribute no modern has received—in America, France and England, though English and American official art had nothing to do with them. There have since been small but very interesting exhibitions of his work in the Metropolitan Museum, New York; Buffalo Art Gallery, National Museum, Washington, and the State Gallery, London. The public—which he cared nothing for—has, tamely, blindly accepted him everywhere.

Interesting also, but a reason of enmity now, is his financial success on every side. Seeing this, dealers—a few of them—and critics—many of them—are doing everything possible to boom their protégés to send up the financial value of men who have yet a national, to say nothing of an international, reputation to make. It may, in this day of best-sellers and biggest prices, be worth while for a moment to recall the sums Whistler received during his lifetime for his etchings and lithographs, and compare them with the sums received for the work of budding genius—in some cases there is no sign of the bud and never will be.

Whistler's "Douze Eaux Fortes" was

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sold by him for two guineas (or fifty francs) a set of twelve, thirteen with the cover. The "Sixteen Thames Etchings" for twelve guineas.

The "Venice Etchings," first set of twelve, sold for fifty guineas, about four each—and it was years before the Fine Art Society got rid of them, and they never issued another set for him, and went back to the London plates, the "Thames Set," the sixteen which they sold for from one to two guineas each for years after. The "Second Venice Set" contained twenty-six proofs, and he could only get for these twenty-six, fifty guineas—the same price as for the twelve, and only about one-third the number of sets was printed. He never could get any one to publish for him after this, though he made serieses of etchings in France (two), Belgium and Holland.

For single etchings, proofs, he got from two guineas to fifteen, at the close of his life; for his lithographs, from two to five guineas. Now etchers one knows nothing about, as Whistler plates are bringing enormous prices, want the same prices people pay for his work to-day because they cannot get it otherwise. Dealers run up the others and buy them in, in the hope of a demand made by themselves. There is a slight difference—but the world don't see it.

Whistler never worked for anything but his art. He believed in that, and knew it would be believed in—as it now is. But no portrait painter ever painted so many portraits and yet had so few commissions—and this is true of all his work—but a few did believe in him, and they were enough. He knew it was fatal to be popular, and he spurned popularity, though he made those he wished look at his things. To have believed in him always was our good fortune, and it was an opportunity which has come to no one since Boswell to be asked to write such a man's life, to be asked by him to write the life of the greatest artist of modern times and our greatest friend. We have written as strongly as we could and we have nothing to take back—we have told the truth as we know it, and we stand by it. We shall never again see a man in whom we can believe with all our mights and with all our hearts and with all our souls. We know that Whistler was the greatest artist of modern times, and the most interesting man of our time. We have made the world see this, and we have hastened his coming into his own. But without us or any writers, by his work alone he would have been acknowledged the great man he is. We have had the chance to show it—the chance of our lives—and we are proud of it. We have done our best. But we shall never have such a chance again, and we know his fame is too secure for any to prevail against it. He has triumphed.

INFIRMITY OF PURPOSE IN THE DRAMA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

MANY modern plays which set forth interesting subject-matter and contain several admirable scenes fail of their totality of artistic effect because of an apparent infirmity in the author's purpose. Unless the writer knows at every moment precisely what sort of effect he desires to produce, and can communicate by contagion a clear sense of this precision of purpose, he will muddle the auditor's mind in its endeavour to follow him. If, in the course of a single composition, he mixes up his types, his moods, his styles, in a discordant manner, he will disperse the attention of the auditor and perplex the latter's faculty for unperturbed enjoyment. It is true, of course, that the modern playwright need not always be actuated by a single aim—his play, perhaps, will be all the better if he is not—but there should always be apparent in

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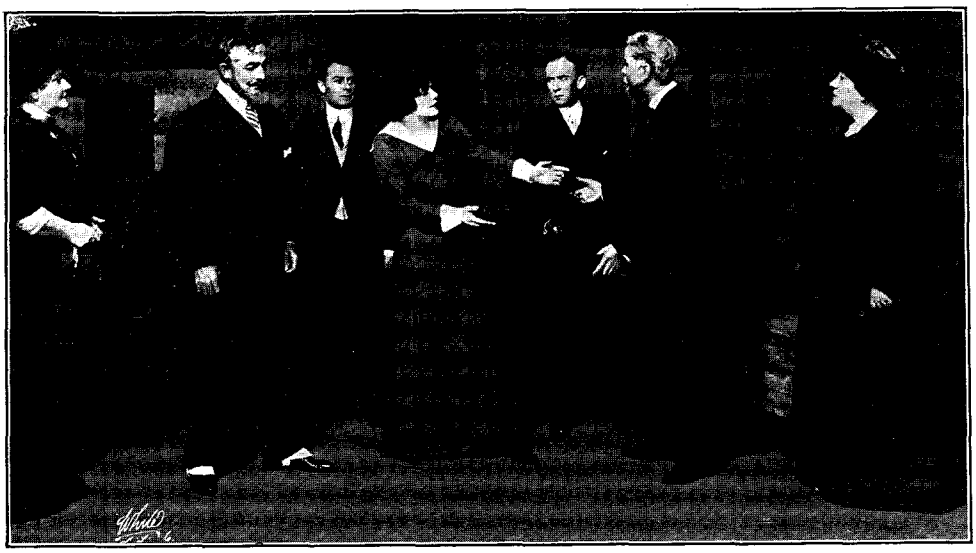

"THE MODEL"—ACT IV.

"The French novelist discovers that the model is his own long-lost daughter, and confesses with compunction and repentance that the hero's moral stand was right."

"THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND"—ACT II.

"Mr. Pelling affects to accept the Master's teachings, and introduces still another woman into the household, with the pretended object of converting her to 'the cause.' This roseate young girl is an æsthetic sentimentalist."

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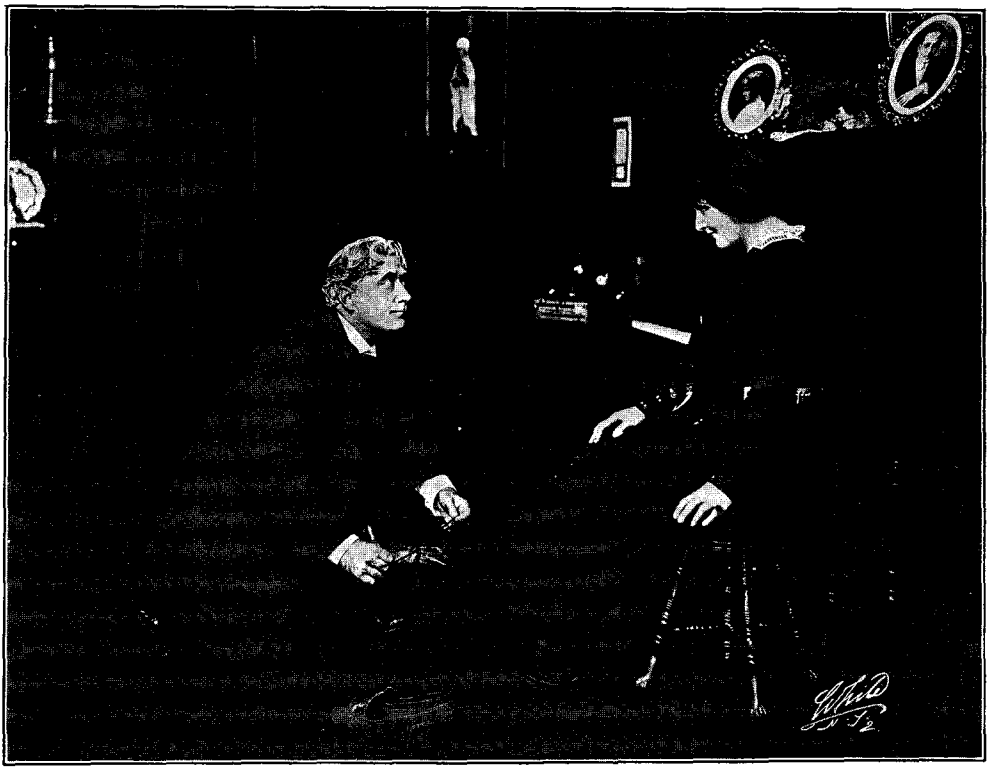
his purpose what may be called a harmony of aims. But very few of the plays that get themselves produced are harmonious from the outset to the end. Nearly all of them obtrude some jarring note, some discord in the pattern. The reason for this may be undoubtedly referred to an infirmity in the author's faculty of attention on the business in hand. The hardest task on earth is to fix one's mind on anything and hold it fixed; and perhaps our playwrights should be pardoned, therefore, for a little wavering.

This infirmity of purpose may show itself in any of three ways:—first, in a mixture of types; second, in a mixture of moods; or third, in a mixture of styles. These three defects we may discuss in order.

A playwright should always know pretty definitely whether he means to write a farce, a comedy, a melodrama, or a tragedy. Furthermore, he should communicate his purpose early to the audience, and should cling to it throughout the traffic of the stage. This assertion is not offered *a priori*, as an academic axiom; but it is derivable from a study of the practice of the surest artists. The entire tone of a dramatic composition must result from the author's sense of the type of task that he is dealing with; and unless this sense be definite, the tone will be disrupted into discords. It is, of course, possible, and desirable, to effect certain combinations of types in the course of a single composition; but the number of possible combinations is limited. It is, for instance, natural for farce to stiffen into melodrama, since in both of these types the plot controls the characters; but it is not natural for farce to mellow into emotion or deepen into tragedy. Comedy can quite naturally flower into the poetry of sentiment, but it cannot attain the thrill of melodrama without sacrificing the autonomy of its characters. Tragedy will not mix with



"THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE"—ACT I.

"A pretty young woman is engaged to help the aging wife in the daily duties of the household; and this penniless adventuress contrives to make the merchant fall in love with her."

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farce, though it may accentuate itself with comedy; and it disrobes itself of all its sacred vestments when it descends to melodrama. As principles, these abstract statements (and other corollaries of them which we need not take the time to analyse) seem sufficiently self-evident; and yet the critic often finds them violated by our playwrights, and always to the detriment of the artistic fabric. To instance an example among very recent plays, the author of *The Ne'er-Do-Well* seems never to have determined whether he meant to make a melodrama or a comedy; and the auditor's impression suffers some befuddlement because of this infirmity of purpose. How different is the impression that one gains from such a masterpiece, for instance, as *The Thunderbolt!* In this piece it is the author's purpose to write a satirical comedy that shall deepen into serious drama. This twofold purpose is made evident at the very moment when the curtain rises and is maintained with unfaltering firmness to the end. Comedy, melodrama, farce, and even tragedy, are commingled in this masterly composition: but they are commingled harmoniously, and there is never any discord in the pattern. The piece is a model of firm purpose and a monument of fixed attention on the task in hand.

It is much more difficult to determine to what extent an author may successfully attempt a mixture of moods; for this problem—unlike the problem of a mixture of types—is not based upon an abstract logic, but solely on the author's sense of the degree to which he may depend upon his audience to follow him. Since the normal audience has differed in different ages of the drama, we may best appreciate this problem if we look upon it in historical review.

The ancients very simply solved the problem of a mixture of moods by dodging it entirely. The Greeks were (at

"LITTLE MISS BROWN"—ACT I.

"She asks for a room in her own name, and is refused admittance by the day-clerk."

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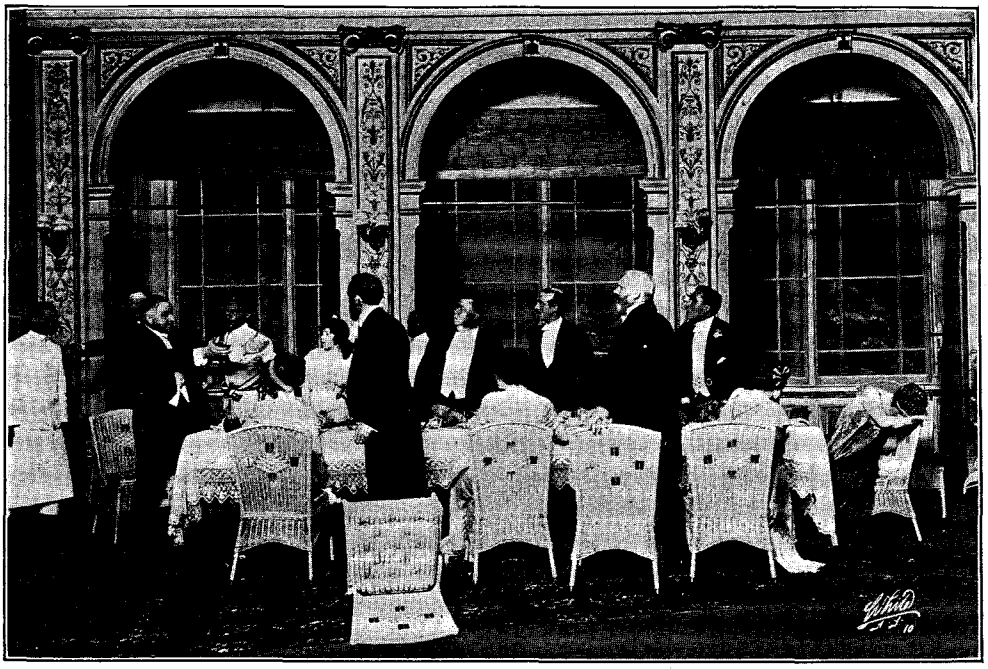

"THE NE'ER-DO-WELL"—ACT III.

"In the course of a dinner-party at his own house, the husband publicly accuses his wife of illicit relations with the hero."

"READY MONEY."—ACT II.

"All his friends immediately tumble over one another in the endeavour to invest all their available funds in Stephen's mining stock before the price advances."

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any chosen moment) a single-mooded people; and the Romans, who emulated them, were assiduous to imitate their singleness of mood. In the ancient drama we note always a sharp and clear distinction between the serious and the comic, with no admission of a possible commingling of the two. Any ancient play strikes at the very outset the note of that sole mood in which it is conceived, and thereafter concerns itself singly with the broadening and deepening of this invariable mood. If we are given the first few speeches of an Attic tragedy or a Roman comedy, we shall perceive at once what may be called the humour of the entire play. The ancients seem to have felt one way at one time and another at another; but the art that they have left us affords no indication that they allowed themselves to feel two different ways at once.

But this latter complexity of mood seems to have become the dominant and definitive feature of the mediæval mind. The contrast may be observed at a glance if we compare the architecture of the Greeks with the architecture of the Goths. Any Greek temple exhibits the serene unfolding of a single mood; but any Gothic cathedral exhibits an anthithetic unfolding of a dual mood, at the same time solemn and hilarious. Gargoyles grin at placid saints on the façades of Gothic churches; and sanctity looks back on blasphemy with no dismay. It was this sharp antithesis of mood that Calderon and Shakespeare, who were writing for auditors of mediæval mind, strove to attain in the glorious age of Spanish, and the spacious age of English, drama. Even in a solemnly religious play, like *The Devotion of the Cross,* Calderon carries on the action by the aid of a *gracioso,* or clown; and the Elizabethan habit of commingling the funny and the grim is too familiar to require comment.

When, at last, in 1830 (owing to a curious concatenation of historic circumstances) the future destiny of the dramatic art was placed for the moment in the hands of Victor Hugo, this giant had before him, on the one hand, the example of Corneille and Racine, who had imitated the ancients in their singleness of mood, and, on the other hand, the example of Shakespeare, who had agreed with the mediæval desire for a commingling of contrasted moods. In the *Preface to Cromwell,* Hugo cast his lot with Shakespeare; and thereafter, in his preachment and his practice, he pleaded for a representation of that vast and meaningful antithesis between the grotesque and the sublime which he regarded as the greatest mood of drama.

But the problem has become more delicate since the days of Victor Hugo. If the note of ancient life was singleness of mood, and the note of mediæval life was a contrast of two moods, the note of our modern life has become an intricacy of many moods. Our existence is the most complex that has ever yet emerged in the history of mankind; and, quite naturally and indeed inevitably, our art (whose purpose is to represent our life) is more complex than that of any earlier age. We no longer write plays which exhibit either the gradual intensification of a single mood or a sharp and vivid contrast of two antithetic moods: our purpose is, rather, to exhibit a multiplicity of moods, through the medium of an artistry that is more intricate than that of any former period.

This imposes on our modern playwrights an extraordinary task of orchestration. They may deal with any number and variety of moods, provided that they can modulate them into harmony: but the very freedom of this orchestration makes it the more difficult for them to avoid disrupting discords. It would, for instance, be a discord if a serious love-scene were ever introduced as the climax of a William Collier farce; and the critic must compliment Mr. Collier for his astuteness in refusing to attempt such a scene. But this error often shows its head in the course of our contemporary plays. For instance, in Mr. Alfred Sutro's latest comedy, *The Perplexed Husband,* there is a scene of serious sentiment at the third curtain-fall which quite disrupts the mood of playful banter in which the composition, for the most part, is conceived.

What moods will mix harmoniously and what will not is a question that each playwright must determine for himself.

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Whether or not his play will strike a discord must depend upon the temper of his audience; and he must therefore be very sure, before attempting an airy shift from one mood to another, that his audience will follow him without effort. Our storehouses are packed with the scenery of plays which have failed merely because of an impossible or injudicious mixture of moods. In this regard, therefore, it behooves our playwrights to attack their tasks with an artistic purpose that shall remain unfalteringly firm.

A more obvious error is a mixture of styles during the course of a single composition. Having hit a certain key of writing at the outset of his dialogue, the author should maintain this to the end. An instance of the violation of this principle which will be readily remembered occurred in the course of Mr. James Forbes's interesting study of *The Chorus Lady*. The first two acts of that diverting drama were written in a delectable slang; but the curtain-fall of the third act (at which the innocent heroine was discovered at midnight in the villain's rooms) was written in the conventional rhetoric of melodrama. Slang and rhetoric will not associate on friendly terms; and a play that is written in two styles will not produce upon the auditor an impression of happiness and peace. Stevenson, in several letters written during the composition of *The Beach of Falesá*, has commented on the difficulty of clinging to a certain tone of style and never writing off the key; and this difficulty may be regarded as one of the surest tests of a playwright's firmness of purpose.

The main defect of most of the plays that were presented in New York during the preliminary weeks of the current season was that they exhibited some discord,—a discord either of types, or of moods, or of styles. It may therefore be profitable if we examine these plays mainly in reference to the principles that we have just discussed.

"The Model"

A discommoding sense of a general infirmity of purpose is diffused by *The Model*,—the latest play to be exhibited, but apparently by no means the latest to be written, by Mr. Augustus Thomas. The piece displays internal evidence of having been written many years ago, though doubtless it has been refurbished for the occasion of its coming out; and indeed Mr. Thomas is reported to have said last April in Chicago, when the play was tried there unsuccessfully, that he had written it before *The Witching Hour*.

In *The Model* the author's purpose is apparently didactic; but it is difficult to determine precisely what it is he means to teach. He clothes an old and ordinary story with many conversations about this and that; but these desultory preachments have little logical reference to each other and seem devoid of the desirable relation to a central theme. Each of the conversations is about something; but the play as a whole is about nothing. And in the conversations themselves there is a commonplaceness and conventionality of subject-matter that sets the play at least a decade behind the times. Surely at this present date it is no longer necessary to explain to New York audiences the obvious distinction between the naked and the nude in art, or to announce as a discovery that purity is something different from prudery. Furthermore, the general tone of the drama is sentimental and untrue. No American painter ever thought or felt or talked or acted like the maundering hero of Mr. Thomas's play; for if he had, he would have been unable to paint pictures. And the family of the rich but crude collector of paintings is even less educated and intelligent than such families actually are. Mr. Thomas must know this. Why, then, has he reverted to an old-fashioned and conventional misreading of the truth?

The central story of the play is simple. An American painter is in love with his model, but is engaged to marry the daughter of a rich merchant who collects pictures. A celebrated French novelist who is a member of the Institute of France [one wonders a little why he should be made a member of the Institute instead of the Academy] comes to America for two purposes,—first, to collect copy for a book of traveller's impressions, and second, to search for his long-lost daughter. This French novelist is an old friend of the American painter's.

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He advises the hero to take hold of the two horns of his dilemma by marrying the rich girl for the sake of her wealth and social power and establishing at the same time an illicit amorous relation with the model. This the purer-minded hero refuses to do. He breaks his engagement with the rich girl and insists on marrying the model against the protests of his friend. Whereupon, of course, the French novelist discovers that the model is his own long-lost daughter, and confesses with compunction and repentance that the hero's moral stand was right.

This conventional story exhibits only one character that has at all the ring of reality. The French novelist is drawn with verve and vigour; but even this interesting figure is allowed to talk too much and to say a great many undisputed things with an emphasis they fail to merit. The other people of the play are either dull or foolish. The lines are written with suavity and ease; but even the grace of Mr. Thomas's writing cannot, in this case, cover up the commonplaceness of their content.

"The Perplexed Husband"

In *The Perplexed Husband,* that witty writer, Mr. Alfred Sutro, has set out to satirise the feminist movement that is making so militant a march in the England of today. Thomas Pelling returns from an extended business-trip to discover that his simple-minded wife has fallen a victim to "advanced" ideas. She has lately been to see *A Doll's House;* and, considering herself a second Nora, she has made up her mind that she has been living with a strange man throughout her married life, and has moved her things upstairs. She has welcomed into Mr. Pelling's household, apparently as permanent guests, a Mrs. Dulcie Elstead, who has left her husband in order to assume the leadership of the League for Women, and a certain Clarence Woodhouse, an impecunious wind-bag who gives drawing-room lectures on the rights (and wrongs) of women, and is referred to, by the wives of solid men who lend him money, as The Master.

The sensible sister of the perplexed husband advises him to fight fire with fire by seeming to accept The Master's teachings and introducing still another woman into the household, with the pretended object of converting her to "the cause." For this purpose Mr. Pelling selects a roseate young girl whom lately he has dismissed from his office for inefficiency as a typist. This girl is an æsthetic sentimentalist. She calls herself by the Greek name of Kalleia; she reads innumerable poems; and the one great yearning of her life is to go to Athens. She is not at all the sort of person to be interested in the revolutionary aims of the League for Women. Mr. Pelling can teach her nothing about politics; but she undertakes to teach Mr. Pelling many things by dragging him around to picture-galleries and taking him for frequent reverential visits to the Elgin marbles.

Under this besiegement Mrs. Pelling's one-sided belief in the freedom of the individual quite naturally breaks down. She becomes violently jealous, in the good old-fashioned way. At this juncture in the story, the integrity of the author's purpose would seem logically to demand that the wife should really have no cause for jealousy. But Mr. Sutro, at his third curtain-fall, makes the mistake of mixing his moods. He allows his hero to grow afraid that he is getting seriously fond of Kalleia, and introduces a scene of sentiment which is out of key with the satirical intention of the comedy. In this scene, Mr. Pelling dodges the danger by giving Kalleia enough money to go upon her pilgrimage to Athens.

In the last act, which exhibits even more emphatically a mixture of moods, Kalleia persuades The Master to renounce his precarious career of parlour-lecturing and to set forth with her, instead, upon a platonic elopement to the ruined glory that was Greece. In this final act, Woodhouse is handled in the key of satire and Kalleia is handled in the key of sincere sentiment; and the result is a discord of two tones that makes it difficult for the auditor to determine how to take the scene.

The trouble with the whole play seems to be that the character of Kalleia is out of keeping with the mood in which the other characters are conceived; but, except for this infirmity of purpose on the

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author's part, the comedy is clever. In the end, of course, Mrs. Elstead is banished from the household and Mrs. Pelling returns repentant to her husband's arms. The lines are written deftly, and there is a pleasing atmosphere of distinction in the play and the performance.

"The Ne'er-Do-Well"

Mr. Charles Klein's dramatisation of Mr. Rex Beach's novel entitled *The Ne'er-Do-Well,* is a rather inharmonious compound of slangy comedy and moving-picture melodrama. There is a certain breeziness and briskness in the comic passages that makes them seem alive; but the scenes designed to thrill the audience disclose nothing but the conventional mechanism of the theatre.

Kirk Anthony is the shiftless son of a millionaire father. The only work that he has ever done is to serve as graduate coach for his college football team. Having won the culminating game of the season, the team breaks training in an all-night restaurant in New York; and it is here that Kirk is discovered after midnight, in the midst of drunken revelry, by his father. The elder Anthony gives the hero a stern lecture and departs. Subsequently Kirk is drugged with "knock-out drops" and smuggled aboard a passenger steamship under the name of a defaulter who is fleeing from the police and has bought the steamship ticket to throw his pursuers off the scent.

This ship is bound for Panama; and the hero awakens the next night to discover himself (in every sense) at sea. He borrows clothes and money from the purser and runs up a large bill on board. When the ship arrives at Panama he is about to be turned over to the police, but escapes by claiming the protection of the American consul, who, dazzled by his name, lends him several hundred dollars, which the hero promptly squanders while he is waiting for a cablegram from his father.

At last the cablegram arrives. The irate old gentleman telegraphs laconically that he has no son; and Kirk finds himself dishonoured and disowned. But he has fallen under the salutary influence of a certain Mrs. Cortlandt, whose husband holds an official position in the peninsular; and by her he is persuaded to endeavour earnestly to earn his own living. Through her influence he is appointed a conductor on the Panama railway; and he takes hold of this chance in life with such enthusiasm that in three months he is promoted to be a division superintendent.

Meanwhile, the comparatively elderly Mr. Cortlandt has grown acutely jealous of his wife's interest in Kirk; and he stimulates his jealous anger by indulging in strong drink. In the course of a dinner-party at his own house, he publicly accuses his wife of illicit relations with the hero and tells the young man that since he has her already he may as well take her away. The indignant hero rushes at the husband with a wild threat to kill him; but is restrained and dragged away by the other guests. Whereupon the sardonic husband retires to the next room and shoots himself.

Kirk is accused of murder and is about to be hurried to execution by the dastardly endeavours of an influential Panamanian who hates him, when, in the most approved moving-picture manner, his father arrives with his steam-yacht, comes ashore with a small band of armed sailors, and snatches his son away from the very hands of the native police. He takes the widow along also, that she may marry the hero and keep him subsequently out of jail.

This rather wild story, even in Mr. Klein's arrangement, remains more a novel than a play. It cannot be considered seriously as a work of dramatic art, but it offers numerous elements of entertainment. The piece was much too long when it was first presented; but it has since been cut, and should now afford amusement to the many.

"The Master of the House"

The Master of the House, which was adapted from the German by an unknown author who is called, upon the programme, Edgar James, is a journalistic sort of play and is rather crudely written; but it exhibits an undeniable emotional power and should make a strong appeal to audiences that are not educated to expect the finest niceties of art.

The story might have been taken from

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the first pages of our newspapers of any of the last half-dozen years. An elderly rich merchant who has retired from business grows bored at the even tenor of his household, and the even temper of his serviceable, unemphatic wife. A pretty young woman named Bettina is engaged to help the aging wife in the daily duties of the household; and this penniless adventuress contrives to make both the merchant and his son fall in love with her. She sets her cap, in the first place, for the son; but when the father threatens to disinherit the boy unless he breaks off all personal relations with Bettina, she turns her attacks upon the father and succeeds in winning him. He divorces the faithful wife who has ceased to be attractive to him, and marries the adventuress. His life with her turns out to be a continuous round of discomfort and annoyance. She squanders his money on her worthless relatives and never affords him a moment's peace at home. Finally, in a violent outburst at the third curtain-fall, he denounces and discards her.

This is the logical ending of the play; but the author has chosen to append a fourth act, occurring one year later, in which the broken and repentant husband returns with tears to the bosom of his family and is forgiven by his rejected wife and daughter. This act is distressingly sentimental, and is out of keeping with a story that certainly started out as if it were to end unhappily. Here again we have an instance of infirmity of purpose in the drama.

"Little Miss Brown"

Mr. Philip Bartholomae's farce entitled *Little Miss Brown* is developed from a premise that has often afforded amusement in the past; but the elaboration of the plot betrays a thinness of invention, and the lines are lacking in wit.

Owing to a series of accidental circumstances, Little Miss Brown arrives unattended at a strange hotel at the perilous hour of eleven P. M. She has lost her trunk upon the way. She asks for a room in her own name, and is refused admittance by the day-clerk. But when the more affable night-clerk assumes dominion of the desk, she follows a bit of advice that has been given to her by the telephone girl, and registers as a married woman. She calls herself Mrs. Dennison, because the coloured porter has happened to address her by that name.

She is assigned to an apartment that has been ordered, in a telegram, by a certain Mr. Dennison, whose wife, coming from another direction, has arranged to meet him at this hotel. In this apartment Little Miss Brown goes timidly to bed. Mr. Dennison, arriving subsequently, is told by the chamber-maid that Mrs. Dennison is already asleep; and, deciding not to wake her, Mr. Dennison retires in the adjoining room.

The two meet at breakfast, to their mutual consternation. At this moment the actual Mrs. Dennison arrives. She is a jealous woman and proceeds to raise a row. The situation is complicated by the fact that Mr. Dennison's aunt and uncle have also arranged to meet him in this hotel, for the purpose of settling certain bonds upon him in recognition of his happy married life. Before these elders, both the actual and the accidental Mrs. Dennison are required to act with an assumed composure.

The jealous wife insists on a divorce; and two young lawyers are called in. One of these—the wife's—is the fiancé of Little Miss Brown; and, in view of the evidence against her reputation, he throws her over at once. The other lawyer—the husband's—is also in love with the heroine, and defends her in an heroic manner that makes their marriage seem inevitable in the end.

Meanwhile there is a theft of jewelry, which has been committed by the chamber-maid, but which is ascribed to Little Miss Brown; and an unsuccessful attempt to escape out of a window makes it, for a time, more difficult for her to prove her innocence. In the end, of course, the multitudinous misunderstandings are cleared up.

The chief defect of this plot is that it might be halted at any moment if any of the characters should turn human and speak a single line of explanation. The story is protracted merely by the artifice of manipulating the characters like puppets. Furthermore, the treatment of the material is too expository; and the full

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first half of the play is used up in exposition before the action can get under way. There are many stale jokes in the lines; but otherwise they are devoid of humour. What the farce needs is more briskness in the narrative and more brilliancy in the dialogue.

"Ready Money"

There is plenty of briskness and brilliancy in Mr. James Montgomery's melodramatic farce entitled *Ready Money*. Although this piece was designed merely as a playful entertainment, it deserves, because of the firmness of the author's purpose, to be ranked higher as an artistic accomplishment than any of the more ambitious plays that have been reviewed in the present paper.

Ready Money enjoys the advantage of a basic theme which is both novel and amusing. This theme is that any one can easily make money if people think that he already has it. Stephen Baird has invested all his funds in a mining claim, and has not been able to sell sufficient stock in his company to raise the capital necessary to develop the mine. He has had to borrow money from the rich owner of the adjoining properties; and his own mine, which he had put up as security, is about to be forfeited at the expiration of his note. Consequently, on New Year's Eve, he finds himself depressed, and undisposed to join his friends, or even his fiancée, at their festivities.

At this moment he falls into association with a certain Jackson Ives, who is (as he describes himself) the cleverest counterfeiter in the world. Ives gives him a roll of fifty counterfeit one thousand dollar bills, and tells him that he may save his enterprise by merely showing this ready money to possible investors, without ever attempting to pass any of the fraudulent notes. The hero, with the necessary moral misgivings, puts this proposition to the test. All his friends immediately tumble over one another in the endeavour to invest all their available funds in Stephen's mining stock before the price advances. They also telegraph their friends in other cities; and large orders for stock, accompanied by cheques, begin to pour in by every mail.

The hero, in a reversion of conscience, assures his friends that his mine is now no better than it was before and begs them to take back their money; but they receive this as an indication that he is trying to oust them from the enterprise in order to confine all the profits to himself. One or two of them even threaten to go to law to compel the hero to retain their investments.

At this point the farce develops naturally into melodrama; and the transition from the one type to the other is effected without any discord in the mood. A detective of the United States Secret Service, who has been hunting Jackson Ives in many lands, suspects the truth and arrests both the counterfeiter and the hero. The counterfeit money, which constitutes the only tangible evidence against them, and which has been sealed up in a business envelope, is passed unwittingly about from character to character through many varied moments of suspense. When at last the package is recovered, the cleverness of the counterfeit deceives even the detective, who releases the conspirators for lack of evidence and returns the bills to Ives. This adventurous artist destroys the fraudulent money with his own hands.

But meanwhile Baird's partner in the West, encouraged by the enthusiastic subscriptions for their stock, has commenced active operations and discovered a rich vein of gold. The credulous investors will draw large dividends after all, and the hero finds it possible to marry the heroine.

This playful piece is admirably plotted, and is replete with many delightful surprises and periods of suspense. It carries sufficient characterisation to make the mechanism life-like; and a genuine humour is displayed in many of the lines. The difficult feat of keeping the audience in ethical sympathy with the hero while he perilously skirts the verge of crime is cleverly accomplished. *Ready Money* deserves the praise that must always be bestowed on any work that is accomplished with a steady hand.

Mr. Edward Knoblauch's romantic comedy called *Discovering America* was severely slated by the New York newspapers; but it is by no means an

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unworthy work. The purpose of the play is to contrast the spirit of life in present-day New York with the spirit of life in contemporary Europe.

"Discovering America"

Peter Delafield is a rich American who, ever since he was eight years old, has lived in Italy. He idles away his time in a lovely villa in the Alban hills, and collects cameos for an occupation. He is about to elope with a beautiful Italian countess whose husband has treated her shamefully, when he receives the news that he has lost his fortune and must return to America at once to scrape together a bare subsistence. He swears eternal fidelity to the countess and departs for New York.

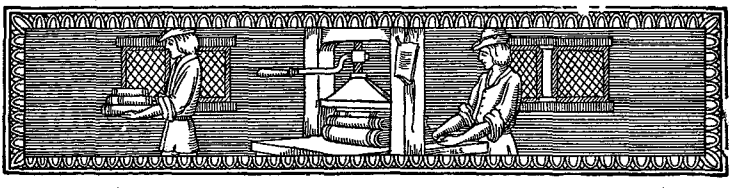
We next see him scraping along miserably in a shabby boarding-house in Forty-fifth Street. Here he meets a very poor girl named Ruth Dix, whose father has left her nothing but the working model of a button-sewing machine that he has invented. This machine appears to be a good thing, and Delafield invests his last four thousand dollars in the project to put it on the market.

In three years the business of Dix and Delafield has grown so prosperous that the partners are able to decline an offer of one hundred thousand dollars to buy them out. Delafield has caught the spirit of America and is rejoicing in the life of work. He enjoys also his daily companionship with Miss Dix, and is on the point of asking her to marry him.

But meanwhile the dissipated count has died, and the widowed countess comes to New York to remind Delafield of the oath he swore to her. Behaving more like a gentleman than like a man, he resigns his business to Miss Dix and accompanies the countess back to Italy.

In Italy he has to wait about for six months while the countess is endeavouring to secure a dispensation from the Church which will permit her to marry a Protestant. During this period he is extremely bored. He misses his daily business; he misses the life and spirit of New York; and he misses Miss Dix. This business-like little lady comes to see him, in order that he may complete the formality of closing out his share in the concern; and Delafield is so glad to see her once again that he cannot forbear telling her that he loves her. This unpremeditated confession the countess overhears. She ascends a tall tower of her castle with the purpose of casting herself upon the rocks below; but the hero dashes aloft and withholds her just in time. The countess then renounces him and retires to a convent; and Delafield returns with Miss Dix to the life that he discovered in New York.

In this play the difference in tone between the two acts that happen in Italy and the two acts that happen in America is of necessity so marked that the auditor receives almost the impression of two plays instead of one. The theme could be developed more harmoniously in the leisure of a novel than in the two hours traffic of the stage. Yet the piece is far from ineffective; and many of its passages are written with literary charm.



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FROM THE BOOKMAN MAIL BAG

I

A letter of inquiry from Lake Mohawk, New York:

Editor THE BOOKMAN.

SIR: The object of this letter is to beg you to print, if not forbidden by our copyright law, a brief résumé of the story of *The Golden Bowl,* by Henry James. I admit to have become interested in the tale from struggling with the first Book. After re-reading that far seven times, I found that a young Italian nobleman about to marry an American heiress met a young lady whom he had known more or less intimately prior to his betrothal to the heiress.

On beginning Book II I find that the father of the heiress "was observed to open the door of his own billiard-room with a certain freedom." This happened on page 126 and lasts to the top of page 151 (The New York Edition, Charles Scribner's Sons), or (estimated) 8,729 words!

On page 132, only 1,920 of these words having been exhausted, a "Mrs. Rance" is mentioned, but not alluded to again—unless I err—in the remaining 7,059 words of this episode. Now, what I want to know is, whether, when this intended father-in-law opened that billiard-room door, he found this "Mrs. Rance" inside?

The story of *The Golden Bowl* is in two volumes in this edition or (estimated) 1,262,389 words.

I am a rather hard-working man and the father of a family. My wife and three of the children (I am happy to say) are with me and in the best of health. But my vacation expires on the 16th inst. and I must leave here on the morning of the 14th, as I have (or rather my wife has) conscientious objections to travelling on Sunday. Therefore, as I can't hope to find out where Mrs. Rance was, and have a sort of surreptitious suspicion that she ought not to have been in that billiard-room (if she was there—and you will mention it, please, if she was not), I am writing you these few lines.

Of course if there is anything improper about Mrs. Rance I will not mention the matter to my wife either way. But I am sent here for rest, and I can't sleep until this mystery of Mrs. What's-her-name is cleared up. Why should her name be mentioned just once in all those 8,729 words? Was it she that "observed" the father-in-law (that was to be) open the door, and how could she have "observed" it if she was on the inside of the billiard-room when he opened the door?

So begging your courteous assistance to my slumbers, I beg to subscribe myself,

Faithfully,

YOUR GENTLE READER.

If our correspondent happens to have read Mr. James's earlier volume, *The Ambassadors,* he will recall the dismayed bewilderment of its principal mouthpiece, the amiable Mr. Strethers, on a certain afternoon in Chad Newsome's Paris apartment, as he listened to the blythe exchange of verbal audacities and wondered helplessly whether all those seemingly charming people really meant the unspeakable things that they seemed to be saying, or whether his own mind had suddently become tainted and was wilfully discovering improprieties where none was meant. This is a mental condition which we have often shared with Mr. Strethers while reading more than one volume by Henry James, and apparently it expresses pretty accurately our correspondent's frame of mind. We may reassure him on one point at least: that in guessing at implied improprieties in *The Golden Bowl,* he is more apt to fall short of the author's own imaginings than to surpass him. A brief résumé of the story, such as our correspondent asks, is easily given,—although, as is usually the case with Henry James, when you have the plot, you have the least essential part. It concerns primarily a certain couple, a charming but impecunious Italian prince and an Anglo-American girl, hard, brilliant and, to our thinking, rather repellent, who find themselves forced into a false position, as a result of their former relations previous to the prince's marriage to an American heiress. It happens that the bride is the other young woman's intimate friend, but in spite of the intimacy, has not a shadow of suspicion of her past entanglement with the prince. Now, in order to have

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one of those intimate complications in which Mr. James delights, it was only necessary to have the millionaire father subsequently marry the bride's intimate friend, thus bringing her into permanent close association with the prince. Circumstances all combine to hasten the inevitable drifting of the former lovers back to their old relations. The remainder of this undeniably long story,—its bulk certainly is forbidding, but as a crumb of comfort to our "hard working" correspondent, we may say that it has been known to be read at a single sitting, in eleven hours and a half,—concerns itself with the gradual discovery by the princess of her husband's faithlessness, and her desire to keep the truth from her father; the father's discovery of the same facts, and his desire to shield his daughter; her eventual success in putting an end to an intolerable situation, and the father's wise decision to pack up his belongings and carry off that bone of contention, his wife, for good and all to America.

Undeniably, it is all rather difficult to follow, because every one in the book is persistently and more or less successfully endeavouring to conceal what he or she knows from every one else; and even when they desire to convey a definite idea, they do it by saying something quite different. Yet the main facts, buried though they are in a golden shimmer of suggestiveness, stand out plain enough before the end is reached. In fact, there is just one paragraph in the latter part of the second volume that has brought relief to many a puzzled reviewer, if we may judge by the frequency with which it has been quoted,—a paragraph from that wonderful scene of the card party, that sums up the situation as seen by the prince's bride:

Meanwhile the facts of the situation were upright for her round the green cloth and the silver flambeaux; the fact of her father's wife's lover facing his mistress; the fact of her father sitting all unsounded and unblinking between them, the fact of Charlotte keeping it up—keeping up everything, across the table, with her husband beside her, the fact of Fanny Assingham, wonderful creature, placed opposite to the three, and knowing more about each, probably, when one comes to think, than either of them knew of either; erect above all for her was the sharp-edged fact of the relation of the whole group, individually and collectively, to herself—herself so speciously eliminated for the hour, but presumably more present to the attention of each than the next card to be played.

As for our correspondent's specific difficulty regarding "Mrs. Rance" and what may or may not have happened behind the door of the billiard-room, we suggest that he give free rein to any "surreptitious suspicion" that may come to his mind,—for by doing so he will quite beautifully be playing into Mr. James's hands,—and that, feeling as he does about it, he had after all better not "mention it to his wife either way."

II

An illuminating letter of inquiry from Brewster, New York:

In March, 1897, THE BOOKMAN published an article by Robert Barr referring to a celebrated book of short stories entitled *The Elements of Geometry,* by Euclid. I have been unable to find this book at any of the bookstores. Can you help me in any way? I shall be very grateful.

In March, 1897, THE BOOKMAN published "How to Write a Short Story," a symposium, by Robert Barr, Harold Frederic, Arthur Morrison, and Jane Barlowe. That symposium we are going to reprint some day, because it is very much worth while. Mr. Barr's contribution was, somewhat characteristically, couched in a flippant vein. This is the paragraph which, fifteen years and six months later, brings the letter of inquiry from Brewster, New York.

In a recent book, the name of which I shall not mention, for I cannot conscientiously recommend it to the gentle reader, dealing, as it does, with envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, I endeavoured to give a series of stories told without a superfluous word, and in the writing of this book I had a model. Our world has been a growing concern too long for any effort to claim originality. My model is Euclid, whose justly celebrated book of short stories, entitled *The Elements of Geometry,* will live when most of us who are scribbling

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to-day are forgotten. Euclid lays down his plot, sets instantly to work at its development, letting no incident creep in that does not bear relation to the climax, using no unnecessary word, always keeping his one end in view, and the moment he reaches the culmination he stops.

III

From The Jumping-Off-Place, Santa Barbara, California, Mr. Stewart Edward White sends us the following letter which recently came under his observation. The letter was actually received in the course of a business correspondence.

Lali House, San Francisco,

DEAR FRIEND: i got the valve witch i by from you ilrite but why for gods sake doan you men sen me no handle, i loose to me my Customer shure ting, you doan treat me rite is my money not so good as the other fellow, i waste ten dase and my Customer he holler for water like hell by the valve. you no he is hot summer now and the win he blow the valve. she got no handl so wat the hell i goan do. you doan sen me no handl pretty quick i sen her back and i goan order som valve from Krain Companee goodby, your friend

ANTONIA SCALEINIO DUTRA.

since i rite these letter i fine the goddam handl in the bocks excuse me.

IV

G. C. D., Detroit Club, Detroit, Michigan. The poem "Towards the Light," by Princess Faradji, was published in THE BOOKMAN in two parts, February and March, 1909.

V

Here is a contribution which can best be printed in the BOOKMAN'S Mail Bag. It will, we feel sure, be of interest to admirers of O. Henry's work, and it has a very decided significance to those whose knowledge of the late Sidney Porter is not entirely confined to his books, and who, from that knowledge, are able to read between the lines.

QUESTION OF O. HENRY'S AGE SETTLED

If O. Henry had lived until September 11th of this year, he would have reached the half century mark.

The question of his age has been a disputed one. Biographers have approximated it with fair success; yet it has not been definitely known.

The BOOKMAN for June, 1909, states that he was "born in Greensboro, North Carolina, in 1867," missing it by putting the date five years too late. The BOOKMAN for April, 1910, contains an article by Harry Thurston Peck, repeating the date, and adding, "so that he is now in the forty-third year of his age," when he was really in his forty-eighth.

In the *Nation* for June, 1910, S. Strumsky says, "he was born forty-two years ago in Greensboro, North Carolina," instead of forty-eight.

The BOOKMAN for July, 1910, makes the statement, "he died on the 5th of last month in the forty-fourth year of his age." This was wrong by four years.

The *Craftsman* for August, 1910, misses his age by six years, in stating, "He was forty-two years old when, on June 5, 1910, he died."

Who's Who in America for 1910-1911 places him thus:

"Porter, Sydney (O. Henry)—author, b. Greensboro, North Carolina, 1867." This is five years wrong as to his age, and the wrong spelling for his name, as he was christened *Sidney*.

In a poem, "The Knight in Disguise," by Nicholas Vachel Lindsay in the *American Magazine* for June, 1912, his name is erroneously given as Sidney *C*. Porter.

These points are definitely settled by an entry in the old family Bible, a book that has lain packed away for some fifteen or twenty years, and has just been re-discovered by a near relative. It is a ponderous old volume, the inscription on the fly leaf stating that it was the gift of a friend to Algernon Sidney and Mary V. Porter (O. Henry's parents).

It contains several entries in regard to births, marriages, and deaths, the one most interesting to the world reading:

"Thursday Sept. 11, 1862, 9 o'clock P. M.
William Sidney
son of
A. S. & M. V. Porter."

VI

The following letter hints at dangers in the use of the double possessive that seem to us somewhat exaggerated:

Has the use of the double or duplicate possessive become so common as to justify itself? Frequently it is found in newspapers, edi-

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torials in *Collier's Weekly* and opinions in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

I was, however, surprised to find it in Chronicle and Comment of your September issue on page eight. "It is known also that Dickens complied with a suggestion *of* Lord *Lytton's,* which modified the plot—not seriously nor disagreeably," and also in the same issue on page thirty-five. "From Martin Chuzzlewit down to the very latest book of Max Beerbohm's and G. K. Chesterton's American characters in British fiction are apt to display a fondness for speech-making in inappropriate circumstances."

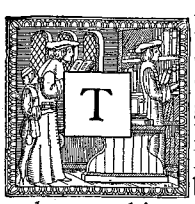
In this last instance you must admit that the American characters may be apt or may be Chesterton's.

As the use of the double possessive may produce uncertainty, should it not be discouraged by a Journal of Literature?

There is no ambiguity whatever in the second sentence quoted by our correspondent. If the "characters" are taken as "G. K. Chesterton's" the verb is shorn of its subject and the sentence immediately goes mad. A mind capable of so taking it would come to grief anyhow, no matter how carefully we expressed ourselves. And in both of the instances mentioned—"a suggestion of Lord Lytton's," and the "latest book of Max Beerbohm's, etc."—there is, if we are to concern ourselves with these remote chances, an even greater risk involved in the omission, for after all "a suggestion of" is not always the same as "a suggestion by," or "a book of" as "a book by"—witness the "Book of Job"—and if we should refer at some time to the "book of Beerbohm," forgetful folk might look for it in the Bible. However, the danger of misunderstanding is not appreciable either way. As to the general question, we believe the double possessive is in good and long-established usage and ought not on general principles to be discouraged. In the instances cited by our correspondent its use seems to us harmless though perhaps superfluous. We agree with him in preferring the other form in both these sentences, but for an opposite reason to his own the double possessive in both these cases seems to us unnecessarily precise.

THE ART OF LIONEL JOHNSON

BY MILTON BRONNER



THERE are not a few observers who have confidently predicted the gradual return of England to the Church of Rome. Whether that is based upon truth or upon a dream, this much is clear, Catholicism has certainly manifested its attractions for more than one fine mind. Leaving out of the account entirely John Henry Newman, one of the princes royal among our prose writers, there are among poets Coventry Patmore, Aubrey de Vere, Lionel Johnson and Ernest Dowson, all of whom became converted to the Church, and these men, with Francis Thompson, born into the faith, form no inconsiderable group in the poetry of the latter part of the nineteenth century.

Tragedy seems to have marked the three younger men for her own; Thompson was addicted to drugs which helped to kill him; Dowson and Johnson succumbed to drink. There are times in Thompson's great poetry when one feels he can detect the mysticism of the opiate-taker; Dowson's verse, lovely as much of it is, is plainly decadent, but Lionel Johnson's verses stand off by themselves in their virginal purity and spotlessness. Indeed, the cumulative effect of much reading of his poems is the wish that at times there were something of real Bacchic fire in them. They are always so serene and grave.

Serenity, gravity—these terms might well apply to all he ever wrote. Johnson might be careless with his own life, he was never careless with his work. In

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the hurly-burly of the world he might become convivial, but his art was to him a temple of rest and a haven of peace; it was a shrine to be approached with due ceremonial and on bended knees and with bowed head. It demanded of him and received the best that was in him,—all his reverence for the old established masters, all his emulation of their ways, all his care for polish and truth and beauty. So that we are loath to think the time may ever come when there will not be a small corner reserved for a tablet whereon will be inscribed words in memory of this genuine poet and even more genuine critic.

Born in Kent in 1865, schooled at Winchester and Oxford, Catholicism early had attractions for him, as evidenced even in his boyhood essay upon the fools of Shakespeare. Of English and Welsh blood, with only the slightest strain of Irish in him, he loved afterward to be called an Irishman. And these four things—Winchester, Oxford, the Church, and Ireland—worked a charm upon him all through life.

To Ireland and the Church he dedicated much of his verse. Perhaps to this, as well as to his innate purity, so much of their whiteness of spirit is due. But an uneasy knowledge of his own failings seems always to have driven Johnson to the defence of brothers in weakness. He speaks of Addison with his clear and lucid prose and points him out as an habitual tippler. He recalls to the reader that Lamb was to Carlyle merely a sorry drunkard playing the fool. Then comes the apologia for men like these; "A fine writer may show in his writings a thousand virtues of proportion, sobriety, tact, good sense, utterly lacking in his conduct." He recurs to this thought in his various essays on the unfortunate Mangan, concerning whom he tells us we know much that "is frail and pitiable, nothing that is base and mean."

We are to picture Johnson, who has been described as a frail wisp of a man, locked up in his room, safe from interruption, with the rain perhaps beating on the windows, and the roar of the giant city coming only dimly to him there, and with the glow of a pleasant fire upon the backs of his favourite books. He dips into Lucretius, or, mayhap, some one as modern as Hawthorne, and then the poetic mood comes over him, a mood well described by himself in all humbleness: "Compose, with cordial delight and decent pains, one set of verses which the pure celestial instinct tells you to be good, permanently pleasurable; dream, that in two hundred years one man at least will read them with joy and thanks. It is a glow at the heart, a leap in the pulse, that humble dream."

Verses composed in that mood and that manner were sure not to appeal to the mob; they were certain not to have a chorus of praise. Indeed, Johnson was hampered by his very knowledge. He was too scholarly. There was a Latin weight and gravity and austerity and compactness to much of his verse. These were qualities compelled by the memories, that came surging into his brain, of Roman poets he had loved long and well. He was only freed from this influence at times, when he wrote consciously Celtic verse concerning Ireland. He rarely wrote love-songs and scarcely ever indulged in rich, lush verse. He dealt with the eternal issues of life and death, and sadly and reminiscently with the olden glories of Ireland and his Church. He beheld in a vision their past, and lamented over an Ireland whose political potency had departed, and a Church whose ruined, or deserted, or stolen fanes are found in many quiet valleys in England. There is little of the lyric cry in him, save occasionally in some such poem as his "Glories":

Roses from Paestan rosaries!
  More goodly red and white was she:
Her red and white were harmonies,
Not matched upon a Paestan tree.

Ivories blaunched in Alban air!
  She lies more purely blaunched than you:
No Alban whiteness doth she wear,
  But death's perfection of that hue.

Nay! now the rivalry is done,
  Of red, and white, and whiter still:
She hath a glory from that sun,
  Who falls not from Olympus hill.

Even more rarely is there a genuine

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note of passion, as in these lines from "Beyond":

Dear, are there dreams among the dead:
Or is it all a perfect slumber?
But I must dream and dream to madness.
Mine eyes are dark, now yours are fled:
Yet see they sorrows without number,
Waiting upon one perfect sadness.

So long, the melancholy vale!
So full, these weary winds, of sorrow!
So harsh, all things! For what counts pity?
Still, as each twilight glimmers pale
Upon the borders of each morrow,
I near me to your sleeping city.

His more characteristic verse is like this from his somewhat celebrated lines "By the Statue of King Charles at Charing Cross":

Comely and calm, he rides
Hard by his own Whitehall:
Only the night wind glides:
No crowds, nor rebels, brawl.

Gone, too, his Court: and yet,
The stars his courtiers are:
Stars in their stations set;
And every wandering star.

Alone he rides, alone,
The fair and fatal king;
Dark night is all his own,
That strange and solemn thing.

Which are more full of fate:
The stars; or those sad eyes?
Which are more still and great:
Those brows; or the dark skies?

Finally, hear this note of Catholic hope and defiance, which recalls Henley's stoic chant of:

I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

Hear the lines which Miss Louise Imogene Guiney rightly said deserved to be celebrated:

Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not so,
Dark Angel! triumph over me:
Lonely, unto the Lone I go;
Divine, to the Divinity.

For the most part Johnson's poetry largely conforms to Wordsworth's definition of poetry as "emotion remembered in tranquillity." When Johnson sings of Ireland's wrong, his heart has ceased to be disturbed in its beat. When he sighs over some "church of a dream," be sure there are no longer tears in his eyes, for, to quote his friend Yeats's beautiful words:

"He has made a world full of altar lights and golden vestures, and murmured Latin and incense clouds, and autumn winds and dead leaves, where one wanders remembering martyrdoms and courtesies that the world has forgotten."

II

When Johnson died in 1902 one of his best friends said that in him England had lost her one critic of the first rank in this generation. Many references were made to his relations with his tutor and friend, Walter Pater, and he was spoken of as if he were a minor replica of that master. The truth is that he was more of an Arnold than a Pater, an Arnold without a theory that he sought to impose upon his generation, but like him in his ready composition of critical essays and his polish in verse. This is not to deny that he was profoundly influenced by the work and the teachings of Pater. In his generation, the latter exercised great sway over many and especially over Wilde, Johnson and Arthur Symons. Now while Johnson more than the other two approximated the master in his grave, careful, musical prose, he did not follow him in his various studies of the arts and in fiction as Symons did. Perhaps Johnson could best be described as a minor Arnold-cum-Pater. His is essentially a literature of the Oxford closes and of the library, not of life.

The Oxford closes—they stood for his long dreams about books and about the great issues of living and dying. He brooded over the works of genius until in the words of Sir Joshua Reynolds, whom he loved to quote, he felt "warmed by the contact and formed the artist-like mind." To use his own fine phrase, he found a "living soul in old books, not antiquarian dust." He was endlessly citing from memory passages from men

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like Sidney, Milton, Bacon, Augustine, Cardinal Newman, and the great Latins. Nevertheless, he was not unaware of the danger of too much study of the classics and sounded—as much for himself as for others—the note of warning that too great a delight in the ancients is responsible for a dislike of contemporary art. Therefore he strove to read the works of the men of his own time, too, to estimate them fairly, and to take such joy as he could in them, measuring their worth by the foot-rule the great men of the past had bequeathed. Armed thus, he was the champion of no school, the partisan of no particular literary quarrel. Indeed, as he said: "Extremes are just now in fashion and favour, with this unfortunate result: that catholicity of taste is set down as the sign of lukewarmness and of half-heartedness. . . . We are so violent in these days; and, to our irreparable loss, there is no Arnold left to charm us into serenity."

But that happens to be precisely what he tried to do: he attempted to charm the thoughtful public back into serenity with his quiet, sane criticism, with essays of a scholar in the humanities who displayed always something of the grace and gravity and suavity we associate with Oxford dons and Roman Catholic prelates from the ancient University of Louvain. In love with an old world charm, he diffused it too. It pervaded his work like the faint perfume he fancied still lingered in deserted churches over which he loved sadly to muse. It is perfectly exemplified in this dream of an aristocrat:

"It is pleasant to walk along a formal terrace, with worn grey steps and balustrade, holding an Aldine classic, less for study than for company: to look out, with comfortable joy, across the flourishing landscape: to taste the solitude, the dignity, the peace, of a country day. The Golden Age, embellished to a courtly, cloistral perfection, with finer music than pastoral reeds, and daintier fare than acorns and spring water, returns at such a time: at this happy distance, the town seems vile. Theocritus and Ronsard are good to read in a sunny kind of dream; *Comus,* and *L'Allegro,* and *Il Penseroso* are pure delights. . . ."

With such visions, with a modest competence enabling him to pick and choose, it is needless to say that when Johnson became a critical reviewer, he employed an unusual discretion in selecting the subjects for his pen. Designed mainly for the newspapers of the day, nevertheless, as now gathered into the volume *Post Liminium,* they show a finished art that would seem to assure them a wider audience than that of the fleeting hour. A mere glance at the table of contents shows us that he never wrote about any books toward which he felt indifference. There was either strong attraction or something of repulsion. It might be the attraction of men of his church like Savonarola, Saint Francis, Pascal, Erasmus, Henry Vaughn, Thomas à Kempis, and Cardinal Newman; or personal heroes like Pater and Hardy; or sceptics like Lucretius, Renan and Lucian. But whether there was attraction or repulsion, there was always courtesy—as to a living person encountered—tolerance, broad-mindedness. There was also applied the touchstone which, employed by the real critic, constitutes in itself almost an act of artistic creation, an act which makes something that is by way of being literature. In these stray essays gathered from dusty newspaper and magazine files, we find matter written carefully, conservatively, judiciously. We are told that often editors, who expected a certain review, were in despair because of its non-appearance until almost at the last ultimate moment, but we are also assured that the "copy" was such—in its beautiful clear handwriting, its careful punctuation, its air of finality—that the pages could be rushed to the printer without use of the blue pencil. And it was criticism in its infinite variety, whether of praise or blame, excoriation or mere parody. The grave, serene poet was capable of expressing any mood a given book evoked in him.

Pater always aroused his enthusiasm and called forth his best. His four notes on this writer are indisputable evidence of the fact that he perhaps meditated writing a book on Pater, even as he had done on Hardy. Nowhere in his own work or in the reviews by other men, will you find lovelier little notes of appre-

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ciation than in these Pater essays. Here is just one, filled as it is with things Pater was so fond of making the subject of his inspired pen:

"Pietas was a passion with him. It is strong in him when he dwells with a gently lingering, long-drawn music of tone upon old, faded things; philosophies once triumphant, fashions once thought final, airs and graces long passed away, music never heard now. He enters the vasta silentia of old times, and loves to repeople mediæval homes and classic cities; to wander by the rivers of old France, and through the hillside towns of ancient Italy; recalling this and that dusty memory to fresh life with careful reverence."

When he praises, he does so liberally and generously, striking out sentences of memorable beauty as he goes. This, for instance, in an article on Charlotte Bronte: "She had faced tragedy and walked with sorrow; she had known the special pang of desiderium, of the vain backward look that rests wistfully upon graves."

In his poems you will find no indication of a sense of humour, but in his essays on authors you will find plenteous evidence. The Bashkirtseff nine days' wonder aroused in him only the spirit of parody, while Mr. W. H. Mallock's ingenious rendition of Lucretius into Fitzgerald's *Omar* quatrains led him smilingly to remark that it was "a valorous attempt to bridle Behemoth, to put a hook in the nostrils of Leviathan."

There is a certain school of showy critics, somewhat in vogue to-day, who attempt to attract attention by holding a thesis always contrary to what the world generally accepts as established, and by stating it in terse epigrammatic sentences. Johnson, too, could at times achieve this terseness, if not the showy contrariety, as in this tribute to one of the masters: "—— the contempt of Swift, the pensive serenity of Addison, the simple tenderness of Steele. Combine the three, and there is Thackeray: too clearsighted to accept delusions, too reverent to despair, too kindly to be always glad."

Or consider this realism which occurs in a passage on writers of sacred poetry, in which he tells us they must have a mingling of mysticism and reverence, with a familiarity that sometimes shocks timid souls; in this passage he is telling us how really great writers of sacred verse contemplate sacred things:

> Take the Nativity. Here is an hour-old baby lying, perhaps crying, upon a stable litter, in a small Jewish village, at a certain definite date. This wretched baby could abolish time and space, for it is God. Take the Crucifixion. Here is a worn-out man, dying upon a gibbet, amid sneers and jeers, in the company of two common thieves. This miserable man could make the earth stand still, for He is God.

One more taste of his quality. He discourses upon the little known poet, Octavius Pulleyn, of the close of the seventeenth century—"curious and winning century"—and indulges in this charming imaginary portrait:

> Until some plaguey investigator of libraries, of Rolls and Records offices, unearth my twilight friend, he is mine to dream over, mine to play with. I can enter him a student at the Inns of Court; make him a tavern wit or playhouse censor; I can turn him into a country squire, and give a comely manor in the taste of Inigo. We stroll there together through the "Italianate garden," with its statua and busto and pass out into a green coppice. It shall be the old May morning of merry England, May of clear sunlight and soft wind; Octavius shall quote me his Horace, and I cap him with my dearer Virgil. An air of the scholar's affectation sits prettily upon us, an Oxford touch. We would fain esteem ourselves Younger Plinies of the time, and a neat copy of verses is our pride. Octavius has a decent fair knack at imitation of the great Mr. Cowley, and ever a gratulatory ode at a friend's service. So go we gently through the May morning of a dream; of winter nights we "drink tobacco" by the fire of logs in a parlour of black panel, and pore together upon the medals of popes and emperors. If such sort is my Octavius; and if I weary of him in such sort, he shall presently proceed ambassador to The Hague, and send me word of tulips.

III

"It is held upon all hands that to write about the works of a living writer is a difficult and a delicate thing: I have felt

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the inevitable difficulty; I have tried to preserve the becoming delicacy. Throughout these essays upon the works of Mr. Hardy, there will be found, I trust, no discourtesy in my censure: I trust still more, no impertinence in my praise."

In this old-fashioned manner of high courtesy Johnson began the preface to what is in so many aspects his most memorable and most finished piece of work, *The Art of Thomas Hardy*. It was in some ways a pioneer book. To begin with, in those days—it was written in 1892 and published in 1894—it was a rather new thing in England to print a critical survey of the work of an author still living and writing. The fashion, even then common on the continent and especially in France, has since then been adopted in the English-speaking countries with the result that Meredith, Henry James, Barrie, Kipling, Hewlett, Shaw, and many more have seen in print books devoted to their output. But this Johnson volume was a pioneer in another way too. It marked the beginning of the really critical appreciation of Hardy's work; it focussed upon him the attention of those whose opinion was worth while; and suddenly literary England, once for all, woke up to the fact that in Hardy it possessed an authentic master of fictional art.

This in itself was no mean achievement for a lad of twenty-five, but even to-day the book stands as the best criticism we have of Hardy, for this youth—himself a literary creator—saw behind the processes of creative art, comprehended its difficulties, understood the necessity of making the right and honest choice of matter and manner, preached fidelity to the old, established masters and the old, established canons, and insisted that the real artist must have a clear understanding of the age in which he lives.

The book was thus rich and full, because all the best of what he had lived and thought and dreamed was put into it. To write about Hardy, we feel sure, was not the result of a sudden resolve. We are convinced that as boy and man he had long read and loved the Hardy novels. As a schoolboy at Winchester and later as a student at Oxford, it is certain that he made many pedestrian trips through the Wessex country. The man who once boasted that he knew every inch of Welsh soil could doubtless have repeated the assertion about Dorset. In this book we catch glimpses of him in the land of Hardy, studying its hills and streams, idling in its towns and villages, sitting in the simple old inns, and listening with delighted ears to the talk of the peasant folk.

The fruit of all this love of the Hardy books was a sane appreciation of them. He did not set himself up as a critical schoolmaster, giving marks and credits. "I cannot understand," said he, "why your soldier and your saint should be remembered for their victories, and pardoned for their faults; whilst your artist of a thousand conquests must have ever rehearsed against him the tale of his failures and of his faults."

Not only did he appreciate Hardy, but he brought to the work an open mind and this was no mean feat for a devout Catholic, confronted by such an author as his hero. Johnson differed radically in beliefs with Hardy the positivist and disagreed with him about the meaning of the universe. Hardy's thoughts about human progress, about the testimony of physical science, about the sanctions of natural and social ethics were all more or less alien to Johnson, but he managed whole-heartedly to admire Hardy's fidelity to his vision of what is the truth, even as he managed to understand the attitude of Lucretius.

Now there are two kinds of books of criticism which really count,—the provocative and the contemplative. The one whets your appetite for knowledge of author to you unknown; the other, of service after you have read an author's works, fixes and confirms and elaborates your ideas concerning a writer who is worth while. Johnson's "Hardy" belongs to the latter class. It presupposes a full knowledge of the Wessex novels. It presumes that you greatly admire them. It is filled with long quotations of favourite passages which you can thus savour afresh, while he descants upon their beauties, their rightness of vision, their minute observation, and their fidelity to truth. Johnson insisted that the novelist's art is a serious art and found in

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Hardy's best books a decided effect of gravity, seriousness, and deliberation. They are faithful to the spirit of the age and to the spirit of the country. Their dignity comes from their preoccupation with dignified men and women, conscious of the great verities, life and death, love and hate. Their solidity comes also in part from the novelist's grave and deliberate style, a sustained equability which reminded his young critic of the best and wisest of the Latins. Using something of this gravity himself, Johnson related in a passage of memorable beauty the chief characteristics of the Hardy novels.

Now, next to the way in which Hardy treats of life and death and of the great human passions, Johnson appreciated best his Wessex folk, the genuine peasant class, rooted to the soil. He pointed out that when Hardy strayed away from Wessex his hand lost its cunning and that even in Wessex, when he would fain portray the so-called "better classes," there was something lacking. The people he understands best and paints best are the masses:

"Read a page of rustic talk in Mr. Hardy," says Johnson, "and you will think of Shakespeare: listen to an hour of rustic talk in Wessex, and you will think of Mr. Hardy."

Nor is this exaggerated praise. There is no man whose rustic clowns are so faithful to the reality and who yet have so much in common with the pantaloons of the great Elizabethan dramas. In fact, as Mr. Hewlett said at a later date, speaking of Hardy's poems: "He is the peasant articulate, informed by Art and Thought."

Now just because this book was avowedly an appreciation, it must not be inferred that Johnson did nothing but render praise. We have already observed that he felt Hardy lost his mastery when he left Wessex sights and scenes. He was also not blind to certain extravagances in some of the novels, certain audacities of situation, touches of vulgarity, humour that was not far from bad nature, too much insistence upon coincidences in time and place. The critic found fault with Hardy's use of the split infinitive, his imperfect punctuation—concerning which Johnson himself was a pedant, notably in the use of the colon, about which he had many a hard-fought battle with the printers. Johnson criticised Hardy's vocabulary with its sometimes undue parade and pomp, its use of erudite terms, its phraseology culled from the arts, its expressions taken from the physical sciences.

He was equally critical in his choice of the Hardy novels he deemed best worth considering. *The Return of the Native, The Woodlanders, The Mayor of Casterbridge,* and *Far From the Madding Crowd* were the ones he considered most characteristic and most nearly perfect. He sturdily resisted the world-wide praise of *Tess.* He yielded to none in his appreciation of certain great qualities in the book, but there was that about him in his devotion to religion which for once forbade his holding the critical balances evenly. It was that which made him exclaim passionately concerning *Tess:* "The novels which 'vindicate the ways of God to man' are indeed wearisome; but fully as wearisome are those which vindicate the ways of man to God."

For once the religionist could not abide the ways of the sceptic and pessimist. For once he lost his temper. But it was the only time. Small enough lapse in a book composed in so modest a spirit that he could write: "It amply contents me to dream, that some gentle scholar of an hundred years hence, turning over the worn volumes upon bookstalls yet unmade, may give his pence for my book, may read it at his leisure, and may feel kindly toward me."

From his ivory tower the lonely, frail, wistful, young poet sent but few hostages to Time, but we are fain to think the future lover of Hardy as a long-established classic will always want on the shelf, with the great novels, that exposition of their art which was at once a genuine critcism of literature and a real revelation of the critic's own charming personality.

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NINE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Richard Dehan's "Between Two Thieves"*

When that very unusual novel of the Boer War, known in England as *The Dop Doctor* and in America as *One Braver Thing,* was first published, upward of two years ago, speculation became rife as to the identity of the author who chose to veil his or her identity under the pseudonym of "Richard Dehan." It seemed well-nigh impossible that an author capable of handling so large a theme, with such sweeping and virile power, such spendthrift prodigality of material, should be a new recruit in the ranks of fiction. When, by degrees, curiosity was allowed to satisfy itself, first with the knowledge that the author was a woman, and then with the further details that she had previously produced some creditable plays and some negligible fiction, it became evident that, for the purposes of serious consideration, the wise critic had best imitate "Richard Dehan's" own example, and ignore past performances, concerning himself solely with the new achievement and the abundant promise it contained of bigger things yet to come.

Yet, while it was easy to foresee, from what lay between the lines of *The Dop Doctor,* future achievements of a still higher magnitude, there was nothing in it to prepare us for the tremendous surprise that she held in reserve, in the shape of her new volume, *Between Two Thieves.* To define it as an historical novel of epic dimensions, a prose picture of war that deserves to take rank with the biggest war stories of any period or country, is merely to generalise ineffectively, without conveying any adequate impression of the contagion of its power, its tension, its grim and haunting fascination. What the author has really done is to take a whole historic epoch, the epoch of Napoleon III. and the Second Empire, and fling it broadcast on a giant canvas, in one huge verbal picture crowded beyond belief with portraits and incidents, jostling, thronging, over-lapping; a reckless squandering of precious wealth of invention that leaves us, at the first reading, with a dazed sense of helplessness, as in the presence of something too big to be grasped in its entirety. We are conscious, during this first breathless, enthralled reading, of one vast, imposing, tragic tableau after another, taking form and vividness, then melting and receding into the distance, leaving a sense of unforgettable and remote vistas, down which we glimpsed dimly a thousand vaguely suggested happenings, infinitely remote in the vanishing point of the perspective. At first, also, there is an impression of something not only huge, but overgrown and disproportioned as well: it takes time for the idea to force itself home that whatever disproportion the framework of the story has is the disproportion of real life,—which, after all, is a higher sort of symmetry, which escapes the human eye that cannot take a sufficiently wide angle to include the whole detail of nature's infinite pattern. *Between Two Thieves* is an epic, not only of an epoch but of a whole continent as well; and as it lies before us on Richard Dehan's spacious canvas, it has all the irregularities of shape, the apparently purposeless angles and indentations of the map of Europe itself,—yet forming, like Europe, a wonderful and complex physical unity.

As for its theme, the title serves a valuable service in summing up the author's own central idea in the brief limits of just three words. Midway in the story, she expresses it more fully through the lips of Nicholas, Autocrat of all the Russias:

> "Though Austria desert me and Prussia play the knave, I have three Allies," boomed the great bull-voice through the chilly darkness. "Pestilence, and Hunger and Cold—that never yet failed to serve the Russian Tzar. As for England—I tell you, Peter Michailovitch! — between Louis Napoleon Bonaparte and her Army Contractor, she will yet climb her Calvary with her Cross upon her shoulders—we shall see her crucified between two thieves!"

*Between Two Thieves. By Richard Dehan. New York: F. A. Stokes Company.

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Such, briefly, is the task that "Richard Dehan" set herself to accomplish: the portrayal of England in the throes of the Crimean War, helpless between commercial dishonesty at home and the political dishonesty of France. But to do this, she has had to show successively the brilliant profligacy of the imperial court, the revolt of hungry and desperate mobs, the wanton butchery in the streets of Paris, the brutalities of English barrack life, the smug complacency and human callousness of the army contractors, utterly careless of human life, so that their profits may be multiplied,—and finally the inferno of actual warfare, the merciless havoc wrought by the Tzar's three vaunted allies, "Pestilence, Hunger and Cold." The impression of the book, as a whole, upon the present writer was less like that of any other book he ever read than it was the impression made, years ago, by the first sight of the collected paintings by the great Russian master, Versstschagin, reflecting with a giant sweep of brush and pencil the pomp of palaces, and the grim harvest of the battle-field.

Of the specific human story narrated against this titanic background, it is more difficult to speak briefly and succinctly. It would need many readings and much careful thought, in order to lay due emphasis upon the salient points, to expound unerringly precisely what significance the author meant to attach to each separate detail: in other words, to be sure that we are performing our rôle of interpreter accurately. But at least one fact cannot fail to strike any thoughtful reader: that the central human story, like the voice of a leading tenor in an opera, always rises clearly above the accompaniment of humanity in the bulk; and, although the hero starts upon life under a shadow of accumulated tragedy that would seem to leave room for no further development, no possible additional accentuation, no goal toward which to work that is not an anticlimax, the author has nevertheless accomplished the seeming miracle of rising in an ever-increasing tension, through situations that successively cap the preceding ones with an unforeseen and sharper poignancy. A detailed analysis of such a story is necessarily woefully inadequate; but here, quite briefly, are the salient facts:

Hector Dunoisse, the hero, is well advanced in his course in a French military academy before he learns, somewhat brutally, from the lips of his best friend, during a quarrel, that his mother, the daughter of the Hereditary Prince of Widinitz, had broken her vows as a Carmelite nun, at the suit of his fascinating and profligate father, and accompanied him as his wife back to Paris. Later, when her conscience awoke and drove her to leave her husband and little son and return to the convent to expiate her sin, Dunoisse, the father, outrivalled his wife in infamy, by insisting as the price of her liberty that the convent should impoverish itself by paying over to him the entire dower which, as daughter of the Hereditary Prince, she had brought it when she first took her vows. The shock of these revelations upon the young Dunoisse bore two results: first, the immediate result of a duel with his best friend, in which a misstep and a broken foil cast upon him the unjust suspicion of treachery that followed him through his life; and secondly, the determination never to accept further aid from his father, nor to touch a penny of the money robbed from the Carmelite convent. Now, for a young Frenchman of wealth and position, and an officer in the army, to find himself driven by conscience to live upon his pay, to suffer the wonderment and the sneers of his comrades because of his reputed miserliness, is heroism in its way, but of a rather negative sort; and, if the story is to have further development, the hero must be forced into a crisis in which, being less than superhuman, he will forget his fine scruples, accept the stolen money, and live as godless and profligate a life as his father did before him. There is just one essential condition, namely, that the author shall make the temptation adequate in magnitude. Here is what she actually conceives: In the course of his military duties, Dunoisse is brought necessarily into touch with the life of the French Court, and more specifically with Henriette de Roux, wife of an elderly Colonel, and the incarnate spirit of the allurement of sex:

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Think of Henriette as one of the fatal forces, a velvet-voiced, black-haired woman with a goddess's shape and a skin of cream, such little hands and feet as might have graced an Andalusian lady,—with mobile features—the mouth especially being capable of every variety of expression—and with great eyes of changing colour, sometimes agate-brown, sometimes peridot-green, sometimes dusky grey. Shaping her image thus, I have conveyed to you nothing. No sorceress is unveiled, no wonder shown.

In the old, old days when the Sons of Light walked upon earth with the children of men, some seraph fell for the sake of a woman like this. From the seed of that union sprang all the Henriettes. . . . You may know them by the tattered rags of glory that trail behind them; by the pale flickering aureole, no brighter than a will-o'-the-wisp or glow-worm's light, that hovers over the white brow. . . . "Ah, do you indeed love me?" their eyes seem to say. "Is it so? Then most unhappy, poor friend, are you! Because I am of those women who are born to cause much misery. For we sting to desire without intention, and provoke to pursuit without the will. And 'No' is a word we have never learned to say."

There is one inimitable scene, one night in the autumn of 1851, when already Paris is seething with unrest, because of its intuitive premonition of the coming *Coup d'Etat*. Picture the streets swarming with a dense rabble from the poorest quarters who have gathered under the red flag of insurrection. Picture Dunoisse, sitting erect on his iron-grey Arab mare, at the out end of a line of bristling bayonets, guarding the Hotel of Foreign Affairs; picture further an augmenting tumult in the rioting throng, a shot fired straight into the packed mass of humanity facing Dunoisse, and then a clear command, "Fire!" followed by a rattling volley, cries, imprecations, carnage and headlong flight. The shot as a matter of fact is fired by Henriette, and the order given by Dunoisse's former schoolmate and life-long enemy, the man who, at every step, blackens his name, robs him of his chances, and eventually becomes the successful rival for the favours of Henriette. Dunoisse takes the blame of Henriette's mad act; and, because it has helped the intrigue on foot and hastened the *Coup d'Etat*, he escapes lightly, with a reprimand that is really equivalent to a medal of honour; incidentally, he receives his reward from Henriette. For her sake, he not only takes and spends his mother's dower, but he does far worse. He lends himself to a scheme that, in view of the past, outrivals the sacrilege of his mother and his father. He consents to push his claim as Hereditary Prince of Widinitz; and into that stronghold of reverence and piety, under shadow of the convent walls where his erring mother is still striving by life-long penance to make her peace with Heaven, he comes, in the midst of the commemorative Procession of the Assumption, to press his claim to the throne,—and as a crowning insult and blunder, he brings his notorious mistress with him. The whole episode of this attempt to seize a throne by sheer bravado, the fury of the populace, the intervention of the intrepid little archbishop, and the final ignominious ejection of the discomfited schemers would in itself make a story on which a new reputation in fiction might be based. But "Richard Dehan" uses it for a scant score of pages, and hurries on to bigger, more ambitious themes. Dunoisse's infatuation for Henriette is a bewilderment of the senses, a need of the flesh. Yet, all the while, and from earliest manhood, there has been just one woman in his life whom he really loves purely and unselfishly,—the woman who figures in this volume as Ada Merling, and who plays the same part in the development of military hospitals and the Red Cross movement that Florence Nightingale played in real life. It is her influence that for some years keep Dunoisse true to his vow not to touch the dower money; it is her bitter disappointment in him that is one decisive factor in his later determination to break with Henriette and, at any cost, earn the sum necessary to make restitution to the Carmelite convent.

Napoleon III needs a special service, one which Dunoisse is peculiarly fitted to perform, and he consents to perform it for a price equal to the amount of the dower. The problem set him presupposes that France has determined to espouse the interest of the Sultan of Turkey, in the event of a war waged by Turkey

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against the allied powers of Russia and England; and the question is, how shall France proceed so as to insure to her army the maximum of advantage and the minimum of loss? Dunoisse spends years in the Balkan perfecting his plans, all of which are based on the assumption that England is to be France's foe. He comes back shattered in health, prematurely old, to claim his pay,—only to learn the colossal treachery of the man he has served,—the treachery that schemes to lead unsuspecting England into the carefully prepared trap, under the guise of friendship and allied interests. The form in which he voices his indignation to his sovereign is worthy of reproduction, as one of the big moments of the book:

"I have spread your nets," he said, in the voice that had lost its clear, sharp ring, and was feeble and flat, and broken. "From the Balkan to the Pruth I have set your springes—dug your pitfalls—sharpened your hidden stakes. . . . Turks, Greeks, Tartars, Jews, Armenians, Bulgarians and Wallachs—all are pledged not to give aid to Russia, or England the Ally of Russia, in the great War that was presently to be waged with France and the Ottoman Empire—over the Debatable Ground. . . . I was to have a great reward of you for my services. One million one hundred and twenty-five thousand francs, to be definite! Keep your stolen money! Could I buy back self-respect with the price of blood? As for you, you have won your Empire—have brought about the War you schemed and plotted for; you will take the field with Turkey and your Ally of England shoulder to shoulder, side by side! Ah!—you read Machiavelli at the Fortress of Ham to good purpose! . . . You grew more than violets upon the ramparts, Monsigneur! You matured plans for revenge. . . . And you will have your honeyed vengeance," said Dunoisse, in that distinct, rasping whisper, "and gall will mingle with the sweetness as you suck it. For those old associates of yours—those men of the Reform and Carlton Clubs of London—will say of you: 'By God!—This Emperor of France is a damned scoundrel!' And, by God!—they will be right!"

The last third of the book deals in the details of the Crimean War; and it is a question whether, from Tolstoy's *Peace and War* to Zola's *La Débâcle,* any novel has dealt more unflinchingly, or with more poignant vividness of the horrors of actual warfare, the anguish of tortured men and tortured horses, the almost unbelievable barbarities of barracks, field and military hospital. One hesitates to emphasise this side of the book, since, taken as a whole, it is not a novel of war more than it is a novel of peace. And yet, it is the roar of cannon and reek of battle-smoke, and wail of human misery that makes the keenest imprint on the senses and lingers most insistently in the memory. And the bigness of the book as a whole depends upon it: because the culminating idea is that of a man who, having been tricked into a deed that brands him with lasting infamy, devotes the whole of his remaining years to the colossal task of mitigating the hardships of war and promoting the movement of universal peace. And the benign and white-haired visage of the aged Dunoisse on his death-bed, his spirit lingering in the flesh only in hopes of a farewell message of pardon and love from the woman whom throughout his life he felt himself unworthy to worship save at a distance, sheds the gentle radiance of a benediction over the closing pages.

There are a score of minor aspects and minor incidents and figures that clamour for a passing word: but it is impossible to do more than hint at the abiding interest of a character like Thompson Jowell, the Army Contractor, with his unspeakable infamies and his everlasting assurances that "Jack Candid is my name," and "Ben Bragg never was my name or nature"; and the redoubtable Moggy Geogehagen, the terror of the barrack mess-room, who from having cried "Herrings!" in the Dublin streets long before her Corporal wooed and won her, could still "cry herrings at the top of all"; and still again, little Mrs. Joshua Horrotian, who hardly had time to adjust herself to barrack-room promiscuity, before "her Woman's Hour come too soon upon the poor young crayture!"—and others, and again others, too numerous even to mention by name. For the fact is that *Between Two Thieves* resembles nothing else in all creative art so much as it does a mighty symphony, with its

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separate and contrasting movements, and the underlying and recurring motives that bind and harmonise it into an organic whole. You can almost imagine as you read, the wave of an invisible baton, that silences the fife and drum, hushes all but the string-instruments, and sends forth succeeding waves of sensuous softness; then another commanding gesture, and the air is alive with a quiver of light and gaiety, cascades of tonal colour, a very pyrotechnic glitter of mad frivolity. And then, without warning, the deep solemnity of prayer and hymn, the contagious fire of martial rhythms, the whole orchestral powers unloosed in one thundrous, overpowering expression of death and destruction and the reign of chaos. And so on, through the rise and fall of the successive movements, till they merge at last into the abiding harmony of another sphere. Such, in quite an inadequate way, is an outline of the impression produced by not less than three readings of this book,—and each reading reveals some new and unsuspected quality. It is a remarkable book, doubly remarkable, in that it comes from a woman. For, while there are some types of fiction that a woman naturally, almost inevitably, does better than a man, this is not one of that kind. Almost the rarest thing in fiction is the ability of a woman to handle big, social and ethical problems with the calm detachment, the absence of self-consciousness, that characterise the masculine point of view,—and this quality is one of the distinctive features of the work of "Richard Dehan."

Frederic Taber Cooper.

II

Anatole France's "The Gods are Thirsty"*

The latest novel by Anatole France takes us back to the very midst of the French Revolution, to that year 1793, so fecund in tragic events. Evariste Gamelin, the principal personage, an artist and pupil of the famous David, is a member of the "Pont-Neuf Section" at a time when the situation of the Republic seems hopeless. Two-thirds of the departments are under invasion or in rebellion. Paris, lacking bread and money, lives under the constant menace of the Austrian guns.

Under the influence of revolutionary ideas Gamelin, stern of character and poor, no longer paints subjects of the courtly *genre* peculiar to the eighteenth century; he has adopted symbolism, and his drawings now represent Liberty, the Republic and Republican Virtues; alone, in his wretched *atélier* (he is more occupied with meetings of the Convention than his art) the thought of his two idols, Robespierre and Marat, becomes a veritable obsession.

Evariste loves the *citoyenne* Elodie, daughter of Jean Blaise, a dealer in prints and engravings; not, perhaps, that she appeals to him as exactly pretty. Robust and industrious, more vivacious than beautiful, she might, even, displease others; but her eyes shine brightly under the big white kerchief that covers her dark hair; she is twenty-seven years old, full of ardour, and, in spite of all, graceful. One feels that from her youth up she has been allowed entire freedom by a rich and busy father, a man of easy morals, who is, moreover, but very little interested in the new ideas.

M. Anatole France knows, as no one better, the history of the Revolution. All around the romantic plot which he has provided he has woven, with a hand as light and delicate as that of his own Elodie, a whole series of small pictures destined to bring out the contrast between the old society and the new, just springing into life. He has also painted landscapes, charmingly fresh, spring scenes. In the shade of a green thicket Evariste and Elodie confess their mutual love, the very day of Marat's triumph. Later on they meet in the Luxembourg Gardens, Elodie having chosen the day and place to confess a mistake, that until now she has concealed from every one. In a scene *à la* Jean Jacques Rousseau she avows to her virtuous friend that she has already loved and been betrayed. Here the plot is more strongly outlined.

The months pass, and with July comes Famine. The Parisians besiege the bakeshops. Evariste is placed on the Jury of the Revolutionary Tribunal. The prisons are full to overflowing, and the Public Prosecutor works eighteen hours a day.

*The Gods are Thirsty. By Anatole France. New York: John Lane and Company.

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The Convention has established the Reign of Terror, from whence the title of the book: *Les Dieux Ont Soif.*

Romance and History are closely interwoven in M. France's new book. He opens before us the doors of the Revolutionary Tribunal. In two sentences of remarkable clearness the author gives us this definition of the Tribunal: "The old Monarchical conception of the rights of the State inspired this Assembly. Eight centuries of absolute power had formed its Magistrates, and it judged the enemies of Liberty by the principles of Divine Right." Now, we are face to face with Fouquier-Tinville, the Public Prosecutor, formerly a Chatelet attorney, loaded down with debts, and consumed with vice. He owes his new and terrible office to the extreme violence of his opinions. He it was who caused the executions of Marie-Antoinette, the Girondins, Hébert, and Danton; only to be condemned himself, in 1795, after a trial lasting forty days. Anatole France represents him to us as a man assiduous, laborious and gentle, lacking ideas and imagination, a sort of punctual and unconscious automaton. Descriptions are given of the trial of a defeated general, and a *séance* of one of the primary assemblies. Evariste at the beginning had formed a very high ideal of his duty as a Magistrate, and was once even the means of procuring the acquittal of a political prisoner; but, notwithstanding, he continues his nightly visits to the Jacobins, where he attentively follows Robespierre's lessons.

In the gloomy and barren surroundings of the Jacobin Club, laws are dictated to the Convention and men, suspicious and grave, religiously listen to Maximilien's philosophical discourses. Gamelin falls more and more under the evil influence, until, in a moment of extreme exaltation, he feels that his vocation has been made clear by divine revelation. From now on he votes constantly for death, men and women alike, all who appear before him are sent without pity to the guillotine. He participates in the mad blood-thirstiness which has taken hold of these judges, already exhausted by fatigue, anger and fear. Marie-Antoinette, in her turn, is sacrificed. Elected as a member to the *Conseul Général* of the Commune, Evariste's abominable convictions but gather strength. He causes the execution of an *émigré,* whom he wrongfully suspects to be Elodie's seducer. The Prairial Law having suppressed all warrantees of the courts of justice, inquiries, examinations, witnesses and defenders, he unquestioningly accepts the new proceedings instituted under the stress of intense mental excitement.

Robespierre's theories triumph; the judges do not even pretend to take the trouble to inform themselves as to the *real* political opinions of the prisoners brought before them, but condemn each and all upon the opinions *attributed* to them. So sure are they of possessing all Truth and Wisdom, that these magistrates form decisions from a mere impression or instinct. Fifty persons are judged and condemned at one time, while the most diverse opinions are mingled together in the same death. Gamelin associates himself with these sinister parades. . . . One day, however, on leaving the Tribunal, his sister, Julie, stops him and inflicts the supreme outrage of spitting upon him. The end of the book approaches; Robespierre falls in his turn. Evariste, too, is found in the ranks of the accused, and later takes his place in the fatal cart to the hostile cries of the same crowd that so shortly before had insulted the aristocrats. He dies without remorse, without any other regret than to have spared too much blood, and to have put so little ardour in the defence of the Republic. Elodie, in the end, yields to the attractions of the handsome engraver, Desmatris.

If this work were but a simple story, it would not, perhaps, be judged faultless. For example, the character of Elodie remains throughout the entire book a sort of enigma. At one time she is seized with a wild enthusiasm for Evariste at some evidence of compassion, or generosity that he has displayed; at another she looks upon him as a monster, yet adores him in spite of the terror and fear that he causes her. She seems too easily resigned to the sacrifice she contemplates making. Incoherent and frivolous she glides through the book like an ambiguous shadow. If the exigencies of the story demanded that its hero should

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triumph over woman, one would have preferred, it seems, to find him struggling with a more forceful character, a typical woman of the Revolution. The human tragedy described could have been made more poignant, without doubt.

But, judging from the evidence, Anatole France, in whom the scholar and the artist are so curiously blended, wished, above all, to give the prominence to history. The entire plot of the story is built up around Robespierre. The dominating figure of the book is that of the terrible Maximilien whose memory has already haunted so many imaginations.

This provincial lawyer, founder of clubs, idol of the people, deputy from Paris to the Convention, inexorable judge of Louis XVI, enemy of the "Girondins," organiser (with Danton) of the Revolutionary Tribunal: this fanatical upholder of virtue, unsparing terrorist, assassin of Hébert and Desmoulins, relentless High Priest of the new religion; this is the real hero of the book. Historians are becoming more and more absorbed in the study of this character. Parties are being formed for and against him. In the eyes of some, he was the most execrable of tyrants, this fretful irritable haranguer, with the false voice, false regard, and false gesture, who would have sent even the dead to the Guillotine. Others, on the contrary, are moved to tender pity in looking upon the death mask taken after his execution. They claim that his features express a haughty and ironical disdain for his murderers, they who but the day before had been his slaves; hymns of praise are sung to this pure and disinterested spirit, to this honest and inflexible conscience, this incarnation of virtue and dignity. Robespierre, for them, was necessary to the Revolution, undermined as it was by corruption, threatened by highly placed personages, and betrayed by stock-dealers and financiers.

Discussions will still be held for a long time on the complex character of the man, but no one will contest his influence. During a short illness from which he suffered in the year II Pluviose, public opinion was completely overwhelmed. The people really thought that if he died the Republic would be lost with him. After his death, the *Incorruptible* was an object of worship to all France, even to the most remote provinces. Thus, popular feeling loves, at all times, to sum up in one single man its obscure thoughts, its hopes, instincts, its very hatreds.

M. Anatole France could not attempt to give us the impartial work on Robespierre that we are still awaiting. He has but lightly touched upon the man's personality. His evident desire is to give us a clear understanding of the almost religious worship with which Robespierre inspired his followers. He has wished to bring to life again that extraordinary Paris of the Terror. Incomplete though it be, it is a splendid work.

Piquant and episodical characters gravitate around Evariste Gamelin, the typical one. There is that curious old man, for instance, to whom M. France seems to have lent some of the traits peculiar to himself: the *citoyen* Maurice Brotteaux, former *traitant* (farmer of the public revenues), late noble, and one time bearer of the distinguished title, "Monsieur des Ilettes."

Brotteaux once owned a beautiful home and had presided over more than one fine supper. To-day his entire wealth consists of a pot of paste and a box of water colours with which he fabricates children's toys. But his spirit remains calm and placid; a perfect philosopher, charitable and kind, he is sceptically indulgent to the opinions of others. By his side M. France has placed the honest monk, Louis de Longuemare, who has been obliged to leave his convent and assume the garb of the regular clergy. Brotteaux delights in his own atheism and chats away just as patiently in the midst of the gravest events, as he discussed and reasoned, comfortably seated, in one of Baron d'Holbach's gilded armchairs. He believes neither in virtue, that "simple expedient conceived by men in order that they may live agreeably together," nor in moral, that "hopeless enterprise undertaken by our fellow-creatures against universal order, which is but strife, slaughter and the blind plaything of contrary forces."

But with all his scepticism he whiles away the time in idle talk with his fellow-prisoner, the *naïf* and charming friar. As Father Longuemare carefully

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prepares a defence calculated to confound his accusers, Brotteaux amiably expatiates on war in general, soldiers, for whom he has no love, and reads his *Lucrece*. Death finds them both heroic, in spite of the difference in their convictions.

Secondary figures glide in the wake of the principal characters; equivocal, hypocritical creatures, such as all troublous times engender, second-rate fanatics, uncompromisingly devoted to certain ideas which they refuse to discuss. Picturesque scenes, unencumbered with useless details, full of life and precision succeed each other: the Tribunal, the club, the prison and the guillotine. No violent effects are attempted, in spite of the extremely dramatic quality of the book. An exquisite style, borrowed from the best of the eighteenth century, neutralises the rigidity of the ideas, and the brutality of the facts. Pleasant landscapes are drawn such as we have glimpses of in the old engravings of that epoch; tragedy alternates with idyll, witness that first love-scene beside a thatched cottage, under an April sky and green trees. These rebel Parisians are still lovers of country things, are easily led to melancholy and adore tumbled-down ruins; their hearts, which tremble not in face of death, are stirred with emotion on entering a leafy glade; they are moved to tears at the sight of a reaper's sheaf of grain. He who hesitates to cut a flower in bloom will cut off a head without pity. They dance and sing, even, at times. And the book would not be from the pen of M. Anatole France if the most subtle discussions on art were not intermingled with the dramatic scenes.

This new novel marks a new era in the career of M. France. It is true, in his two books, *L'Orme Du Mail* and *L'Anneau d'Amethyste,* he had already attempted contemporary history. In his great work on Jeanne d'Arc he has shown us to what a degree of self-effacement he is capable before a lofty subject, completely losing sight of self, the better to portray an epoch of artless faith, and simple action. In his new book he reveals himself as we have always known him: infinitely intelligent, ironical, subtle, rather inclined to paradox, true spiritual son of Voltaire and Rénan. We can but admire one of the most successful attempts that has ever been made to bring nearer to us, without deforming it, an epoch whose influence dominates our entire life of to-day.

Edouard Herriot.

III

The Delinquent Child and the Home*

A gentleman who has been called a great purveyor of popular literature, and who is, in plainer English, the proprietor of several very successful magazines, once rated three large classes of short stories perennially submitted to him for publication, about as follows: To love stories he assigned the lowest place, both because they are most commonly offered by writers and have the least appreciable effect upon readers. Next above them in rank he placed the humorous story. And at the top of the list, as the rarest and most effective of the three classes, he set the story of genuine and unforced pathos.

Estimated by such a standard *The Delinquent Child and the Home* belongs to the third and highest class, for it is full of stories of genuine and unforced pathos. And it is not only full of them, it is, in fact, one continued and moving story about a composite type,—the little child, with all of childhood's untutored desires, capacity for happiness and suffering, and unpreparedness for the struggle of life, left carelessly to pick his own way amid the most unfavourable conditions.

What the outcome of these pitifully amateurish essays at living is likely to be is indicated by the fact that in ten years, 1899 to 1909, fourteen thousand one hundred and eighty-three children of Chicago were arrested and brought before the Juvenile Court. This army of young unfortunates, not only in the mass, but in some hundreds of individual cases, has provided the material for *The Delinquent Child and the Home.* And careful investigation of the short life histories of

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these cases, their parents, homes, neighbourhoods, and other contributing causes, coupled with intelligent tabulation of the facts, make it possible for the authors to present very clearly the reasons why children fall into the meshes of the law. As the ranks of the criminal class are recruited very largely from the children who fall into the meshes of the law; and as the crime bill of the nation, with all its cost of courts, police, prisons, and unproductive lives, has been estimated at a billion dollars a year, it can be seen that this book contains food for reflection even for the most thoughtless reader.

In the old days,—the good old days,—the Chicago child who was arrested, tried and convicted of some infraction of the law was punished by a fine or imprisonment. If the fine were not paid, the juvenile offender worked it out at the city jail, in company with the riff-raff and off-scourings of the community at the munificent rate of fifty cents a day. As about eighty per cent. of the children arrested came from the homes of the very poor, a large proportion "laid out," as it was called, their fines at the rate mentioned. And really it would have been cheaper for the city to pay ten times the amount to keep the children out of jail. For a more ingenious and effective means of utterly corrupting childhood and producing hardened criminals could not be devised.

In 1909 Chicago established a separate court for children, separate places of detention, and a judge with a staff of probation officers, the idea being not to punish the frightened, ignorant, neglected little prisoners, but to reform them. First offenders were not detained, but released on probation; and it was the duty of the probation officers to keep in touch with them, influence them for good, and when necessary,—and it was frequently necessary,—stimulate the parents in their parental duties. This system has been in force in Chicago ever since, with wonderful results; and it has been imitated in New York, Denver and many other cities.

The records of this Cook County Juvenile Court for the first ten years of its existence have furnished the material for *The Delinquent Child and the Home.* The mass of court records, reports of probation officers, the juvenile offenders and their parents and homes have been investigated with scientific thoroughness, and the authors set forth their deductions with scientific accuracy and precision. Yet the book is one likely to be read with a little tugging at the heart-strings that is not at all scientific. Whether it discusses "the sad procession of little children and older brothers and sisters who, for various reasons, cannot keep step with the great company of normal, orderly, protected children," *en masse;* or takes up individual cases,—boys arrested for stealing at the ages of seven, six and even five; twelve-year-old girls, and some of ten and nine, taken from houses of prostitution, this is a book of unusual human interest. Even the tables of statistics are vital. When it is shown that fifty-one per cent. of the boys are arrested for violation of property rights, *i. e.,* stealing and wanton destruction, while only fifteen per cent. of the girls are apprehended for similar causes; but on the other hand, only two per cent. of the boys and thirty-one per cent. of the girls are brought in for immorality, and eighty-one per cent. of the girls either for immorality or on account of danger of it, there are grave and startling reasons back of these figures. About eighty per cent. of the children brought before the Juvenile Court are foreign born, or the children of foreign born inhabitants. And an interesting sidelight on this phenomenon is the fact that about seventy per cent. of the parents of these children came from the country or from country towns. In addition to the difficulties of guiding their families of six, ten, or eighteen little ones in a land of whose laws, customs and language they were ignorant, they had been suddenly obliged to adjust their peasant habits to the intense life of a great city. As a result there is an inevitable wastage of good human material.

In revealing the real condition of the delinquent children of Chicago,—children whose type is duplicated in every large city in the country,—*The Delinquent Child and the Home* has performed a splendid public service. For from these children, wavering between useful and

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useless, lawful and lawless lives, may spring a vast amount of poverty and crime. If the public will make the way a little easier for them while they still are children,—provide playgrounds, kindergartens, and some sort of care and supervision, the number of those who will find their way ultimately to poorhouses and jails will be greatly reduced. And if the public leaves them to themselves, needy and neglected, it will have to pay for the later careers of many of them, whether the public likes it or not.

Arthur M. Chase.

IV

Hugh Walpole's "A Prelude to Adventure"*

A singular study in psychology is carefully presented in this new book by Mr. Walpole, whose *The Gods and Mr. Perrin* struck a clear note of excellence among the novels of last year. The earlier story was that of a miserable master in an unhappy school, and it was the master's point of view, not that of the boys', which was given to us. In *A Prelude to Adventure* we are made free of undergraduate life in Cambridge, the Dons, the Higher Table, the entire master side of the University being nothing more than a mere light sketch.

It is the young men of the second year, the Juniors, as we should call them, who provide the personnel of the story. Just nice, ordinary young fellows, leaders or followers in their class, interested in football, in their college societies, in more or less speculation as to life, the world and themselves—a healthy, pleasant company, surrounded by the grey Cambridge walls, the little town, the changing aspects of sky and river and country under the varying seasons.

Against this comfortable group of unimaginative young Englishmen is thrown the figure of the hero at grips with his tremendous experience. This young man is half Spanish, and a fine specimen of race, culture, intellect, with a temperament hereditarily lonely, self-sufficing and intensely reserved. This boy, precisely at the moment where the story opens, has murdered a classmate, and stands in the silent woods, dripping in the autumn mist, over the huddled body. He experiences no sensation of remorse. The murdered man has been a cad of the worst description, and so far as he is concerned Olva Dune's only feeling is that the blow, though it had not been given with the formed intention to kill, was a fortunate one. The fellow was dead, and a good riddance to the world. There is, therefore, no regret, but, in the presence of the mortal ending, there dawns upon the murderer's soul an immense conviction of immortality—of the presence of God. He knew that "God had watched him." Here then, in the Cambridge undergraduate environment, Olva and his God begin their struggle.

The story is a study of the age-long mystery of sin in its relation to the human soul, and necessarily touches on the borderland of uncomprehended forces. The fierce intensity of Olva's experience is admirably conveyed. His self-chosen solitariness of former days was a different thing from the spiritual loneliness that now encloses him; and it is with the desperate attempt to escape from this isolation, from this silence, that the first part of the book deals. Olva now identifies himself with all the interests of his class, all its activities. Of great personal charm, he is warmly welcomed, and he surrounds himself closely with his classmates. Queer companionships result, and in particular he awakens in one lad, a sort of class idiot, a desperate devotion. This poor creature becomes, to a degree, Olva's intimate—and finally, under the pressure of his obsession, his confidant.

But new elements enter his life. One is his love for a young girl, the other the suspicion of this girl's brother, awakened by a series of coincidences. There is also a curious spiritual companionship born between the mother of these two and Olva; for in this woman's heart shelters a secret resembling that burdening the young man, though each is only subconsciously aware of the other's sin. Everything combines and presses to one end —confession. And all seems to Olva but the means employed by the great presence, the Shadow of which he is contin-

*A Prelude to Adventure. By Hugh Walpole. New York: The Century Company.

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ually conscious, with which he continually struggles. The shadow of God, the overpowering impression of a pursuit, with which two supreme facts are identified; that it is kind and that it is relentless.

The story moves surely and dramatically, held close in the restraint of art, and inspired with a certain superb conviction. The characters are sharply drawn and the college atmosphere in which they move is admirably suggested. Yet the story is so handled that even the most commonplace of these characters or the most ordinary incident occurring are invested with a sense of mystery: the mystery of life and death, of sin and retribution, the everlasting mystery of human relationship broods over all. The book makes, finally, an impression; and though the subject be sufficiently grim, this impression, quite extraordinarily, is one of essential peace and well-being.

Hildegarde Hawthorne.

V

Charles Tenney Jackson's "The Midlanders"*

The author of *The Day of Souls* has deserted the field of the underworld, which he furrowed with such understanding, and turned in his new novel to the specialised life of a typical middle western town. The keen interest he also revealed in *My Brother's Keeper,* for the social and economic problems of the day, has not failed him though he has acquired a new manner of approach and a more varied use of his material. The mordant bitter note of the first novel, which made it easily one of the most unusual and vivid portrayals of the old San Francisco any American novelist has given, is now deserted with only occasional flashes, and in its stead we find a charm and lyric quality combined with more delicacy of characterisation. There is, too, in *The Midlanders* less of the rigidity of *My Brother's Keeper,* which at times made it more of a tract than the sincere exteriorisation of different social points of view as typified by warring, irreconcilable characters. Yet this novel before us, which is by no means a perfect piece of work, justifies us in believing that Mr. Jackson is an author of power and capacity who will, no doubt, with the sureness that can only come of time, gain an enviable place among the young men who are already worth watching.

It is only natural that any novelist alive to the political changes which have been evolved in the past few years should chose a middle western town for the scene of conflict. It is here the new forces have locked in combat with the old, here they have begun to achieve some definite results. But it would be manifestly unfair to call Mr. Jackson's novel an attempt to catch the core of the Progressive movement, as Mr. Merwin has, for example, in *The Citadel,* since he has merely used it as a background to what is in reality a love story and the portrayal of a community.

The story opens, however, in the bayoux of Louisiana, which the author pictures with poetry and apparent authority. It starts out with all the nonchalance of pure romance when Aurelie, a mere child, is kidnapped from the orphan asylum by two old soldiers—Captain Tintletoes and Uncle Michigan, who each has a cork leg and a roving disposition. To their astonishment they find they have a girl instead of the boy whom they had desired to carry out some mystical vision of old Tinkletoes. They make the most of the mistake and the author makes the most of his opportunities; for these early scenes are full of open air and are delightful to a degree. Finally, Tinkletoes dies and Michigan feels free to wander forth with the girl. They settle, because their boat gets stuck, on the outskirts of a small town in Iowa. Here Aurelie falls in love with a son of "one of the best families," who is in turn captivated by the illusive difference of this child of nature. But, unbeknown to Aurelie, her picture has been sent into the offices of a Chicago newspaper and she wins the beauty prize. An interesting bit of psychology is here interpreted by the author, who, in the contrasting reactions upon the young man and girl, indicates the radical divergence of their birth and bringing up. In the separation which, of course, ensues, because of the vul-

*The Midlanders. By Charles Tenney Jackson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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garity in all this publicity, added to the opposition of the young man's family, Aurelie, fired with the desire to be somebody, and grasping the opportunity offered, goes on the stage and manages in time to make a success. The gradual change in her character through contact with the world of men as apart from the nature she had alone known, makes her as fascinating as she is interesting. This characterisation of a rather unusual girl, in fact, is the best thing in the book though it falters sadly at the end. As Aurelie is drawn there is nothing to suggest she will ever settle down as the author asks us to believe she will. Indeed her chief charm is just this very uncertainty and impulse which makes her, for example, come back and shock the old town by riding around the sedate "square" three times in a taxi, while an actress friend smokes a cigarette.

The plot obviously takes possession of all the characters in the final chapters, and while the melodramatic complications are exciting and cleverly manipulated, yet the high literary quality suffers. The one character which escapes this criticism and which remains with the reader, is the newspaper man, Curran, who eventually turns out to be Aurelie's father. The unphrased attraction he has for Aurelie before he knows his relation to her is handled with rare delicacy and intuition. In Curran the author has caught with understanding and skill the type of wanderer and failure—the round peg in the square hole—who late in life suddenly finds himself. In the readjustment he finally makes with life credit is due to the new spirit of usefulness which comes to him through contact with Janet and Arne. It is with men and women such as they that the author makes us feel the future success of our democracy rests. One speech of Arne's may be quoted, since it describes the inspiration which first came to him from the hill-topping University in Wisconsin:

> I've lain in bed after bucking all night on solids and economic history, and listened to the young men going up the hill to Carmack's lectures—the young men up the hill in the snow at seven o'clock! And when he declared that the spirit of socialism was the spirit of every good thing the world was fighting for; when he told them to go out and preach the recall, and the State control of wealth—I've heard them shout, and others going up the hill took up the shout. That's what we're getting, along with soil culture and forest preservation and engineering—I tell you it sounds like the march of a new civilisation—the tramp of the young men going up the hill.

George Middleton.

VI

F. Hopkinson Smith's "The Arm-Chair at the Inn"*

One can be reasonably sure of finding certain ingredients in any novel by Mr. Hopkinson Smith and his latest lives up to his others. Here we have the same picturing of a *milieu,* the same broad characterisation and the same charm. His manner is so distinct and personal that even anonymousness would not fool one. As a rule, however, he has generally offered us more plot and less tenuosity than one discovers in *The Arm-Chair at the Inn.* In fact, this novel is casual and discursive, which gives the author scope for his cosmopolitanism, even though it lessens it as an absorbing novel. But one should not find fault with *caviare* if the author prefers it to roast beef, and for what this story attempts it is an unusually good example of the type. It is hardly a novel at all; merely a series of interesting tales and episodes woven around several picturesque and attractive characters. It owes direct lineage to *The Tales of a Wayside Inn,* though Mr. Smith has not been entirely the victim of a pedigree.

He has selected, as the starting point to the story, a group of hungry men who have been annually meeting at an old historic inn on the coast of France. The owner of this, the service, the delightful atmosphere which surrounds it are almost too good to be true. But certainly the effect on the characters is such that they talk and exchange confidences for over three hundred pages. And most of the talk is interesting, too, barring an occasional pun intended for wit, since it covers, in fact, the entire range of human activi-

*The Arm-Chair at the Inn. By F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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ties, from the psychology of fear to the justification of *le mariage de convenance,* with incidental side lights on hunting, eating, art, literature, love and religion. Some of these subjects are caught in powerful little *contes* which suggest Maupassant in theme, though Mr. Smith is too gentle to hurt or shock our sensibilities in his treatment. He is ever the painter in water-colours, which always have charm and delicacy, but seldom the virility of oil.

What plot there is deals with the machinations of an altogether too adorable Marquise, full of the spirit of youth and yet a lover of antiques, who is determined to arrange a love match between two of the servants at the inn. There is nothing particularly original about her manner of handling the situation, for she merely raises the young man's social status by making him her head-gardener, yet somehow the author lends to it an idyllic quality particularly his own. None of the other characters, unless we except Lemois, the unusual inn-keeper, who has opposed the match, are materially altered by the course of the story, though they all lend a hand to the romance. There is, however, one episode in the book which carries the reader back to *Caleb West,* and reminds us that among the author's versatile accomplishments he is, besides novelist and painter, an engineer of standing. He is always at his best when he is describing the ravages of the sea, with which his light-house building has made him so familiar, and the scenes, in the present novel, where the waves rush upon the cottage on the cliff and gradually swallows it is a vivid and stirring bit of writing. But nothing else disturbs the calm of the story, which otherwise meanders on prettily and poetically to a satisfactory ending.

Griffin Mace.

VII

Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews's "The Marshal"*

While there are few themes as compelling as self-sacrifice none grows more wearisome when carried to excess. It is unfortunate, then, that Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews should have made the protagonist of her first long story so completely, irritatingly unselfish; for even in romance one demands the touch of realism that makes illusion possible. *The Matchmaker,* really, might fit more comfortably on the title-page than *The Marshal.* At least the Chevalier Beaupré's self-immolation accomplishes the married happiness of most of his friends, while only death prevents his learning that his finally won baton is of paper.

Napoleon the Great, scarcely a paragon of virtue himself, is largely responsible for the Chevalier's disposition. He finds him, a peasant lad of three, crawling about the floor of his temporary headquarters, tugging at Marshal Ney's sword. This puts him in such a good humour that he bids the child rise, Chevalier of France.

The boy never recovers from this affair. His life becomes devoted to the Bonaparte cause. He grows up with only three ambitions: to see another Napoleon on the throne of France, to become himself a Marshal of the Empire,—and, later, to win the love of the daughter of an old general who takes him under his patronage. This young lady, however, has been betrothed in her infancy to the son of one of her father's companions in arms. So the Chevalier, hiding his own passion, tries to bring the two together. Through a combination of remarkable mistakes, instead of learning of his success, he believes that the girl loves him. Happy in this illusion, he accompanies Prince Louis Bonaparte on the ill-fated expedition to Boulogne. Here, when failure is certain, he is sure, through another set of errors, that victory is complete. Prince Louis rounds everything nicely by making him Marshal of an empire that does not exist, and only death is necessary to cut the knot.

There are, as has been suggested, other minor love affairs in which the Chevalier plays the good angel.

Many brave figures are to be met in these pages—the First Napoleon, Prince Louis, Marshal Ney, Queen Hortense—a host of others. The only pity is that, if the reader is somnolently inclined, the tramp of their passing will not disturb him.

Charles W. Camp.

*The Marshal. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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VIII

Arthur Train's "C. Q. In the Wireless House"*

A society beauty of international notoriety, a pompous sea captain, two fugitives from English justice, half a dozen minor characters, and a freckled-faced wireless operator of aristocratic lineage who carries his part as hero with engaging irresponsibility—these are the ingredients of Arthur Train's *C. Q. In the Wireless House*. The book is one of which many pleasant, inconsequential things may honestly be said. Mr. Train's style is always easy and colloquial, with a vein of unforced humour. The story is well balanced and entertaining. It serves adequately its frank purpose of providing two hours' legitimate light amusement. Beyond all this there is a very vivid picture of New York Harbour and the city as they appear to the returning Americans and the visiting Europeans on the deck of the *Pavonia*. *C. Q.* is an excellent sample of the light literary refreshment that is being offered in a period when the dish is infinitely better chosen, cooked, and garnished than it has ever been before. Of course, if the reader decides to pass it by, and select something else in its place, it is a matter of no serious importance.

Stanhope Searles.

IX

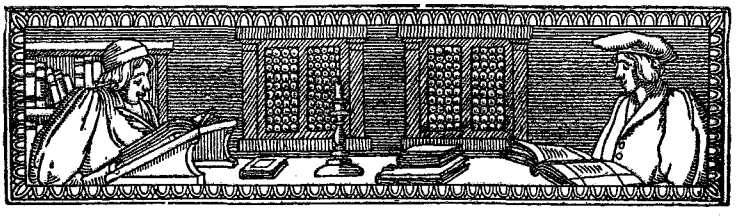
R. H. Davis's "The Red Cross Girl"†

In the stories that make up this volume Mr. Davis is far from showing himself the splendid literary workman who achieved *Captain Macklin*. Nor is there any individual tale that is nearly so good as "The Consul," which alone made his preceding volume of short stories conspicuous. On the other hand there is no reason for professing serious disappointment. The tales are entertaining and ingenious, conventional Richard Harding Davis tales, with conventional Davis heroes and heroines. Perhaps the least adequate of the stories is that from which the volume takes its title. "The Red Cross Girl" is distinctly a poor Davis story; certainly it is not to be compared with the tale that follows it, "The Grand Cross of the Crescent," which takes a delinquent college student to Constantinople to play poker with Turkish potentates to win a famous decoration for the old professor who has flunked him. Then there is "The Invasion of England," the story of how the great German War plot was frustrated because on a certain evening a young British army officer, an American newspaper correspondent, and two Oxford students elect to perpetrate a hoax on the people of some town on the English East Coast. Decidely ingenious is the plot of "The Mind Reader," which tells of a young man who finds himself suddenly endowed with a strange power, by which, in the course of a few hours, he is able to foil a planned assassination of Royalty, expose the sale of a fraudulent painting, and win a fortune for himself. Then there is "Blood Will Tell," in which chance brings adventure into one of the most commonplace of lives, and the taking of a wrong train leads the salesman for an automatic punch company to strike the blow for Cuba Libre that makes him the hero of a continent. Perhaps something of the old spirit and fire is lacking, but the day is not yet come when the most exacting reader can bring against Mr. Davis the charge of dulness.

R. A. Whay.

*C. Q. In the Wireless House. By Arthur Train. New York: The Century Company.

†The Red Cross Girl. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



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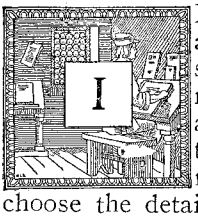
THE QUESTION OF FULL VALUE AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



IN the writing of fiction, as in most other things, some of the simplest rules are the hardest of application. A rule of this sort is that which requires the writer to choose the details of his story so as to get full value out of it. In other words, if he is to make the most of his central idea, he must give it in every way the best chance of success, by the exercise of wise selection in character, setting and incident. The principle is simple enough; the trouble comes in the application, because it means extra work and hard work,—patient drudgery, in fact, at every moment of the story's development. Some authors achieve the best way by instinct and at the first trial; others, no matter how hard they try, though they may achieve satisfactory results, never quite attain the best; it still eludes them, because somewhere in the structure there has been a faulty choice, a fatally weak spot. And the only way to build a perfect story is to imitate the example of *The Deacon's One-Hoss Shay,* and "make the weakest spot strong as the rest."

Let us suppose, by way of illustration, that when Alexandre Dumas prepared to write *The Three Musketeers,* instead of having the nucleus of his story all ready at hand, in the form of D'Artagnan's Memoirs, he had been under the necessity of building the whole story up, detail by detail, upon the cornerstone of this one germ idea: four heroes, united by the bond of friendship, perform a great service on behalf of a woman. Now, since this is romantic fiction, in which we are not tied down to the strict prosaic actualities of life, the best results, the full value, may for the most part be obtained by the use of superlatives, great wealth, high rank, the pomp and glitter of big ceremonials, the heroism that hourly defies death. We may imagine Dumas reasoning the whole matter out, after this fashion: the best setting is a great Court, not in some little German duchy or Balkan principality, but in a monarchy,—and if so, why not in the monarchy that of all others has the most interest for French readers, and at the epoch when that monarchy was entering on its greatest brilliance? As for the woman, desperately in need of the chivalrous service,—why, if we are to get the best value out of the idea, she must be the most illustrious woman in the land, she must be the queen, and of all dangers that may threaten a woman, whether queen or peasant, what is greater than loss of honour? And, once again, if the story is to be written in the biggest possible way, the danger must come from a source that vies with royalty in power and authority; it must be no mere private enmity, no back-stairs work of some jealous maid-in-waiting. And, of course, the one power that vies with the State is the Church, and the highest authority of the Church in France is the Cardinal,—and as it happens, the biggest of all cardinals is ready to hand in this particular epoch. In the same way, we could go through every detail of the book and show how they are all successively built upon this same principle of superlatives, —how, for instance, the very friendship that cements the immortal four insolubly together has its basis, not in the initial three-cornered private quarrel, but from having fought shoulder to shoulder against the Cardinal's guards,—State against Church, you see, from the very opening of the story.

Of course, a method that suits romantic melodrama would not suit the quiet realism of a Jane Austen. And yet, if we understand the word, superlative, in the right sense, it still applies, even in *Pride and Prejudice* or *Emma.* Here it is a question of being, not superlatively flamboyant and spectacular, but superlatively simple and natural and prosaic.

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A touch of extravagance, a purple patch, would ruin the quiet harmony of her inimitable art. Although the very antithesis of Dumas in every detail, Jane Austen rivals him in that in-born gift of selection that inevitably chooses what, for the purposes of a particular story, will tend to extract the full value from it.

Unfortunately for modern fiction, not one author out of twenty takes the trouble to apply this principle consistently. Half the time, when we are told the clothes the characters wear, the food they eat, the homes they live in, we feel instinctively that these clothes, this food, these home surroundings do not represent the personal choice of the characters in question, but are thrust upon them by the author, who knows they must eat and be clothed and have a roof over their heads, and does not take the trouble to decide what the personal taste of his characters may be.

And it does not make any difference what type of story you are going to write, whether a *Richard Yea-and-Nay* or a *Dolly Dialogue,* a *Moonstone* or a *Brewster's Millions,* the principle is the same: it is your duty, in any case, to get the biggest value out of your germ idea, whether it is tragedy or the lightest of farces. In fact, the book which suggested this line of thought is farce of a very light order: *The Flight of Faviel,* by R. E. Vernede. The starting point of the story is a good farce-comedy situation: two men, in love with the same girl, and strongly antagonistic to each other, because the one is a gentleman with slender means, and the other a vulgar, purse-proud cad, are on the verge of a senseless quarrel over the inefficiency of the police, when the quarrel is side-tracked by the proposal, on the part of the cad, to wager ten thousand pounds that the other cannot drop out of sight, go into hiding, vanish so completely as to baffle the efforts of the police for a whole month to find him. From the standpoint of the cad, whose name happens to be Blenkenstein, this wager has two good features: it will remove his rival from the path for a whole month, and in case he loses, it will cripple him financially, while to Blenkenstein ten thousand pounds are a mere bagatelle. Faviel, the rival suitor, accepts the wager, and on the appointed night proceeds to disappear, on the stroke of the hour, by taking a midnight train, the same train bearing with him, in another compartment, the three detectives that Blenkenstein has put upon his trail. Now, it was open to the author to choose whether Faviel should have some deep-laid and subtle plan of disappearance, or no plan at all. As a matter of fact, he chooses the second alternative, which perhaps was a wise choice, because it offers opportunities for a greater variety of surprises, and therefore, according to our rule tends to give fuller value. But the haphazard of the passing hour requires far more sheer cleverness to make it plausible, on the one hand, and adequately thrilling on the other. And the real trouble with this story, a trouble that we feel increasingly as it progresses, is that it is a good deal of a fuss about nothing: that Faviel has not really hidden himself more effectually than the proverbial ostrich, and that it is rather kind of the detectives to fail to discover him. There is just one good moment in the whole wild-goose-chase, and that is when Faviel has hidden himself in a gigantic old wardrobe, which the head detective proceeds to purchase and load upon a truck; whereupon, while the truckman is loitering in the bar-room, over a parting glass of ale, the heroine's young brother steals truck, wardrobe and all, and drives off with it to his own home. The possibilities of what will happen when the wardrobe is opened and Faviel discovered promise to afford real entertainment; but, unfortunately, Faviel extricates himself before discovery, and the whole episode of the wardrobe proves abortive. The book leaves an abiding impression that a good deal more could have been made of its opportunities, if the author had chosen to build it less at haphazard.

"The Flight of Faviel"

Bella, by Edward C. Booth, is a story of the quiet, unobtrusive kind, whose merit depends upon the author's success in sustaining the same mood throughout. The setting is a secluded English seaside resort; the

"Bella"

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characters, at least those that count, are three in number: a dreamy, idealistic young man of three-and-twenty, usually called the Poet, though his real name is Rupert Brandon, a half-grown girl of thirteen, who looks older and is named Bella Dysart, and lastly, Bella's mother. At the opening of the story, Bella quite unconventionally proceeds to make the acquaintance of the Poet, whose looks she happens to fancy, by making the startling request that he will take care of her shoes and stockings, while she goes wading. This is the beginning of a little idyll, delightful in its innocence, its sincerity, and light-hearted spirit of good-fellowship. The author has wished to show a girl in the transition period, not yet a woman, yet no longer quite a child; a girl curiously mature in thought, yet surprisingly naïve and ignorant on many of the vital questions of human life.

Bella delighted him, fascinated him. She was a little musical human instrument; a perfect scale of the purest, tenderest emotions. . . . Her innocence was often guilty of raising blushes on the cheek of experience, for purity of heart alone is proof against embarrassment, and knowledge is the chief complicating factor of life. Between good and bad,—that shady midway territory where most of the human misdemeanors lie,—a wide and tractless region reigned in Bella's mind. Wickedness she knew only by hearsay, by repute; like some faraway country on the map, as remote and as unreal as the Greenland of the hymn. . . . Her every note was struck with the fearless ignorance of evil; one felt at once how innocent she was by the bold way in which she avoided nothing, for one can sound the depth of people's knowledge as much by the discretion of their silence as the frankness of their speech.

Presently, however, a new note comes into the story, with the entrance of Bella's mother.

Already the eyes of the Poet and Mrs. Dysart have made acquaintance over Bella's shoulder, smiling mutual recognition of the girl's dear inconsequence. . . . The hand she proffers over Bella's shoulder is very white and very slender, albeit the fingers that the poet holds in his a moment are nothing fragile, but softly and taperingly fleshed. In their motion they agitate a faint warm fragrance,—one or other of those tenuous scents in which the Sex secretes and insinuates itself,—the slightest waft, to the accompanying music of a bunch of golden mascots that hang from her wrist. Also, the fingers extended to the Poet's touch are ringed. Turquoise and emerald and blood-red ruby flash upon them with a vivacity that would be dangerous to flesh less fair, or a hand less shapely.

These two quotations will suffice to show the contrast between mother and daughter, as well as to prove this author to be a keen observer regarding those elusive little details that spell out the secrets of feminine psychology. The notable thing about the situation that he asks us to consider is that, at the start there is, apparently, no situation at all; nothing, at least, noteworthy in a casual summer acquaintance of a young man with a girl too young for him to think of seriously, and a mother correspondingly too old. But little by little we come to realise that that same "insinuating sense of Sex" makes itself felt in every word that Mrs. Dysart utters, every movement and gesture that she makes. She cannot help it, the allurement is there, it is part of herself, and it reaches across and bridges the ten years' span that separates her from Brandon. But because he is still relatively young and unspoiled, because he has not lost his early reverence for women, chiefly, perhaps, because he is a Poet, Brandon does not realise the obvious facts of the situation, does not ask himself whither the lure is leading him, does not even stop to wonder what manner of woman this one is, who seems to have no other friends or acquaintances, and who has come from he knows not where. He is living in a fool's paradise, a waking dream; possibly, in his poet's fancy, the virginal innocence of the daughter and the sensuous allurement of the mother have blended into an ideal woman, the two sides of whose natures are alternately evoked when he is in the presence of the one or the other. But if Brandon is blind, the outside public is not: and soon certain sedate and loyal old friends are greatly scandalised to learn through current gossip that Brandon is supposed to be maintaining a notorious woman, one with a long and un-

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savoury record, in the secluded little cottage by the sea. When Brandon first hears this gossip, he is incredulous and furiously indignant; then, little by little, certain details, unnoticed at the time, come back to him, and a cruel fear awakens that the gossip, at least such part of it as concerns her past, may be true. The strong scene of the book is his farewell dinner alone with Mrs. Dysart, when she guesses that he has been told, and, throwing aside her masque, almost overwhelms him in the tempestuous whirlwind of her passions. It is Bella, innocently entering the room at a crucial moment, who sobers Brandon's whirling senses, and results in the earnest plea that he afterward makes to Mrs. Dysart, to consider the disastrous future which her recklessness is preparing for the girl; to settle down to a life of humdrum respectability, for her daughter's sake; in short, to accept the annual allowance which he, in a true poet's exuberance, disinterestedly offers her. It is all very consistent, and very delightful, and quite contrary to the way in which things work themselves out in real life. But you do not feel the falsity while you read, because the whole story is such a good piece of structural and verbal harmony.

"The Moth"

The Moth, by William Dana Orcutt, is the story of a young woman who, because she is unhappily married, finds herself impelled by an irresistible desire to defy the accepted conventions of life; and on the other hand, it is the story of a sedate young lawyer, a man who is devoted to his wife, and because he is sure of himself sees no harm in his frank friendship for the other young woman, even though she is unconventional and the world will talk. Lucy Spencer is the type of woman who delights in playing with fire; the type that utters piquant audacities with an air of studied demureness, and is secretly not a little frightened if any man makes the mistake of following her bold lead with corresponding boldness. Her whole character stands revealed in just one luminous little incident in the opening chapter, forming the climax of a long and friendly expostulation on the part of Ned Cunningham because of her indiscretions with other men:

> "Oh, Ned,—don't be cross!" The smiling face again came nearer to his, and the dancing eyes mocked his self-restraint. "Neddie," she repeated softly, "you may kiss me if you like—just once, to show how much I trust you."
>
> Cunningham held her in his arms as in a vise for so long a moment that it frightened her.
>
> "You're not really going to do it?" she cried aghast.

At the same time, the character of Lucy Spencer is so drawn that one cannot help seeing the possibilities of fine womanhood that are dormant under the surface frivolity, and that need only the touchstone of happiness to awaken them. Unfortunately, she is mated with a coarse-natured sensualist, a man whose warmest interest in her is his pride in seeing her stir the pulses of other men. Oddly enough, he is never even jealous of her, excepting in regard to the one man of whom he does not need to be jealous, and that is Cunningham. Lucy cares for Cunningham as a friend, but she cares for the friendship of his wife even more; and she is goaded to a fury of impotent anger and distress when her husband tells her brutally that he is about to start proceedings for divorce and to name Cunningham as co-respondent. To go minutely into all the minor details of the plot; to point out the peculiar damage that such a scandal would inflict on Cunningham's prospects for election as governor of the State; to trace the complications of a famous murder trial, that lays the basis of Cunningham's legal fame, and the secret hold that he gets over Vallie Spencer, by the discovery that the principal "suspect" in the case is a woman whom he has been secretly supporting,—all this would be superfluous in a brief analysis of a story that depends for its interest less on clever plot construction than on the development of a personality. And when, through the unwavering loyalty of Cunningham, Vallie Spencer is not only silenced but persuaded, for a money consideration, to disappear in some remote corner of Europe and let his wife get her freedom on the

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ground of desertion, we are left with the comfortable conviction that she is on the threshold of that awakening that was foreshadowed from the beginning, and is soon to find substantial happiness in the love of a patient, faithful Englishman, who, having waited long, is none the less contented to wait a little longer.

"Davidée Birot"

Davidée Birot is another typical volume by René Bazin, charmingly written, as all of his books are, yet pervaded with a sense of the physical and spiritual greyness of middle-class provincial life. Davidée Birot, the central figure of the volume, is the daughter of a simple mason, with ambitions above his kind, for he gives her, at the cost of many sacrifices, an education that fits her to become later the teacher of a modest village school. Now in this village there is a man who has not yet outgrown his youth, who attracts the attention of Davidée, and feels an answering interest awaken in himself. But this man is living openly with a woman who is not his wife and who has a child that is the daughter of the husband who deserted her. Davidée has the austerity and the intolerance of youth; furthermore, she pities the child, whose sense of her mother's open disgrace is slowly breaking down her health. Also, as her interest in the man grows keener, the factor of jealousy comes to play no small part in her actions. At all events, it is her influence that prompts the man to put an end to a false position, by breaking once and forever with the other woman, and disappearing from the village. The woman, suffering under the double blow of her lover's desertion and her child's death, heaps abuse upon Davidée, until the latter, awakening to a remorseful sense of the heartache that her uncompromising morality has wrought, undertakes to remedy the harm to some extent by finding the woman's truant husband and bringing him back to support his wife, and save her from the grinding toil of a scrub-woman's life. Davidée succeeds in finding the husband, but to make him come back is another matter. With true peasant obstinacy, he refuses, but offers to compromise by sending his son, a sturdy, well-grown lad, as his substitute. So, in a measure, Davidée succeeds in making restitution; and when in the course of time her lover returns, there is not even the shadow of another woman's loneliness to stand between them. A very quiet tale, in which we see the true provincial life of France, gently softened through the idealising vision of René Bazin.

"Mary Pechell"

Mary Pechell is the name of the latest volume by Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes; and her well-wishers will be glad to note that it is not a detective story, after her later manner, but a reversion to the careful analytical method of her earlier volumes. At the opening of the book, we are introduced to a certain John Ryman, who apparently has, up to this point, had the whole world laid as a special gift at his feet. He is the only near relative of a wealthy old aunt, he has the comfortable assurance that he is her acknowledged heir; he knows, further, that in winning the hand of the one woman he has ever cared for, Mary Pechell, he will be fulfilling the heart's desire of his aunt, Lady Susan Baliol,—because, however little liking Lady Susan may have had for her heir, she loves her protégée, Mary Pechell, with all her heart. Furthermore, John Ryder, being well endowed in his own right, has cherished an ambitious scheme to purchase the estate adjoining Lady Susan's,—an estate, the crowning attraction of which is an ancient landmark, a ruined castle dating back unnumbered centuries. But when we first make the acquaintance of John Ryder, journeying in a first-class carriage, to visit his aunt, he is readjusting himself from the first serious set-back that fate has ever inflicted on him,—some one else has outbidden him for the coveted estate and ruined castle. As fate wills it, he has for a fellow-traveller in the same compartment a stranger, the initials on whose handbag reveal the fact that he is Richard Caryll, the successful competitor. What John Ryder does not suspect is that this same Richard Caryll is destined to be once again his successful competitor, this time for the hand of Mary Pechell. Such in brief is the clever trick of construction that at the outset makes us see

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the whole essential framework of the plot through the eyes of a character destined to play a subordinate part from start to finish. Richard Caryll comes back to the scenes of his childhood a reformed character. In buying the ruined castle, he is obeying a long dormant instinct of family loyalty. His great-grandfather lived long years in that castle with another man's wife; his grandfather, the last of the line, could not inherit, because he was illegitimate. The erring wife never secured her freedom; even after her death, the husband's vindictiveness pursued her and prompted him to take legal measures to compel the restitution of her body. But the ancestor of Richard Caryll overreached him; and while the woman's body was still lying in its coffin, he dismissed his servants one night, took one last look at the beloved face, and then deliberately fired the castle,—and, before morning, nothing but smouldering stone walls remained. The crooked streak in the family, if there was one, broke out once more in the fourth generation. In his youth, Richard Caryll, —to call him by a name which was not his own,—was a confidential clerk in a large financial house run on strangely slipshod methods. It was easy for him to rob them of many thousands of pounds, and then disappear, leaving a letter making restitution of the bulk of it, excepting what he needed for travelling expenses and what he had put into an annuity for his aged mother. Years afterward, Richard Caryll comes upon the scene, unrecognised by any of his former friends. But he has awakened the hostility of John Ryder; and with the persistence of petty natures, John Ryder does not rest until he has verified his suspicions that there is something more than queer about Richard Caryll. As it happens, Ryder's industrious ferreting does not profit him; because Mary Pechell is the type of woman who looks beyond human acts, down to the character of the man who has done them; and she is above the littleness that will hold against a man the error of a distant ancestor, or even his own error committed in youth,—especially when, as in this case, she is following the promptings of her own heart. A well-told story, which nevertheless leaves the impression that the author has not got its whole value out of it.

"Lifted Masks"

Miss Susan Glaspell is a writer who may be trusted to claim full value out of any plot that she undertakes to develop. In fact, if one were to venture to bestow gratuitous advice upon her it would be to advise her, on her own behalf, to cultivate reserve, and spread her admirable work just a little thinner, in order to save exhaustion of nerve tissue. Her first volume of collected short stories is now open on the desk, beside the typewriter on which this review is being taken down. *Lifted Masks* is the title chosen for them, and, whether she meant it or not, there is no question that the effect of these stories in the aggregate is to strip off the mask from life and show people as they really are. It would be quite easy to devote a long review to this one volume alone. It is impossible to discriminate between the different stories it contains. Indeed, the only fair way to deal with them would be, either to speak at some length of all, or to generalise in a non-committal way quite briefly, excepting for the fact that, as a marked exception to the bulk of short-story volumes, this one really has chosen the best of the collection to occupy first place. "One of Those Impossible Americans" is an almost perfect specimen of the short story, judged according to the most modern standards. More than that, it is one of those triumphs of the art of fiction that, disregardless of any rules, surprises the reader into a mood hovering precariously between smiles and tears. And, after all, how surprisingly simple it is! It shows us a sophisticated young American girl, characteristically self-conscious of her American accent, imply because her knowledge of French speech and customs is superlatively good. In one of the big Paris emporiums of fashion she suddenly finds herself accosted by one of that type of Americans that we sometimes think must emanate solely from the office of Thomas Cook and Son, because we meet them practically never at home, yet they are ubiquitous in England and on the Continent. Miss Glaspell's particular specimen, who hails her as "Say,

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Young Lady," and declares, "I can just spot an American girl every time," is evidently in dire need. He speaks little or no French; he has no standard of values, and most of all, he is ignorant regarding feminine raiment; yet he is trying desperately to purchase a lavish outfit for his wife, underclothing and outer garb, for his wife,—and is being indecently swindled in the process. He addresses the young woman from America who serves as narrator,—and of course she is as much Miss Glaspell as the narrator of *Soldiers Three* is, for narrative purposes, Mr. Kipling. Well, although conscious that she is doing a most unconventional thing, the American girl helps him out, not only by saving him from Parisian vandalism, but by trying to curb his violent colour sense, his apparent desire to deck a middle-aged wife out in scarlet stockings and flamboyant robes that even a demimondaine of the boulevards would shrink from. And finally, at the end, when the patient, elderly, care-worn American has bought a vast accumulation of things he didn't want, and supplemented them by over-bearing her protests and buying a few things that he did want, he breaks his reticence and explains:

"Young lady, what do you think of this? I'm worth more 'an a million dollars,—and my wife gets up at five in the morning to do washing and scrubbing. Oh, it's not that she *has* to, but she *thinks* she has. For twenty years we were poor as dirt. Then she did have to do things like that. Then I struck it rich. Or rather, it struck me. Oil, oil in a bit of land I had. I had just sense enough to make the most of it; one thing led to another —well, you're not interested in that end of it. But the fact is that now we're rich. Now she could have all the things that these women have—Lord A'mighty, she could lay abed every day till noon if she wanted to! But—you see?—it *got* her—those hard, lonely, grinding years *took* her. She's"—he shrunk from the terrible word, and faltered out—"her mind's not——"

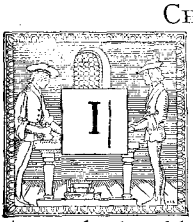
Altogether this story still gives the impression that it did on its first appearance in magazine form of being one of the most haunting short stories of the last decade. It is so primitively simple in structure, and yet it has wrung out the ultimate atom of its possible tension and pathos.

THE ANTAGONISTS

BY E. TEMPLE THURSTON

Book II

Chapter XII



N the days that followed their parting by the river, Dicky was almost like one who had lost his reason. It did not escape the schoolmaster's notice; but he said nothing. Anne had told him what she knew of Dorothy; told it with those exhortations to secrecy which are the first delicious moments as love dawns in a flush upon a grey horizon.

All that likeness to Christina which Mr. Furlong had spoken of Mr. Hollom saw in Anne, and more besides. Love had already got the bandage about his eyes. He realised none of those characteristics, the lack of imagination, the absence of impulse which, inheriting from her father, she so differed from Christina. He saw her mother's eyes, her mother's forehead, her mother's hair. He heard Christina playing whenever Anne sat down to the piano. Though there was no comparison in their abilities, his imagination supplied all that Anne lacked. Not once did he realise it, but it was Christina whom he loved, Christina who dominated him all through his life.

"They've quarrelled," Anne told him

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one day. "I've seen Dorothy and she never said a word about him."

"Shall I speak to Dicky?" Mr. Hollom suggested.

"No—no—don't! He'll know I've told you then. They'll make it up. I could see Dorothy had been crying."

But theirs was more than a quarrel. It needed more than mere making up. Dicky had but to give his promise that he would not go to London and Dorothy had been again in his arms, whispering those gentle consolations with which a woman ever bathes the wound she has inflicted. Yet distraught as Dicky was with the pressing need of her, some quality in him was sterner than to let that promise be made. Something he knew must be done, some alternative be raised to mend the rift which had come between them. The thought of making that promise came many times to his mind, but with every fresh consideration of it, he knew its impossibility the more. It was not that love was not worth it. Love was worth more to him then than he had ever imagined. A voice of conscience it was forbidding him. That vague and intangible ideal which men know as truth, and of which they so seldom approach understanding, this was the real voice that called him. If he lived on in Eckington, he would be living a lie. He put the thought away from him, taking an oath beneath his breath that he would forget her.

"I'll go before June," he muttered to himself. "I'll go while old Hollom's here."

That evening after supper he contrived to get Mr. Hollom alone.

"I'm not going to wait till June," said he. "I'm going to-morrow."

Mr. Hollom took his arm.

"What's the matter, old chap?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Dicky.

"Yes—but why have you changed your mind?"

"Because—because I suppose it would be better while you're here. You can say something to the pater after I've gone."

"You won't tell me, then?" said Mr. Hollom.

"Nothing to tell," said Dick stiffly.

"Well—I'm afraid you can't go to-morrow."

"Why not?"

"I've got to get that money for you first. I don't walk about with ten pounds in my pocket. I must write those letters of introduction, too."

"They wouldn't take long," said Dicky.

"No—they wouldn't. Still, there's the money."

"Could I go the day after to-morrow."

Mr. Hollom smiled.

"No. I couldn't get it as soon as that. Why don't you tell me why you've changed your mind. P'raps I can help."

"You couldn't help," muttered Dicky and the tears were perilously near his eyes. "Nobody can help. I'm miserable—that's all, and I want to get away."

Mr. Hollom laid his hand on his shoulder.

"I'll have the money for you in a few days," said he. "And remember, you'll have a hard time of it. Don't imagine you're going away to a land flowing with milk and honey. You're going to a city of fogs and misery, and you won't be able to live as a lot of them do to forget the misery that's all round them. You'll be in the thick of it. Often and often you'll be one of those miserable ones yourself. What do you think it'll be like to go without a meal now and then?"

"I shan't care," said Dicky.

"My dear boy, you'll care just as much as anybody else does. You'll hate the people who crowd into the restaurants as you go by with an empty stomach. Life'll show you its disappointments then. You think it's shown you enough now. But you wait till your pictures come back and come back till you're sick of the sight of them. You wait till you give your first little show in your first little studio. Count the people who come to see your pictures, and compare them with the number you hoped would come. And when they've all gone, never buying a single thing, remember what I've been saying now. Disappointment, my dear boy! You don't know the first letter of it."

All these were words to Dicky. They had no meaning to deter him. He listened quietly to all that Mr. Hollom said, and with such attention as that the schoolmaster began at last to believe he had dissuaded him from going.

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"Well," he concluded at length. "Do you still want to go?"

And Dicky, who all the time had been thinking how there must still be more days when he could see Dorothy if he chose, replied that he did.

"But I won't see her," he added in silence to himself. "I must go and go alone, and go without saying good-bye."

"Have you listened to what I've been saying?" asked Mr. Hollom shrewdly.

"Yes," said Dicky, and told his lie calmly with a steady eye on Mr. Hollom's face.

Chapter XIII

The next day was Sunday, three days before Dicky was to leave the mill.

It was one of those moments in the year when summer steals a march on spring, and looks upon the country side she is so soon to wed. There are such magic days in the earth's mythology. It is as when a god looks forth from out Olympus to see some unsuspecting maiden stepping down into the water as she goes to bathe.

In every thorn bush and in every tree the birds were fast a-building. As the sun rose in the morning sky their choruses began, the chirp of sparrows in the eaves, the twittering of finches in the hedgerows. From the dense brambles bursting into leaf, the blackbirds scattered at each disturbing sound. A speeding glimpse of the yellow beak, the deep-throat gurgle of the frightened note, and they had vanished in the thicket. Upon their nests, already built, the thrushes sat with watching eyes, so still they might have been a carving out of wood. From twig to twig the wrens hopped, piping in their shrillest voice. Close to their nests in the hedges the warblers lingered harbouring in the willows near at hand, lest the passer-by at the river side should guess the secret in their hearts.

The whole world was mating, and all the earth in bud. Beneath that beating sun of the precocious summer the buds upon the may trees broke their bonds, the apple-blossom spread to fainter pink. In the still heat as the day drew on the cowslips dropped their heavy heads. Only the kingcups by the water's edge stood up erect and turned their glittering faces to the sun.

Like a maiden setting out to meet her lover the meadows scented themselves with flowers; from the hedges the warm honeyed perfume of the gorse, from the edge of every stream the scent of mint that made one breathe again.

Yet to Dicky when he rose the whole world seemed a sorry place. Like a bird with a broken wing for whom there is no mating, he rose in the morning to face another day—another day within call of Dorothy, another day when he might yet bring her to his side. But his determination was firmly set. A few more hours of it he surely had the strength to bear. To his father he complained of a headache, and said he could not go to church.

"Unless it's very bad," said Mr. Furlong, "I don't think you ought to let it interfere with your duty. You wouldn't be the first person who'd suffered pain rather than miss their day of worship. It's not much to ask of any one, one day in every week. Don't you think you'd like to go?"

"Well—it is very bad," Dicky replied. "I couldn't pay proper attention. I don't think I'll go," and he half closed his eyes in proof of the pain that he was suffering.

Mr. Furlong said no more; therefore Dicky watched them depart with their gloves and their prayer-books, taking a deep breath of relief as he heard the click of the wicket gate and knew that he was alone.

"I never believe," said Mr. Furlong as they walked along the road toward Eckington; "I never believe in forcing a boy to go to church when he doesn't feel like it. That's not the way to cultivate the religious spirit."

"I think you're quite right," agreed Mr. Hollom. "Force would never make anything out of Dicky."

These words penetrated into Mr. Furlong's mind. For some time as he walked he was silent. The suspicion that sometimes he may have forced Dicky was there, lurking in his mind. For a moment he wondered if he really knew himself, then put the disquieting thought aside.

"I've brought my children up," he said to himself, "with love and gentleness. No one can ever say I have not loved Dicky."

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The proof of it came warmly to his mind when he remembered how he had prayed that morning when the shepherd had brought Dicky back upon his shoulders. "If I have urged him to take interest in the mill," he continued, in argument with himself, "it is because I know that one day he will thank me for it."

His thoughts at last were distracted from the unpleasant subject as they passed Dorothy Leggatt upon the road.

"What—not going to church, Dorothy?" he asked.

She shook her head shyly and she smiled at Anne. Anne glanced at Mr. Hollom.

"Dicky's playing truant, too," Mr. Furlong called over his shoulder with a laugh. "He's got a headache." Then in a serious voice to Mr. Hollom, he continued as they walked along, "I don't suppose he is playing truant for a moment. I could see he was in pain from the way his eyes were all puckered up. My eyes go just like that when I have a headache."

A moment later, Anne loooked back along the road. Dorothy was still pursuing her way toward the mill.

"Does she know Dicky's going so soon?" she whispered to Mr. Hollom when a moment offered.

He shook his head.

"Not that I know of," he whispered back.

"She guessed then."

"How could she?" he replied.

But this was a question which women do not answer. Anne shook her head.

How far she was right it were impossible to say. A dim apprehension indeed was stirring in Dorothy's mind. She had waited an hour by the stile that evening; she had waited every day of all the days that had passed since then. Any one of those nights, had she looked out of her bedroom window, she might have seen a figure that she knew, passing and repassing, again and again; gazing and always gazing at the room where, all unconscious, she lay awake with the tears hot and heavy in her eyes. Had she but known of this, there might have been less need for apprehension then; but, knowing nothing, every thought within her was beset with doubt.

Of the knowledge of men, Nature supplies a woman with a ready equipment. Before she has touched the fringe of life, instinctively she knows when to beware, when to trust, and when to fear.

There was much of the truth in what Anne had said; there was still more of the truth in her silence to Mr. Hollom's question. Dorothy had guessed, even if she had not guessed the truth. In Dicky's prolonged silence, she knew that some decision must have formed within his mind. It was not that she knew that he was going away at once but, in the countless possibilities which passed across her thoughts, this had indeed been one.

With no considered plan or choice of action, she obeyed a dim consciousness of motive that morning. The desire was strong in her to see Dicky again, to speak with him once more, to tell him, if it must be, that he might go without the pain of her complaining. How she would find him, she had not thought. Only by instinct did her feet lead her in the direction of the mill. When she heard that he had not gone to church, her heart grew more expectant in its beating. But with no quality of the organisation of ideas, with no power to scheme or plan their meeting, she yet had determined that that morning should bring him to her once again.

Now, it was distantly visible in her mind, that of a certainty he would go; indeed, that she must let him go. Yet this was not really an admission of defeat. She loved him so much, it seemed that even Fate could not separate them. There was, morever, a deeper sense than this, a sense of bargain in her heart. If she had courage to bid him go, might she not then win him a thousand times nearer to her than before; and if so near, could he ever forget or leave her then?

Here was the most subtle Nature moving in her heart, leading her to that completion of purpose which Nature has designed for woman's making and undoing. She was prepared to yield up everything; without a sound of murmur or whisper of complaint, she was ready to let him go and leave her there in Eckington alone. And who can say how well she knew that this would bring him to her heart in direct need of her?

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It is the woman who gives up everything who wins in a fair fight. It is the woman who gives up everything who is the most potent enemy a man may have. To her submission he yields his freedom; but fought with his own weapons the man of any courage rebels.

To this note of victory then, sounding in her heart, the victory of submission, Dorothy was walking that Sunday morning when all the birds were mating and all the may trees were in bud.

Chapter XIV

From that very window where once Christina had watched him set forth Dicky now saw Dorothy pass by along the road to Bredon. At the first unexpected sight of her, he stepped back quickly into the room, feeling that sickness which the sudden beating of the heart will bring. As when some distance from a dizzy height, you still may feel its power to draw you to the edge, so Dicky felt the magnetic call of love, crying to him to follow her, to overtake her and at once.

Therefore he stepped back into the room, not merely that he might not be seen by her, but as a man starts back upon the very edge of some abyss. He knew already the struggle that was before him, but there and then made firm his determination that Dorothy should go alone.

"It's the whole of my life," he told himself with a strange precociousness of foresight. "I can't stay here in the mill."

Then he turned and left the room, wandering from one bedroom to another till he came to that occupied by Anne, from which also he could see along the road to Bredon. Dorothy was still in sight. If he stood, half-concealed by the curtain, she could not see him from where she was. He took the point of vantage and watched her.

Why was she not at church? How had she escaped it? Mr. Leggatt was as strict as his father. And why had she come out here? The thought that it was in search of him set his heart bounding again. His fingers clutched tightly on the curtain that he held.

But now he showed his first weakness; he began to argue with himself that his determination not to follow her was right. It must be right. He knew too well his need of her. As well he knew the shame and self-contempt that he would feel if he gave up the life that lay before him. Why had she wished him to give it up? In a few years' time, no matter what Mr. Hollom may have said, he would be selling his pictures; even if his father did refuse to support him, he would be making enough for them to be married. How could women ask these things? What should they want of a man but the best work that he could do? Was there any meaning in the life of a man beside that?

An uncomfortable thought that he was forcing himself to ask these questions suddenly confronted him. Love was a meaning he could not deny. He loved Dorothy no less because of what she had asked of him. To see her then, as she walked slowly by the hedges, drew forth every instinct within him to follow after her.

Would it matter so much if he did? After all, he was going. He was going in a few days. He had made up his mind to that. Why should it be impossible for him to say good-bye? Something in the mere thought of that brought the sense of Romance that lies in renunciation to his mind. Their parting would be full of pain; but was it not more a pain that he welcomed than feared? Perhaps she might cry when she heard that he was going so soon.

He went straightway downstairs into the hall and took his cap from the rack. But he had sworn that he would not follow her. Again and again he twisted his cap round in his fingers. Until that moment he had believed that he had great strength of purpose. Now he was coming to realise that he had none. Possibly by now she was out of sight. The greater temptation to follow her then would be gone.

He ran upstairs again; straight to the window where he had seen her first. The road was empty. He threw open the window and listened. The choir of all the voices of spring were trembling in the air. Everything vibrated with it. Suddenly he knew that the day was beautiful; he felt all the scent of summer carried in every breeze. The warm air blew on his face. His eyes were glittering with

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excitement. It was not clear to him what he had expected to hear through that open window, but it was only the sounds of spring that came to his ears. And Dorothy was gone. Had she returned to Eckington? Had she gone on toward the hill? So far from deterring him from following her, the fact that she was out of sight only increased his eagerness to pursue. In his desire to discover whether she had returned to Eckington, he forgot all his determination, forgot that for the moment he had hoped to find her gone that he might not follow her.

Without shutting the window, he turned again and ran downstairs. He was breathing quickly now. It was expedient by this to every desire within him that he should find out whether she had returned to Eckington or gone onward toward the hill. It was not his intention to meet her. That still could easily be avoided. If he came within view of her, he could keep at a safe distance. He could conceal himself behind some tree, some hedge. She need never know that he had followed her that day.

The hall door slammed noisily after him as he hurried out. The birds in the laurels scattered as he swung after him the wicket gate. The heat of a passion he had never known so strong was on him as he set off running down the road. With every step the desire to find her grew more urgent, more importunate in his mind. With every step the thoughts of the future yielded one by one to the pressing demands of the present. He determined he would find her then, if he must search till it was dark.

As he reached the first turning in the road, he stayed his running, walking closely by the hedge side as he came round the corner into view of the next stretch of road. No one was to be seen. The sun was beating down. There were deep shadows under the grass edges. A load of straw had not long passed that way, the branches of a may tree had stretched out and caught stray threads of it, still holding them like gold embroidery upon their cloth of green. Signs of life were everywhere. A thrush was singing on the black branches of a withered tree; but Dorothy was not there.

He started running again, a chilling fear creeping through his blood that she had turned long ago and gone back to Eckington. His eagerness redoubled then.

"She couldn't have gone back in the time," he muttered breathlessly to himself as he ran. "She couldn't."

But it did not occur to him that she might have turned off from the road into the fields behind the hedges. He had seen her keeping to the road. He kept to the road himself. When, therefore, in the distance, Dorothy heard the sound of hurrying feet, she stood still in the long grass of a hay field and, through the dense network of the brambles, watched him running by.

During all the time whilst those hurrying feet were approaching, she could not see who it was. Doubtless the hope was with her that it might be he. In those first moments of trembling expectation, her heart was beating but very faintly, her lips were hot and dry. But when at last he came abreast of where she stood concealed and, through the dim lattice of the branches, she saw Dicky's face, a laugh of joy sprang into her eyes. So suddenly her heart leaped in realisation that she pressed her hand to her breast.

His cap was off. He held it in his hand. His hair was blowing back from his forehead; his cheeks were red and she could see the glitter in his eye. Nature then may indeed have triumphed in her soul, but in her heart she only felt a cry of thankfulness to know he loved her still.

Near by where she stood, a sheep hurdle had been driven into the bank to guard the broken line of hedge. To that she ran, looking over into the road and calling his name before he turned the next corner out of sight. At the sound of her voice, Dicky stopped on the moment. He looked back. When he saw her leaning over the sheep hurdle, he began slowly to return.

Circumstances, he felt, were against him now. He had never really meant that they should meet. Yet it was impossible to deny to himself that he was glad of it. The sudden exaltation of spirit which he felt allowed him no ignorance of his delight. It had seemed that for all these days gone by, he had been like a vessel battling against God's

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anger in the sea. It had all been as it was that night when he had crossed the water to attend his mother's burial. Now at the near sight of Dorothy, all the buffeting of circumstance was at an end. For the brief moment, he cared nothing but that she was there, her hand stretched out to take his as they met.

"Dorothy!" he whispered.

"Dicky!" she replied.

He held her hand very tightly in his own.

"I've been so miserable," said he. It was what he had sworn to himself that he would never tell her. The moment it was said, he remembered, then let the memory go.

"So have I," she whispered back; "frightfully miserable. I thought we were never going to see each other again."

"All these nights," said Dicky, "I've hardly slept at all."

"Neither have I," said she.

They were both so eager to let each other know their suffering that neither of them told the truth. Half an hour may have passed each night after Dicky had laid his head on the pillow—a wretched half hour in which he had magnified all the misery of life—but after that his eyes had closed, and he had fallen into healthy sleep. It had been much as this with Dorothy. But, indeed, in their hours of consciousness they had suffered bitterly, and both were eager to tell it all in proof of the greatness of their love.

"Why did you walk away that day by the river?" asked Dicky.

"Why didn't you come after me? I waited for a whole hour by the stile."

"I never knew you were waiting," said he. "I went up to that wood on the hill and stayed there nearly all night. There was a fearful row. They were out looking for me. I didn't care. I didn't care what happened then."

She looked at him in wonder, even in admiration, to think he had suffered so much and all because of her.

"Oh—Dicky, supposing you'd caught your death of cold," she whispered.

"I shouldn't have been sorry then if I had," said he. For what is the death of the body to the lover when his love is dead? That night, indeed, he would have welcomed death.

"But if you'd died, Dicky," she went on with that greater logic which a woman always has in matters such as these which are her kingdom. "If you'd died, Dicky, what would have become of your painting? You'd never have gone to London then; you'd never have learned; you'd never have painted the great picture which every one'll want to buy."

He dropped her hands and put his own upon her shoulders, looking deeply, intently, questioningly into her eyes.

"Do you want me to paint a great picture?" he asked.

She nodded her head; raising her eyes again to his.

"But you begged me not to go away—you said I could just as well stay on here at the mill and paint, and that when we were married we could hang them up on the walls."

She nodded her head again.

"I know—I know. I did say that. I thought it then. But I don't think it now. I'm sure you ought to go to London. Nothing you could ever say would make me stand in your way now. I know you love your painting first——"

"I love you," said he quickly. "I've found out in the last few days how terribly much I do."

She pressed a gently detaining hand against his shoulder. The sense of mastery was coming to her now. Even in the first moments of her renunciation, she could see the power it gave into her hand. In his eyes already were the thousand protestations she so longed to hear. Surely—surely he could never forget or cease to love her now. But until she had said all, she would not let one of those protestations pass his lips.

"You love your painting best," she repeated. "You told me that when you didn't answer my question that night by the river. I do believe you care for me, too, but in a secondary way. It's the way men care. I shall never hope that you will love me best."

In silence Dicky listened, in silence and amazement, unable to follow this sudden changing of her mind. It was not that he tried to understand it. The fullness of his mind was given in admiration of the nobility of her unselfishness. He found her more wonderful then than

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when that night on the bridge at Eckington he had looked for long into her eyes before she had questioned why he did not kiss her. With the one great exception in his slender experience he knew of a surety that all women were pure. He had not known till now how greatly they were possessed of understanding. She asked nothing and was ready to give all. In the sudden sense of freedom which it brought, he felt eager to bind himself anew with the chains which he had severed.

"I couldn't love you more than I do," he replied fervently. "I want to go away to London, I know. I must go away. I shall never learn anything if I don't, and I'm just eighteen now. Fancy, in less than two years I shall be twenty—more than half my life gone—but, oh, you dear thing, I don't want to go. I care for you so fearfully now. You do understand, and I thought you didn't. If we could only be married before I went. If we could only go away together."

It came in a moment to both of them then the thought of their journey to London, of their life together from that day onwards. The mere contemplation of themselves as man and wife, knit so closely, the one to the other, presented at the same moment to their minds so near an embrace as that no man could put them asunder.

Dicky's eyes dwelt strangely on her face and then, with a little cry to his heart, she was in his arms.

"My dearest," he whispered, "couldn't we? Couldn't we? It'ud all be so simple then. Think of it—all day—every day together."

He thought of the nights when he would no longer be alone—those nights when it seemed that a wretchedness of mind had kept him awake until morning. But he could not trust himself to speak of them. His lips were so close to hers. There was, moreover, no need that he should. Such thoughts were whirling through her mind as well. She felt as though she had fallen into the depths of a rapid river. The water washed about her face. It seemed as if in another moment she would be submerged; as if, when he pressed his lips to hers, she would know nothing more.

"Dicky," she whispered.

He leaned still closer to her, but did not kiss her then. There came the sound of a tapping stick and heavy footsteps along the road. She disengaged herself quickly from his arms to stand a pace away.

It was the shepherd, Mr. Angel, coming back from his sheep on the hill. Lassie, the sheep dog, trotted by his side.

"Marnin', Master Dicky—marnin' Miss Dorothy," said he as his steps grew slower till he stopped. "It be a fine marnin' outside of a church, though Mrs. Angel, she goes these days as well as wet 'uns."

"Do you never go, Mr. Angel?" asked Dicky, and thought how dull he was not to see that they would sooner be alone.

"Oh—I goes wet days, look you—it be sommat to do on a wet Sunday, hearing parson read out his sermons. I understand 'em fair well enough sometimes, and what I doesn't understand, Mrs. Angel's got a great gift wi' explaining. I said one day to 'ur, 'Mrs. Angel,' I says, ' 'twould not be out of the ways if you got up wi a surplus yerself and preached a sermon. You'd do it well-nigh as good as parson himself.' I says that, and she's never forgotten it, look you. Well—well——" he tapped his stick three times on the road as he thought of more that he could say. When nothing rose to his mind, he called to Lassie and walked on.

But the spell of it was broken now. The magic of such moments as those is as brittle as the finest glass. Mr. Angel had broken it into a thousand pieces. Dorothy spoke of going home. An unreasonable fear had come into her mind. Life seemed too strong, the current too swift.

"We'll come home, Dicky," she begged.

"Oh—why?" he asked in bitter disappointment.

She shook her head.

"I—I don't feel very well," she replied.

In all concern he took her homewards.

Chapter XV

Mr. Hollom and Anne walked back from the church alone. Mr. Furlong's

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strongest principle was never to do business on Sunday, but he had stayed behind in Eckington to chat affably with a farmer about indifferent matters. It made an agreeable relation between them in view of the fact that the farmer was going to do business with him the next day.

"I shan't be long after you," said he. "This man, Lipscombe," he added in a quieter tone to Hollom, "he was sitting three pews in front of you—generally goes to Little Cumberton—I don't know why he came here to-day, except that he's always been saying that he would do business with me. I expect that's what he's here for. Of course, I conduct no business on Sundays, never have and never shall. But I should just like to stop a minute and ask him what he thought of our sermon. You walk on with Anne."

Mr. Hollom, only too glad of the opportunity, had willingly led her away from those little groups of people who congregate outside the church when the service in the country is over.

"Do you see that woman over there," whispered Anne as they moved off, "the one in black with the boy about Dicky's age?"

"Yes."

"That's Mrs. Leggatt."

"Dorothy's mother?"

"Yes."

"Why—of course—she's the woman who—" He stopped suddenly, and a colour crept into Anne's cheeks. He remembered now the story which Mr. Furlong had told him when last he had stayed at the mill. This was the woman whose folly had been found out, whose folly had been forgiven. Until that moment he had never connected her in his mind with the Dorothy with whom Dicky was in love. As they passed her, Mr. Hollom closely watched her face. There was the same simplicity of expression there as he had seen with Dorothy. In Mrs. Leggatt's face it was tired; it had saddened. There was no joyousness left in it. He could imagine how, under the bitter rod of forgiveness, she had bowed her head and suffered. But this was not the only resemblance which Dorothy bore to her mother. There was the same attractive fulness of the lips, suggesting no coarseness of temperament, but an instability of emotion, a capacity for being carried away, as she no doubt had been overwhelmed by the passion of a sudden moment.

"Good morning, Anne," she said as they passed.

It was the same gentle note of voice, too, holding that soft quality of submissiveness as he had heard in Dorothy's only two hours before.

"Good morning," replied Anne brightly. "We saw Dorothy on our way to church."

"Yes—she asked if she could go out for a walk this morning instead. I don't really blame her. But the poor child said she had a headache. I expect you'll meet her coming back. We have dinner at one."

They passed through their gate into the school-house garden and, for some moments, Anne and Mr. Hollom walked on without speaking. His question regarding Mrs. Leggatt had set moving a train of thought in both their minds: a train of thought which, allowing for the experience of life in one and the complete innocence of life in the other, were not so very dissimilar. How far, thought Mr. Hollom, is this girl Dorothy like her mother? Anne was wondering if Dicky possessed those same instincts which once Christina had explained in men to her.

"Be true to yourself, Anne," Christina had said; "then men will be true to you."

It was practically all she had said, but it had conveyed a thousand things to Anne's mind, as indeed she had meant it should.

"Anne," said Mr. Hollom at last, "do you think Dicky will ever go to London?"

The question was so abrupt, it seemed to be so closely related to the very thoughts which even then were passing through her mind that, for the moment, she was confused. She could not answer. He glanced down at her face. There was that little set, determined look about her lips, which he never, in the blindness of his affection, connected with her father.

"Do you?" he asked again presently when she had not answered.

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She looked straight in front of her.

"Why shouldn't he?" she inquired. "Do you mean if father came to know, he'd stop him?"

"No—I don't mean that. Perhaps I should have said, Do you think Dicky will ever want to go to London?"

A frown puckered her forehead. No woman likes to be forced to admit her knowledge of life. It is her preference to be told what she knows already.

"Why shouldn't he?" she asked.

"Perhaps because Dorothy won't let him," he replied. "If you were in love with some one, would you let him go out into the world, risk his growing tired of you, risk his meeting other women, risk his becoming some different sort of creature altogether—because life, you know, has an unhappy knack of knocking one into funny shapes—would you risk all that just in order that the man you loved might make a name for himself,when by staying at home he could have been comfortable and happy for the rest of his days—with you?"

"It is only in moments," Mr. Hollom had once said to Dicky, and with more truth than he probably realised, "it is only in moments that things are everlasting." It is only in moments that great realisations in life are attained. In that moment that Sunday morning, on the road from Eckington to Bredon, Anne became conscious for the first time that life was not a mere matter of obedience or disobedience, but a complex puzzle, a tangled skein, needing such unravelling as only patience and suffering from some one or another could possibly accomplish.

Until Mr. Hollom had put that question to her, she had believed existence to be a very simple matter, entailing obedience to the voice of command. The voice might be love, it might be duty. It had never seemed possible to her that both might command at once.

Mr. Hollom watched her face with a gentle amusement and interest.

"The irresistible force," said he, smiling, "and the immovable object. What would you do?"

"I should have no right to stand in anybody's way," she said at last.

"No," he agreed, "you wouldn't; though on the other hand you'd have every right to protect and secure the interests of your own affections. Love means a great deal to a woman. It means a home, it means happiness, it means her children; it means what eighty-five per cent. of women are agreed to call their lives—love is all that to a woman. The first law of life is self-preservation. Can you talk of standing in anybody's way when the preservation of your own life is at stake? Do you think Dorothy will ever let him go?"

"How can she stop him?" asked Anne. "I can't imagine anybody being able to stop Dicky if he's once made up his mind. I don't think he's cruel at heart; but I've often known him be cruel when he wanted to get his own way. If he's made up his mind to go, he'll go."

"I hope you're right," said Mr. Hollom slowly. "Dicky's not ordinary. I believe there's a future for him as great as any painter that has ever lived in this country. I don't care who it is. I believe he's got something in him as great as a man can be. But he's got his nature to deal with first and, great as his chances are, they all lie in the palm of a girl's hand. She doesn't even know the scales she's balancing. It may sound silly to talk in this exaggerated way. Dicky may go to London, he may paint mediocre pictures all his life. I'm no prophet. I only believe."

For some way the tapping of Anne's heels on the hard road kept time in the silence with his. Her mind was in confusion. She had never thought of Dicky as with a great future in front of him before. She scarcely believed it possible even now. Dicky, who had been fond of painting little pictures which had never really pleased her because they were never really like the places they represented? How could he ever make money by them? Who would buy them? Greatness itself, as a quality alone, did not reach her mind at all. Yet at the same time, if it were possible for him to make a livelihood by his painting, there seemed something finer in that than working on at the mill. So in a sense she appreciated Dorothy's point of view. But why, after all, should he go away? A home was better than anything else in the world.

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She tried to see it in the spirit of romance, but the effort failed.

Romance is the power to see in colour, in brilliant colour, too. When Anne regarded Dicky's adventure to London, every prospect was grey. At Trafford Mill, happy with Dorothy, where she, too, would always see him, the colour she saw was rose.

"I think," she said at last, "I think I can quite understand why Dorothy wants to keep him. I don't think I should myself."

"Why not?"

"Because it doesn't seem right to stand in any one's way. Dicky may be able to sell pictures one day—"

"My dear Anne," he interrupted, "it isn't a question of selling pictures. Dicky doesn't really care whether he sells pictures or not—"

"Then what's the sense," she broke in, "in lettting him go? He must make his living."

"Oh, yes—he may be able to do that all right. A meagre living—hand to mouth, his hand most likely more often in an empty pocket; his mouth empty, too. But I've no doubt he'll be able to scrape along. No one could deny that he's got ability above the average, enough to make him keep the wolf from the door. No—the point is, will he be a great artist? If he will be, he'll make money—more than he ever could at the mill—whether he likes to or not. Put the money out of your head altogether. Assume, at least, that he can live. Is he going to be great, or is this girl going to throw her arms across the way to his greatness? I only know this, that if he doesn't go I shall be miserably disappointed. Obviously, at any rate, they've fallen out. One can see that from his manner."

"Well, then, they've made it up now," said Anne; "Dorothy didn't go along this way for nothing."

"Yes—but that doesn't mean they've made it up."

Anne looked up quickly into his face.

"I believe you hope," said she, "that they won't."

"I believe I do," he replied.

Chapter XVI

Dorothy walked back to Eckington by an upper road. She wished, she said, to go alone.

"But, Dorrie," he pleaded, "if you don't feel well?"

"Oh, I don't feel really bad—and—and I want to think."

"But this afternoon—we can meet this afternoon?"

"Won't to-morrow do instead?"

"Oh, I couldn't wait till to-morrow?"

"It's only a few hours, Dicky."

"Yes, but I couldn't. Do come this afternoon. Be at the oak tree at half-past two."

"Three."

"Well—a quarter to."

"I'll try," she whispered.

He watched her going until the last sway of her skirt swung out of sight. How could he go away? Yet in two days he knew in the heart of him he would be gone. What would she say when she knew?

If there had been hope of his marrying Dorothy after the waiting of a year or so, he knew that it would be very different then and, as he sat on the arms of the lock gates, wildly the thought came to him that it might be so. His father had married when he was a very young man. In less than two years he himself would be twenty. The more he considered it, the greater grew the probability of it in his mind. Some different aspect of their relationship had come to him in those moments before Mr. Angel had appeared upon the scene. A step had been taken then in their development which could not be retraced. He was not fully aware of the direction in which that step had led him. But now the need of their marriage consumed his whole point of view. If he could marry her, he would stay. He would not go to London. He would give up everything. So, as he sat there on the lock gates, he reviewed their chances, one moment buoyed up with hope, the next cast down in deep despair.

(To be continued)

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THE BOOK MART

BOOKS RECEIVED TO DATE

VERSE

Privately printed for George Thornton Edwards:
The Garland of Delight. By Friendly Hands, with Prologue by Kate Douglas Wiggin.
Elkins Mathews, London:
Songs of a Syrian Lover. By Clinton Scollard.
Sherman, French and Company:
Althea, or The Morning Glory. By Rebecca S. Pollard.
The Garden of Unrest. By George W. Harrington.
Land of Our Dreams and Other Verse. By J. A. Peehl.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

Doubleday, Page and Company:
The Life and Speeches of Charles Brantley Aycock. By R. D. W. Connor and Clarence Poe.
The Lamb Publishing Company:
The Ruin of a Princess, as Told by the Duchesse d'Angouleme, Madame Elizabeth, Sister of Louis XVI, and Cléry, the King's Valet de Chambre. Literally translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley.
Illustrious Dames of the Court of the Valois Kings. By Pierre De Bourdeille and G. A. Saint-Beuve. Literally translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley.
Little, Brown and Company:
A Polish Exile with Napoleon: Embodying the Letters of Captain Piontkowski to General Sir Robert Wilson and Many Documents from the Lowe Papers, the Colonial Office Records, the Wilson Manuscripts, the Capel Lofft Correspondence, and the French and Genevese Archives Hitherto Unpublished. By G. L. de St. M. Watson.
Sherman, French and Company:
Edward Irving: Man, Preacher, Prophet. By Jean Christie Root.

FICTION

Published by Author:
Edith and John: A Story of Pittsburgh. By Franklin S. Farquhar.
D. Appleton and Company:
Bella. By Edward Charles Booth.
The Antagonists. By E. Temple Thurston.
Marcus Holbeach's Daughter. By Alice Jones.
The Black Pearl. By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.
The Century Company:
A Prelude to Adventure. By Hugh Walpole.
Doubleday, Page and Company:
The Wind Before the Dawn. By Dell H. Munger.
Duffield and Company:
The Sin of Angels. By Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi.
The Gate of Horn. By Beulah Marie Dix.
Maids' Money. Mrs. Henry Dudeney.
Heritage. By Valentina Hawtrey.
Harper and Brothers:
May Iverson Tackles Life. By Elizabeth Jordan.
The Moth. By William Dana Orcutt.
John Lane Company:
The Barmecide's Feast. By John Gore.
Little, Brown and Company:
A Little Book of Christmas. By John Kendrick Bangs.
Good Indian. By B. M. Bowker.
The Gift of Abou Hassan. By Francis Perry Elliott.
The Destroying Angel. By Louis Joseph Vance.
All the World to Nothing. By Wyndham Martyn.
Little Women, or Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy. By Louisa M. Alcott. (Player's Edition.)
Longmans, Green and Company:
Marie: An Episode in the Life of the Late Allan Quatermain. By H. Rider Haggard.
Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:
The Sanctuary. By Maud Howard Peterson.
The Long Way Home. By "Pansy."
The Reilly and Britton Company:
Mrs. Eli and Policy Ann. By Florence Olmstead.
Miss 318 and Mr. 37. By Rupert Hughes.
Charles Scribner's Sons:
Mary Pechell. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes.
The Arm-Chair at the Inn. By F. Hopkinson Smith.
Small, Maynard and Company:
Friar Tuck: Being the Chronicles of the Rev. John Carmichael, of Wyoming, U. S. A., as Set Forth and Embellished by His Friend and Admirer, Happy Hawkins, and Here Recorded by Robert Alexander Wason.

MISCELLANEOUS

American Association for Highway Improvement:
The Official Good Roads Year Book of the United States.
American Library Association:
A. L. A. Catalogue, 1904-1911. Class List. 3,000 Titles for a Popular Library with Notes and Indexes. Edited by Elva L. Bascom.
D. Appleton and Company:
The Kipling Reader for Elemental Grades.

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SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of August and the 1st of September.

NEW YORK CITY

Fiction

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. Sharrow. Von Hutten. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. Mary Pechell. Lowndes. (Scribner.) $1.30.
5. The Cobweb Cloak. Mackay. (Duffield.) $1.25.
6. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. Rodrigo Borgia. Mathew. (Brentano.) $4.00.
2. Intimacies of Court and Society. Anon. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.50.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
4. The Day of the Saxon. Lea. (Harper.) $1.80.
   The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

Juveniles

No report.

NEW YORK CITY

Fiction

1. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
2. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
2. The Principles of Economics. Taussig. (Macmillan.) $4.00.
3. Our Presidents. McClure. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. Plays. Strindberg. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Juveniles

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

Fiction

1. A Man in the Open. Pocock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. The Arm-Chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
4. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Sign of Six. White. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
6. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. Moths of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.

Juveniles

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

Fiction

1. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Far Triumph. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Fiction

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
3. A Man in the Open. Pocock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
4. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Reason Why. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
3. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
4. Plays. Strindberg. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. The Motor Boys After Fortune. Young. (Cupples and Leon.) 60 cents.
2. The Rover Boys in the Air. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.

BOSTON, MASS.

Fiction

1. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. The Citadel. Merwin. (Century Co.) $1.25.
5. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

Non-Fiction

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Strangling of Persia. Shuster. (Century Co.) $2.50.

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3. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
4. My Memoirs. Steinheil. (Sturges & Walton.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Arm-Chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
2. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.20.
4. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Blue Wall. Child. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. The Turnstile. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
3. The Memoirs of Francesco Crispi. (Doran.) $7.00.
4. The Loss of the S.S. *Titanic*. Beesley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

No report.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
3. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Halcyone. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. King. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Molly McDonald. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
4. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
4. Plays. Strindberg. (Luce.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
2. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
3. Dave Porter on Cave Island. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Over the Pass. Palmer. (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. A Man in the Open. Pocock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
4. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
5. Japonette. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.35.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Mind Cure. Zenner. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.
2. The Hamlet Problem. Venable. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.00.
3. How to Grow 100 Bushels of Corn Per Acre on Worn Soil. Smith. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.
4. Soul and Sex. Buck. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Stories to Tell Children. Bryant. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. His Worldly Goods. Tuttle. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. The Blue Wall. Child. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Plunderer. Norton. (Watt.) $1.25.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Squirrel Cage. Canfield. (Holt.) $1.35.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.

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4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. Julia France. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. The Drama of Love and Death. Carpenter. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Motor Boys After a Fortune. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. The Rover Boys' Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. The Ranger Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) $1.00.

DES MOINES, IOWA

FICTION

1. Uncle Peter—Heathen. Stapp. (McKay.) $1.00.
2. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. My Demon Motor-Boat. Fitch. (Little, Brown.) $1.10.
6. Buttered Side Down. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.
2. The Motor Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. The Airship Boys' Series. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
3. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. A Man in the Open. Pocock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
6. The Squirrel Cage. Canfield. (Holt.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Changing America. Ross. (Century Co.) $1.20.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Story of Columbus. Moores. (Houghton Mifflin.) 75 cents.
2. Boy Blue and His Friends. Blaisdell. (Little, Brown.) 60 cents.
3. Boy Scouts of the Air. Stuart. (Reilly & Britton.) 60 cents.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Progress and Poverty. George. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Just Patty. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.20.
3. In Fableland. Serl. (Silver, Burdett.) 45 cents.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. Fate Knocks at the Door. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. Buttered Side Down. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.00.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Street of To-day. Masefield. (Dutton.) $1.50.
6. Whispers About Women. Merrick. (Kennerley.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. Play Making. Archer. (Small, Maynard.) $2.00.
3. Hail and Farewell. Moore. (Appleton.) $1.75.
4. Recollections of Elizabeth Benton Fremont. Martin. (Hitchcock.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

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3. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Toby Tyler. Harris. (Small, Maynard.) $1.25.
5. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
5. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
6. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harpers.) $1.35.
2. The Turnstile. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
5. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
6. Her Weight in Gold. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. Historic Jesus. Lester. (Putnam.) $2.50.
3. Travel Books. Singleton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.60.
4. Bird Life. Chapman. (Appleton.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys' Series. Kinfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. The Patty Books. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Betty Wales Series. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. The Widow Woman. Lee. (Dutton.) $1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Man Who Understood Women. Merrick. (Kennerly.) $1.20.
6. A Man in the Open. Pocock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. China's New Day. Headlin. (Wood.) 50 cents.
3. Mormonism. Kinney. (Revell.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Peter and Polly. Wilkinson. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Friar of Wittenberg. Davis. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Moths of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.
4. The Loss of the S. S. *Titanic*. Beesley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
2. The Land We Live In. Price. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.
3. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. The Arm-Chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
2. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
5. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
6. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
2. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Turnstile. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.30.
5. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Fighting Doctor. Martin. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Irish Folk History Plays. Lady Gregory. (Putnam) $3.00.
2. The Pigeon. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60 cents.
3. The Terrible Meek. Kennedy. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. Alarms and Discursions. Chesterton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

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JUVENILES

1. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
2. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
3. Betty Wales on the Campus. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Antagonists. Thurston. (Appleton.) $1.30.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. Out of the Wreck I Rise. Harraden. (Stokes.) $1.35.
5. Halcyone. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Arm-Chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on 24 Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
3. The Road to Joy. Wilcox. (Harper.) 50 cents.
4. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. My Robin. Burnett. (Stokes.) 50 cents.
2. The Motor Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Turnstile. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Loss of the S.S. *Titanic*. Beesley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. The Strangling of Persia. Shuster. (Century Co.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Lulu and Alice and Jimmie Wibblewobble. Davis. (Fenno.) 50 cents.
2. The Motor Boys on the Wing. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Freshman Dorn, Pitcher. Quirk. (Century Co.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Arm-Chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. Marie. Haggard. (Longmans, Green.) $1.35.
4. At the Court of St. Simon. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Sign at Six. White. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Turnstile. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. My Memoirs. Steinheil. (Sturgis & Walton.) $3.00.
2. Diary of Frances Lady Shelley. (Scribner.) $3.50.
3. The Strangling of Persia. Shuster. (Century Co.) $2.50.
4. Lee, the American. Bradford. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. A Man in the Open. Pocock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. The Way of an Eagle. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.30.
5. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Sign at Six. White. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Sexology. Walling. (Puritan.) $2.00.
2. Psychology of Success. Atkinson. (Fenno.) $1.00.
3. Pennsylvania Business Law. Sullivan. (Winston.) $4.00.
4. Mind Power. Atkinson. (Fenno.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter at Cave Island. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
2. Classroom and Campus. Eldred. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.
3. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.20.
4. Way of an Eagle. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, MAINE

FICTION

1. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Arm-Chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.

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3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. At the Court of St. Simon. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. Moths of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
4. The American Government. Haskin. (Lippincott.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.
2. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
3. Dorothy Dainty's Holidays. Brooks. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Over the Pass. Palmer. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.30.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. The Reason Why. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. His Worldly Goods. Tuttle. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy Aviators' Series. Lawton. (Hurst.) 50 cents.
2. The Rover Boys' Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. The Sam Swift Series. Appleton. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 40 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Melting of Mollie. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
4. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Hougton Mifflin.) $1.00.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.30.
6. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Love's Coming of Age. Carpenter. (Kennerley.) $1.00.
2. Plays. Strindberg. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
4. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
4. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
2. On the Trail of the Sioux. Lange. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.
3. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
5. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. In the Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $2.00.
2. Woman's Eyes. Ryder. (Robertson.) $1.00.
3. The Day of the Saxon. Lea. (Harper.) $1.80.
4. Comfort Found in Good Old Books. Fitch. (Elder.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Freckles. Stratton-Porter. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 50 cents.
2. The Girl of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 50 cents.
3. California in Sunshine. Hibbard. (Robertson.) 75 cents.

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SEATTLE, WASH.

Fiction

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Plunderer. Norton. (Watt.) $1.25.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. The Yosemite. Muir. (Century Co.) $2.40.
4. Guardians of the Columbia. Williams. (Williams.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. The Border Watch. Altsheler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. Harper's Boating Book for Boys. (Harper.) $1.75.

SPOKANE, WASH.

Fiction

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Old Nest. Hughes. (Century Co.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. The Guardians of the Columbia. Williams. (Williams.) $1.50.
2. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Barse & Hopkins.) $1.00.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. The Day of the Saxon. Lea. (Harper.) $1.80.

Juveniles

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO

Fiction

1. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Halcyone. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
3. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
5. Fate Knocks at the Door. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
6. The Blue Wall. Child. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA

Fiction

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Briggs.) $1.25.
3. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (McClelland.) $1.50.
4. Tante. Sedgwick. (Briggs.) $1.25.
5. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Langton.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Fiction

1. The Reason Why. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
2. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Moth. Orcutt. (Harper.) $1.30.
6. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
4. Adventures in Contentment. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Juveniles

1. Tom Swift Series. Appleton. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 40 cents.
2. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. Adventures of Freckle Toad. McKibben. (Blanchard Press.) 75 cents.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on any list			receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35	238
2. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00	145
3. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35	123
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	121
5. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25	80
6. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25	66

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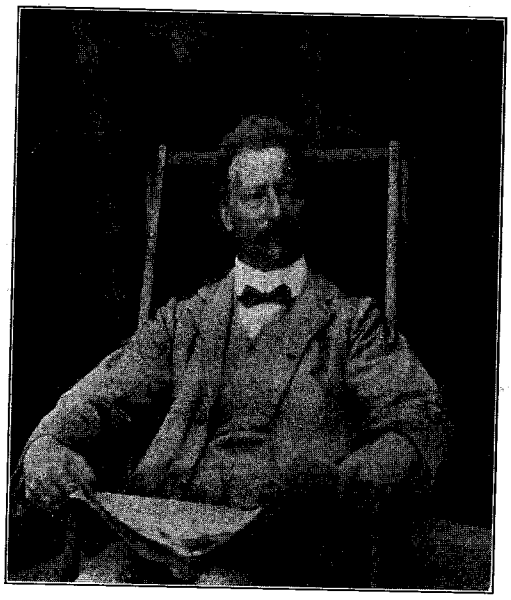

ROBERT HALIFAX, AUTHOR OF "THE WHISTLING WOMAN"

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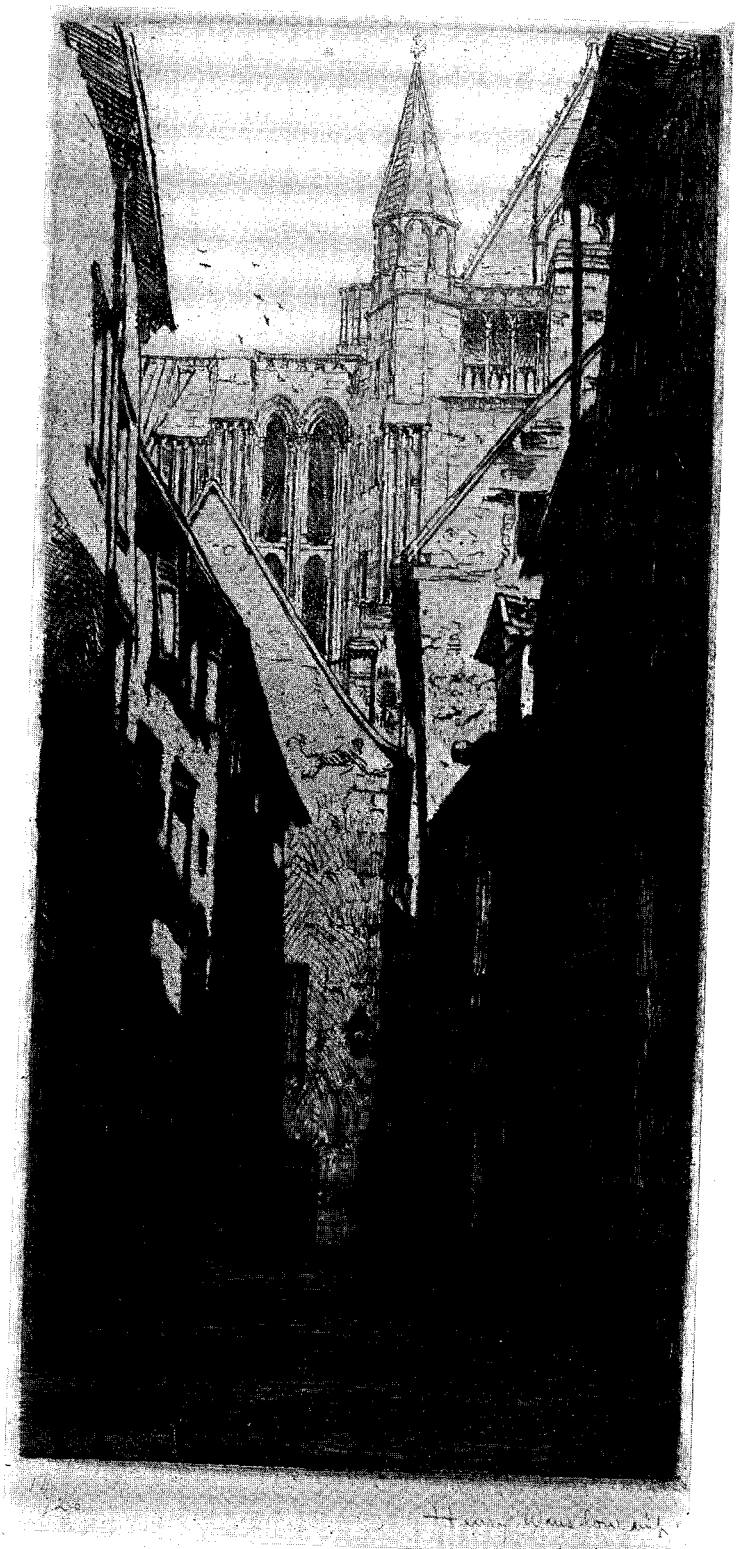

Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company

THE STREET OF THE LITTLE COBBLER. FROM AN ETCHING BY HENRY WINSLOW. (SEE ARTICLE "SOME MODERN AMERICAN ETCHERS")

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